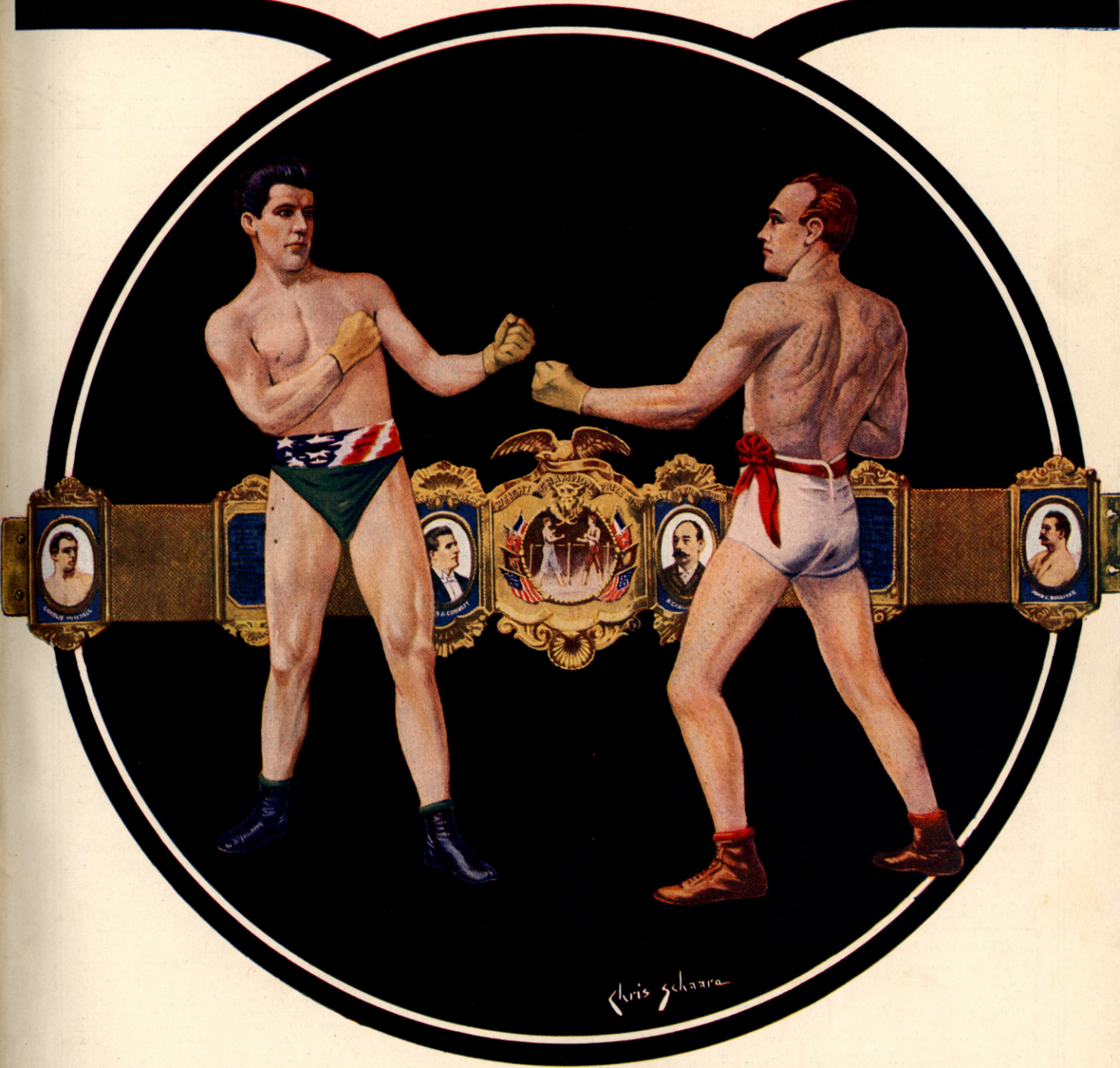
BOXING - WRESTLING - FIGHT FICTION

15 CENTS

APRIL

The RING



JAMES J. CORBETT MEMORIAL NUMBER

The Ring Book Shop

11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Carries a complete stock of all books on Boxing and Wrestling

Books for the Boxer, the Trainer, the Promoter, the Second, the Boxing and the Wrestling Fan.

BIOGRAPHY

"Fighting For Fun." By Eddie Eagan—A splendid fight story. Price $2.50.

"Champions off Guard."—The thrilling story of ring champions. By William O. Inglis. Price $3.00.

"Two-Fisted" Jeff, The Story of Jim Jeffries' Career. By Hugh Fullerton. Regular Price $3.50. Our Special Price.....$1.50

Gene Tunney, The Enigma of the Prize Ring—by Nat Fleischer. Cloth bound, many photographs. Price.....$1.00

The "Set-up." A thrilling fight story in verse. By Joseph Moncure Marsh. Regular Price $2.50. Our Special Price 75 cents. Add 10 cents for postage.

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—324 pages, 142 photographs—beautiful binding. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$2.00

Young Griffo, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—A story of Griffo's Life and Battles. By Nat Fleischer. Regular Price 75 cents. Our Special Price.....25 cents

"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Regular Price $1.50. Our Special Price .....75 cents.

John L. Sullivan. By R. L. Dibble. Regular Price $3.50. Our Special Price.....$1.50

The Life of Battling Nelson—Written by himself. Price.....$1.00

In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson) By Jack Johnson. Regular Price $2.00. Our Special Price.....$1.00

Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring—De Luxe, Limited Edition. Each numbered. Regular Price $30.00. Our price $5.00 and 50 cents for postage.

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

1933 Everlast Record Book. Price 35 cents.

Bound Volumes of the Ring—1922-1923-1926—Price $10.00. 1928-1929—Price $9.00. 1930-1931—Price Each $8.00. 1932—Price $7.00. No other years available.

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

Modern Wrestling—By Jack Curley and Nat Fleischer. Finest book on the sport. 140 illustrations. Price.....$1.00

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full-page illustrations. Price $1.50

Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price .....75 cents

Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.....50 cents

The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

Text Book of Wrestling. By Ernest Gruhn. Price .....85 cents

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

Muscle Building. By Earle Liederman. Price $3.00

Secrets of Strength. By Earle Liederman. Price $3.00

Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Price $2.00

The Way to Live in Health and Physical Fitness—by George Hackenschmidt. Price $1.00

BOXING BOOKS

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price...$1.00

How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

How to Second a Boxer—With a Foreword by William A. Brady. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll. Price .....85 cents

Ring Strategy and Tactics.....85 cents

Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00

Blocking and Hitting. By George "Elbows" McFadden. Price.....25 cents

The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents

Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells. Price .....85 cents

Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price .....85 cents

The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price .....85 cents

Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll. Price $1.25

Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll. Price .....85 cents

Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll. Price 85 cents

Scientific Bag Punching. By Harry Seeback. Price .....25 cents

Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns. Price $1.00

Bowery Life. By Chuck Connors. Price 15 cents

Prof. Attila's 5-pound Dumb-Bell Exercises. Price .....15 cents

How to Increase Your Height. Price..25 cents

No Books sent C.O.D.

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

Endorsed by the greatest critics of boxing, the stars of the roped square, men who know all there is to be known about boxing, training and seconding.

The New "TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

Get this latest, newly revised Edition. Brought up-to-date. Contains many improvements over the original "Training for Boxers" which is now out of print. 42,000 copies of the first seven editions sold in less than two years. A record that speaks for itself. Now Ready—The New "Training for Boxers"—The Eighth Revised Edition. Price $1.00.

Containing the following chapters not in the old training book: 1—Your body and how to care for it. 2—Muscle tensing. 3—How to Gain Weight. 4—What a Trainer should know. 5—Sound advice to the beginner. 6—What a boxer should do on the day of a fight. What he should eat before a fight. 7—How to strengthen the skin of the hands and face. 8—How to overcome heart stitches, pains in the groin. 9—How to build up endurance. 10—How to make mixtures for rub downs. All for only $1.00.

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do.

A book that not only gives you reasons, but explains in minute detail the meaning of each blow and illustrates, with many photographs, the correct and incorrect way to handle yourself.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full-page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing," and specially posed pictures by James J. Corbett. Price $1.00.

There are many books on the market on boxing and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published and written by* THE RING *publisher, Nat Fleischer.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

The Ring Book Shop, No. 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second"
"How to Box"
"Training for Boxers"

} Please mark books desired. **No books sent C.O.D.**

Name ....

Street Number ....

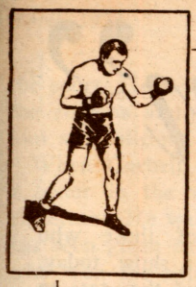
City .....State.....

"How to Second a Boxer"

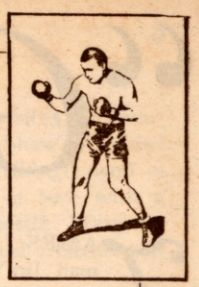
(The American Way) with a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first-aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know.

In its pages are instructive illustrations of the correct and incorrect way to handle a fighter. These pictures, gathered at great cost, give you the kind of instruction that is invaluable.



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) (Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1933—All Rights Reserved)

Vol. XII **APRIL, 1933** **No. 3**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

CONTENTS

"GENTLEMAN JIM"	Nat Fleischer	2
CORBETT DETHRONES SULLIVAN		4
POMPADOUR JIM STOPS MITCHELL		5
JIM TRAINING FOR SULLIVAN FIGHT		6
JOHN L.'S CONQUEROR PREPARES		7
HAIL, THE NEW CHAMPION!		8
CORBETT'S ACCLAIM IN NEW YORK		9
FIRST FIGHT MOVIES	Sam Austin	10
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment)		12
SCHAAF'S LAST FIGHT		13
McFARLAND HONORED	Frank Maestro	14
CRADLES OF BOXING (Final Installment)	Doc Almy	16
FROM MILO TO LONDOS	A. D. Phillips	18
DON GEORGE RETAINS "TITLE"	Edward Merrill	20
HE CAPTIVATES THE PUBLIC (Jim Browning)	Harry Hooper	21
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	"Tex" Austin	22
NATIONS IN BOXING	Chas. F. Mathison	24
BOXING'S CURIOSITY	Joe Humphreys	26
STAR TALENT		27
DIXIE'S PART IN FISTICUFFS	Milton K. Wallace	28
PROMISING FIGHTERS		30
IN THE SQUARED CIRCLE	Ed. W. Smith	31
DRAWING THE COLOR LINE	The Ring Editor	32
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA	Skippy Joyce	33
IN OUR QUESTION BOX		38

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	39
BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	40
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO	Frank Maestro	41
NEWS FROM GREAT BRITAIN	John S. Sharpe	42
GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS	"Sparrow" Robertson	43
GREATER BOSTON AND VICINITY	"Doc" Almy	44
PHILADELPHIA, MARYLAND, WASHINGTON		45
NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J., TRENTON, KANSAS, PITTSBURGH AND MEXICO		46
SOUTHERN OHIO, CLEVELAND AND OKLAHOMA		47
SIOUX CITY AND DETROIT		48

In Our Next Issue

Ernie Schaaf is gone. Primo Carnera is being barred by certain states from competing against any heavyweights except those in the "dreadnaught class." How does the heavyweight situation now shape up? Wilbur Wood tells you in an interesting story, "The Bare Facts about Baer."

Mexican fighters are coming along with a rush. What the Germans are accomplishing in the heavier divisions, the boys from across the Rio Grande are doing in the lighter weights. Skippy Joyce, our California expert, has dug up some fine material on the "Hot Tamales from Mexico."

The Negro in sport is no longer a novelty. Clarence Gillespie, one-time editor of the "Police Gazette," selects the "Colored Aces" in "Random Shots in Pugilism."

Often opportunity knocks at the gate, but how often does one take advantage of it? Arthur Lumley, veteran scribe who one time was John L. Sullivan's manager, recounts the story of one who leaped at the chance and made good—in "The Man who Dared."

These and other features on boxing and wrestling by Daniel M. Daniel, Joe Humphreys, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips, Eddie Borden, "Tex" Austin and Nat Fleischer.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 20 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to THE RING, 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass., or 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Office of publication, The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass. Editorial and Executive Offices—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone Longacre 5-7244-45.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, 11 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

Price—15 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$1.50 per year in United States and possessions; also, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. Canada $2.25, and all other countries $2.50 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Curley, "Tex" Austin R. Gramlich, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips, Joe Humphreys and Eddie Borden.

Printed in the U. S. A. by PHELPS PUBLISHING CO., Springfield, Mass.

"Gentleman Jim"

By NAT FLEISCHER

JAMES J. CORBETT, "Gentleman Jim" of the roped square, conqueror of the mighty John L. Sullivan, has passed into the Great Beyond to take his place in Valhalla, alongside other ring immortals. The man who raised pugilism from an objectionable, outlawed, rowdy sport to a pastime that offered pleasing entertainment to millions of fans each year, died in his sixty-seventh year at his home in Bayside, Long Island, on February 18, and with his death, boxing lost its strongest benefactor.

Corbett proved to the world that a man could be a professional fighter without being a roughneck. He added a tone to pugilism that prior to his defeat of Sullivan was unknown. To him, more than to any other person, must go the credit for having enabled boxing to become the sport of a nation and the entertainment of the multitude. His teachings culminated in the million-dollar shows that thrived during Tex Rickard's promotion period.

He retired from the ring with the fitting sobriquet of "Gentleman Jim," and right through to the finish, he remained just that—a credit to the sport in which he had gained fame and fortune. He brought into the game sportsmanship, personality, technique and popular appeal at a time when they were badly needed. He played his part in lifting boxing from out of the barroom and the complete influence of its habitues.

For versatility, there were few fighters in the history of the sport who were so proficient in so many branches of athletics as Corbett. He was just as excellent a swimmer, polo player and baseball player as he was a boxer. But it was his defeat of Sullivan that will keep his name alive as long as boxing lives.

* * *

BY knocking out John Lawrence Sullivan at the Olympic Club of New Orleans on the night of September 7, 1892, Corbett not only took the championship from the Boston "Strong Boy," but started boxing toward its moral revolution, toward the era of popular acclaim and confidence that struck its highest pitch in the Dempsey-Tunney gate at Chicago. That fight in New Orleans was by far the most important battle in the history of American pugilism and that twenty-first round in the dirt ring by the Mississippi, will ever be remembered as the start of a new era in fisticuffs.

There are still old-timers who insist that the Corbett who whipped Sullivan would never have conquered the John L. that was, but that is a matter of opinion. True, Corbett found at New Orleans a fat, dissipated champion who at thirty-five had lived a lifetime. He found in Sullivan an ill-trained, defiant, title-holder who represented the sum total of seventy-six years of more or less organized heavyweight competition in America, which started with Jacob Hyer's victory over Beasley in 1816. And this sum total was not complimentary to boxing.

Yet we must not overlook the fact that in Corbett, Sullivan for the first time in his career, met a lad who was the acme of perfection in boxing, who trained faithfully and who was bent on reaching the goal of his ambition—and it was those qualities that aided materially in the downfall of Boston's fistic idol.

* * *

WHEN Corbett made his bid in boxing he found it in none too high repute. But when he died, he left it wholesome, a popular sport patronized by both sexes, a sport legalized in thirty-one states, a pastime that has enrolled within its ranks close to 35,000 professionals and twice that among the amateurs. When "Gentleman Jim" entered the field, boxing was prohibited in all schools and colleges. Today it is a major sport in most institutions of learning.

Thus has boxing progressed since "Gentleman Jim" lifted it to a high plane. Whereas in his early days the police wielded their baton over the heads of those who crowded an arena to see a show, today, the minions of the law aid the state to collect its hundreds of thousands of dollars from legalized pugilism.

Prior to the rise of Corbett to pugilistic heights, fighters were a rough set. Their manners were uncouth and they scorned the niceties of social life. The boys were eager to have the patrons think of them as tough guys and although many were gentlemen under the skin and had hearts of gold, it pleased them to adopt the free and easy rôle of the bully, the braggart and the killer.

Old-timers will recall the wild barroom exploits of Sullivan, who on a thousand occasions offered to "lick any man in the house." Frequently he made good his offer. They were a rough-and-ready crowd, those old-time pugs, and their following loved them the more for that primitive urge that seemed to indicate that they were real he-men.

Then, one morning, the world awoke to find a "gentleman" sitting nonchalantly on the heavyweight throne, and, instead of a cap or derby for a crown, the newcomer wore a silk hat. "A damn dude had whipped the mighty John L," was the cry of Boston populace.

James J. Corbett had managed to outbox, outgame and outlast the Boston Strong Boy. The new champion, like Luis Firpo of more recent years, was "meat" for the scribes and they did not spare their typewriters in placing Corbett on a pedestal alongside Lord Chesterfield.

Corbett's victory over Sullivan stressed Jim's mental as well as fistic equipment. The Californian reasoned that if he could keep John L. on the move, he would tire the Bostonian so badly that he would be left completely on the defensive, and in a spot for a quietus.

So Jim danced around and kept feinting and jabbing, and arousing the ire of the Roxbury brawler. Not until the last round did Corbett score a knockdown. But until that came along, Corbett gave Sullivan a crafty, systematic beating. Not once was Jim in jeopardy. Not once during the twenty-one rounds was Sullivan in a position to make a virile stroke for the retention of the title he had won from Paddy Ryan in 1882.

Sullivan tried to taunt Corbett. John L. tried all of his old tricks. But Jim only laughed. Right from the start Corbett knew that he had the fat old champion at his mercy. But always there was a very human streak in Jim. He wanted to win as he hadn't wanted anything before. But he did not want to hurt Sullivan too badly, or discredit him too completely before the millions who were John L.'s stanch admirers.

For the several thousands who saw the fight, Corbett was an amazing revelation. For the majority of American boxing followers, Jim was a September 8 headache. For, in spite of Sullivan's age and his manner of living, the populace had clung to the idea that John L. would make short work of this young upstart from the Golden Gate. To them, Sullivan was the invincible gladiator.

In many places off the beaten path, the report that Sullivan had been knocked out by Corbett was not believed. It was treated as a fantastic rumor.

But Corbett had won, and Sullivan had been beaten, and boxing was headed for a new prosperity, and a new deal.

Corbett never received full credit for his fistic abilities, and complete recognition of his high ranking among the heavyweights of all time, as well as his outstanding benefices to the game. Fistic experts have laid too great stress on his defeat at the hands of Bob Fitzsimmons and to minimize "Gentleman Jim's" prowess because of that. Boxing owes a great debt of gratitude to Corbett for the part he played in bringing the sport out of the mire at a time when it was badly in need of a "Gentleman Jim."

Corbett was not only a fine boxer, but a real student of

the sport. He never made a move before he had studied closely the reasons and the advantages, and it was that which made him so proficient.

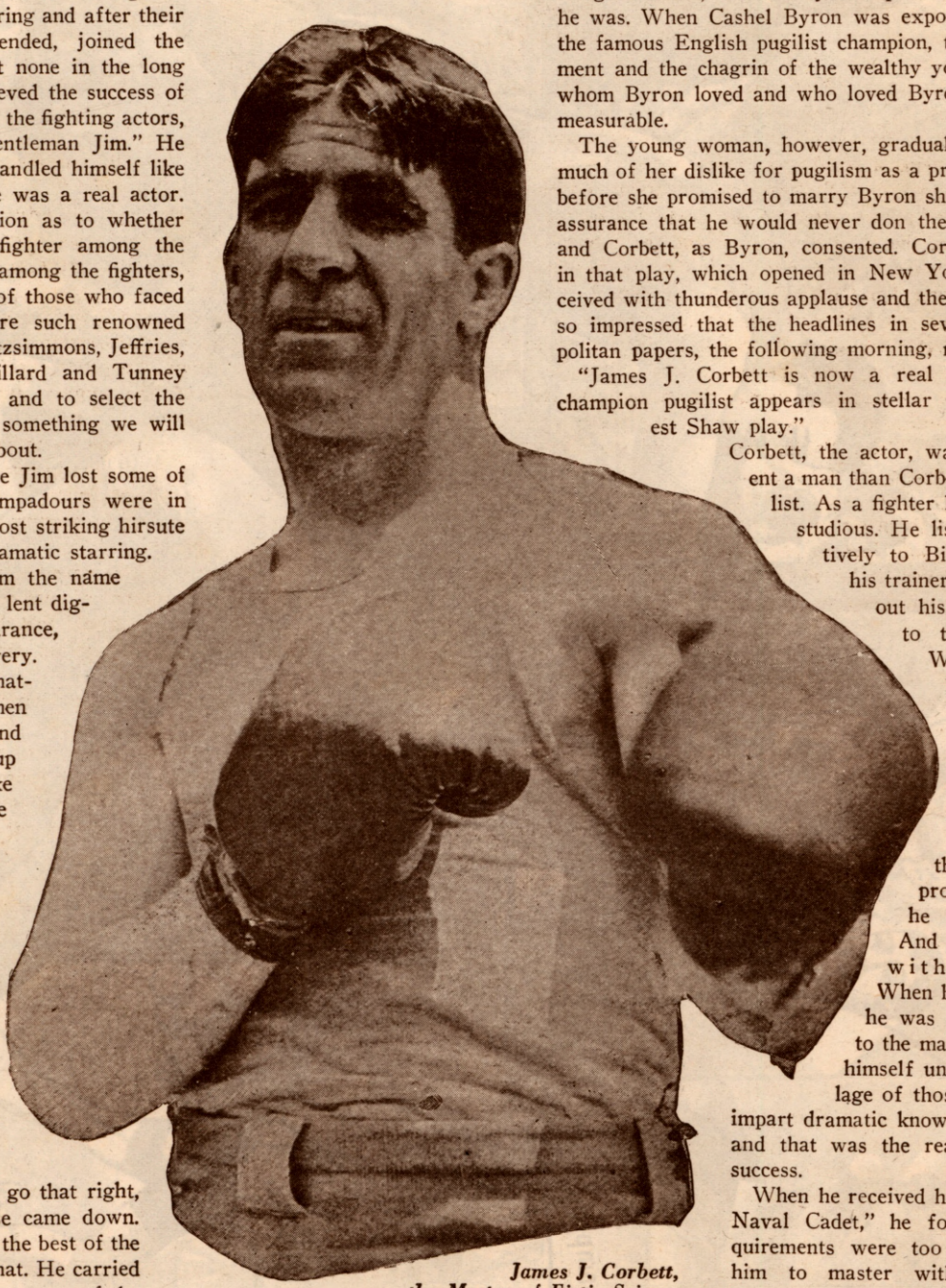
When Corbett was at the zenith of his fame, there wasn't a boxer in the world who could compare with him in ring cleverness. He was not a hitter of the Sullivan type, yet he never has been given full credit for his punching power. Fitzsimmons, who won the title from Corbett with his famous solar plexus punch, was not backward in testifying to the punishing power of his rival, for up to the time that the lucky blow was delivered, Corbett had had the better of that fight.

Many boxers, both during and after their pugilistic career had ended, joined the ranks of Thespians, but none in the long history of pugilism achieved the success of Jim Corbett. The best of the fighting actors, unquestionably was "Gentleman Jim." He had the grand air. He handled himself like a real actor—in fact he was a real actor. But there's some question as to whether Corbett was the best fighter among the actors or the best actor among the fighters, for included in the list of those who faced the stage spotlight were such renowned warriors as Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Sharkey, Dempsey, Willard and Tunney among the big fellows and to select the leader among those, is something we will let our readers worry about.

In the old days, before Jim lost some of his hair and when pompadours were in style, Corbett had the most striking hirsute equipment for proper dramatic starring. His hair comb gave him the name of "Pompadour Jim." It lent dignity to his stage appearance, and weight to his delivery. He was the last of the matinee idols. The women simply adored him and often there was a lineup outside the theatre to take a peep at "Handsome Jim" as he left.

When "Pompadour Jim" rushed onto the stage faultlessly attired in evening clothes—and how he could wear the old fish-and-soup—and Jim shouted: "Unhand the girl! She is my affianced bride"—and when the villain refused to "unhand" the golden-haired lady, and Pompadour Jim let go that right, boy, oh boy! The house came down.

Yes, Jim Corbett was the best of the lot. No question about that. He carried a dignity to the stage that none of the other fighters possessed.



James J. Corbett, the Master of Fistic Science

Corbett appeared in many melodramas in addition to taking part in vaudeville skits. The play in which he made his stage bow was in "After Dark," of which William A. Brady was the owner and manager. Brady at the time was also handling the affairs of Corbett, and he figured that the presence of "Gentleman Jim" would aid the box office and his judgment proved correct.

His greatest success was in "A Naval Cadet" and in "Cashel Byron's Profession," in which he took the leading role, that of Cashel Byron. In the "Burglar," Corbett made a tremendous hit with the lovers of melodrama. He also played in "Gentleman Jack, the Crusader" and "Sport McAllister."

Considering the lack of dramatic training, Corbett's performances merited considerable praise. In Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession," for example, Corbett did strikingly well in the role of the gentlemanly pugilist who falls in love with a titled woman of vast wealth. He played opposite Margaret Wycherly, whose personal attractiveness matched "Gentleman Jim's" Beau Brummel appearance.

Those who saw that play will remember that Corbett was at his best in a scene where he made a speech to the guests assembled at a notable English home, where only two persons knew who he was. When Cashel Byron was exposed as being the famous English pugilist champion, the astonishment and the chagrin of the wealthy young woman whom Byron loved and who loved Byron, were immeasurable.

The young woman, however, gradually overcame much of her dislike for pugilism as a profession, but before she promised to marry Byron she exacted an assurance that he would never don the mitts again and Corbett, as Byron, consented. Corbett's acting in that play, which opened in New York, was received with thunderous applause and the critics were so impressed that the headlines in several Metropolitan papers, the following morning, read:

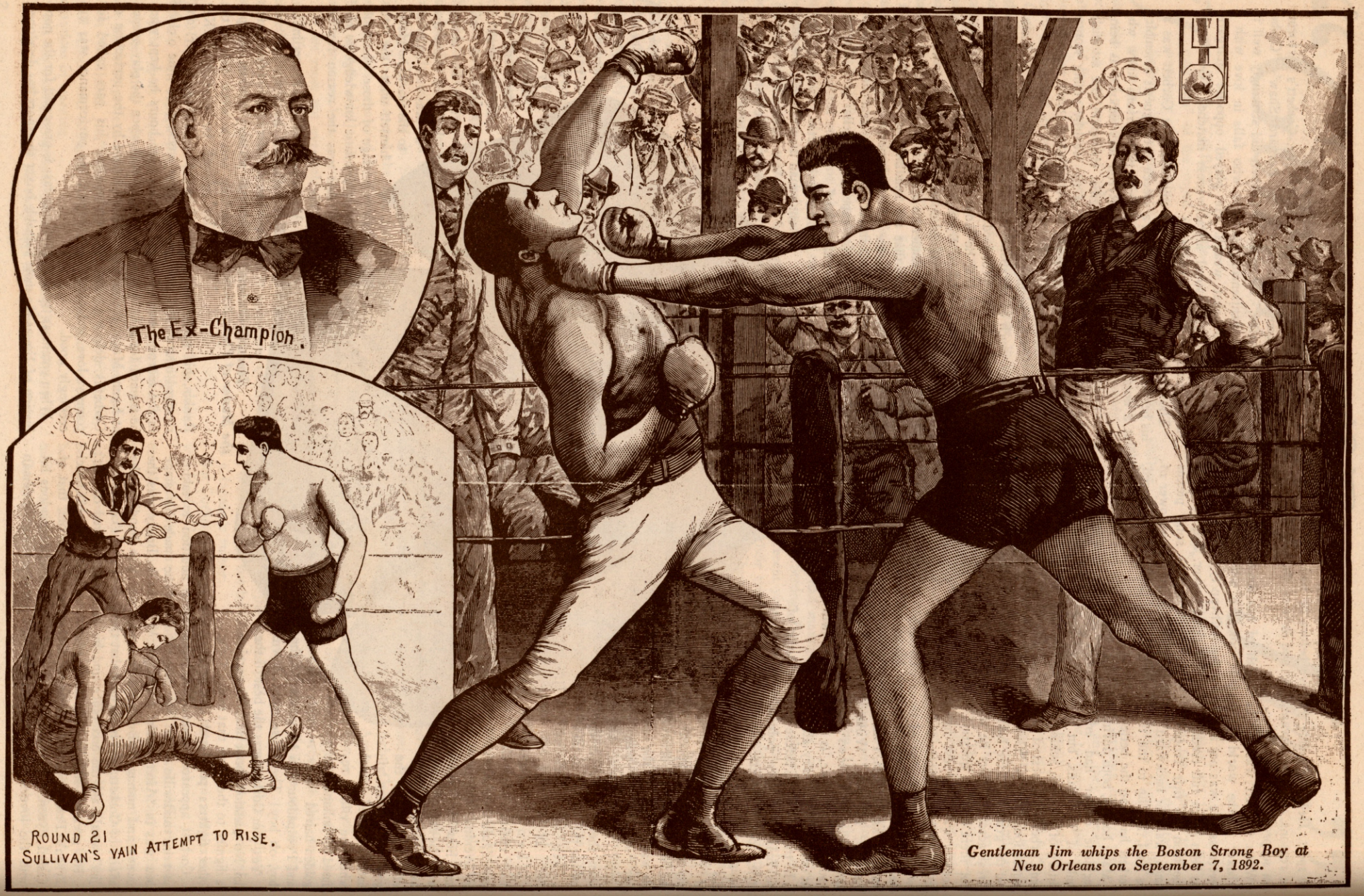
"James J. Corbett is now a real actor. Once champion pugilist appears in stellar role in latest Shaw play."

Corbett, the actor, was no different a man than Corbett, the pugilist. As a fighter he was most studious. He listened attentively to Billy Delaney, his trainer, and carried out his instructions to the letter. When he was informed that he did a thing wrong, he rectified the error by studying the proper procedure until he mastered it. And so it was with his acting. When he found that he was not quite up to the mark, he placed himself under the tutelage of those who could impart dramatic knowledge to him and that was the reason for his success.

When he received his part in "A Naval Cadet," he found the requirements were too difficult for him to master without proper coaching and a week before the play opened, he went to McKee Rankin, his guide, philosopher, friend and chief supporter, and received instructions from him. For one week, from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock, the same hours he kept when he trained for a fight, he rehearsed, so that when the play opened at Lynn, Mass., the critics were astounded by the perfection of Corbett's delivery. And considering that his part called for comedy, love and control of temper, his performance was exceedingly good.

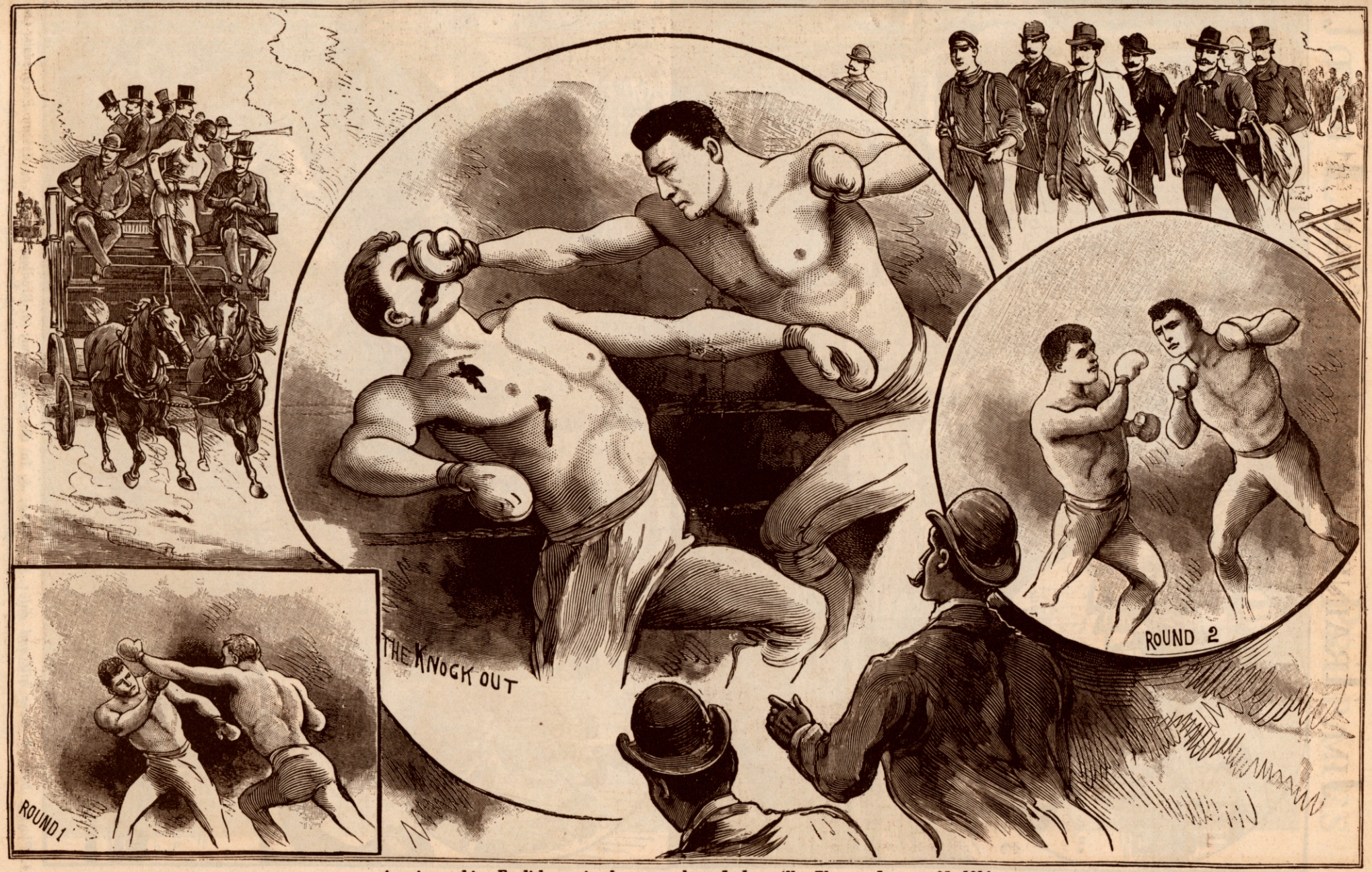
When you mass the facts, a strong case is presented for the nomination of Jim as the most valuable boxer the sport has developed.

CORBETT DETHRONES SULLIVAN



Gentleman Jim whips the Boston Strong Boy at New Orleans on September 7, 1892.

POMPADOUR JIM STOPS MITCHELL



American whips Englishman in three rounds at Jacksonville, Fla., on January 25, 1894.

JIM TRAINING *for* SULLIVAN FIGHT

1. Playing ball; 2. Over hill and dale; 3. Rowing; 4. In the gymnasium; 5. Bradley, founder of Asbury Park, visits Corbett; 6. Corbett stops a runaway; 7. The training base.

JOHN L'S CONQUEROR PREPARES

1. Jim puts on the gloves; 2. Corbett squares off; 3. Jim and his pet collie, named after Eddie Foy, the actor; 4. The official family at the training base—left to right, Dillon, Daly, Corbett, Delaney and Brady.

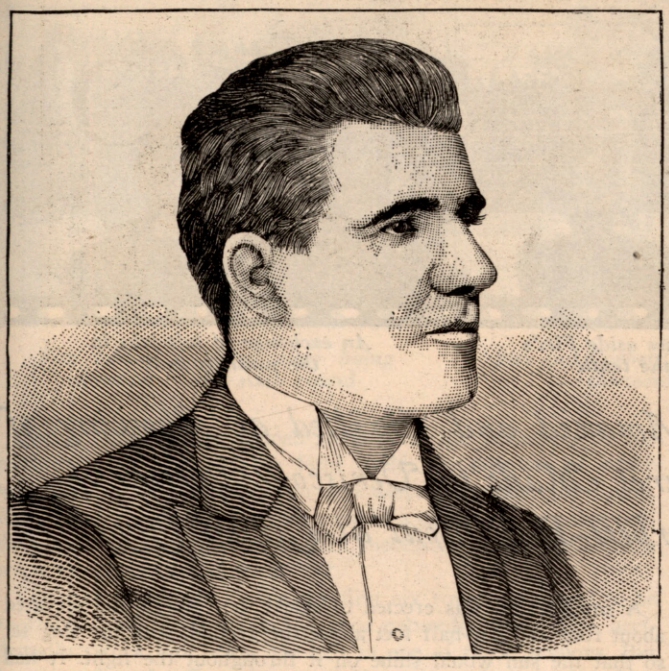
HAIL, THE NEW CHAMPION!

Mamie. Frank. Mrs. Catherine. Katie. Joe. James J. Patrick. John. Tom. Harry. Esther. Teresa.

JAMES J. CORBETT, CHAMPION OF AMERICA, AND HIS PARENTS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

1—The Reception at the Pennsylvania Depot, Jersey City, N. J. 2—The Crush at the Desbrosses Street Ferry House. 3—Mrs. Corbett at Window of Coleman House.
4—The New Champion at the Coleman House.

CORBETT'S ACCLAIM IN NEW YORK

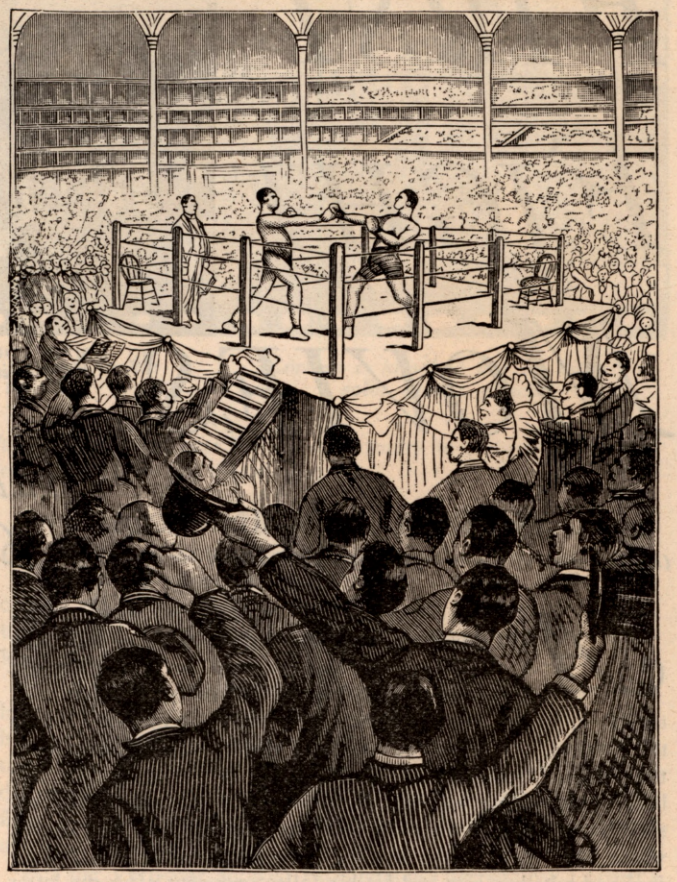


JAMES J. CORBETT.

CHAMPION PUGILIST OF AMERICA.

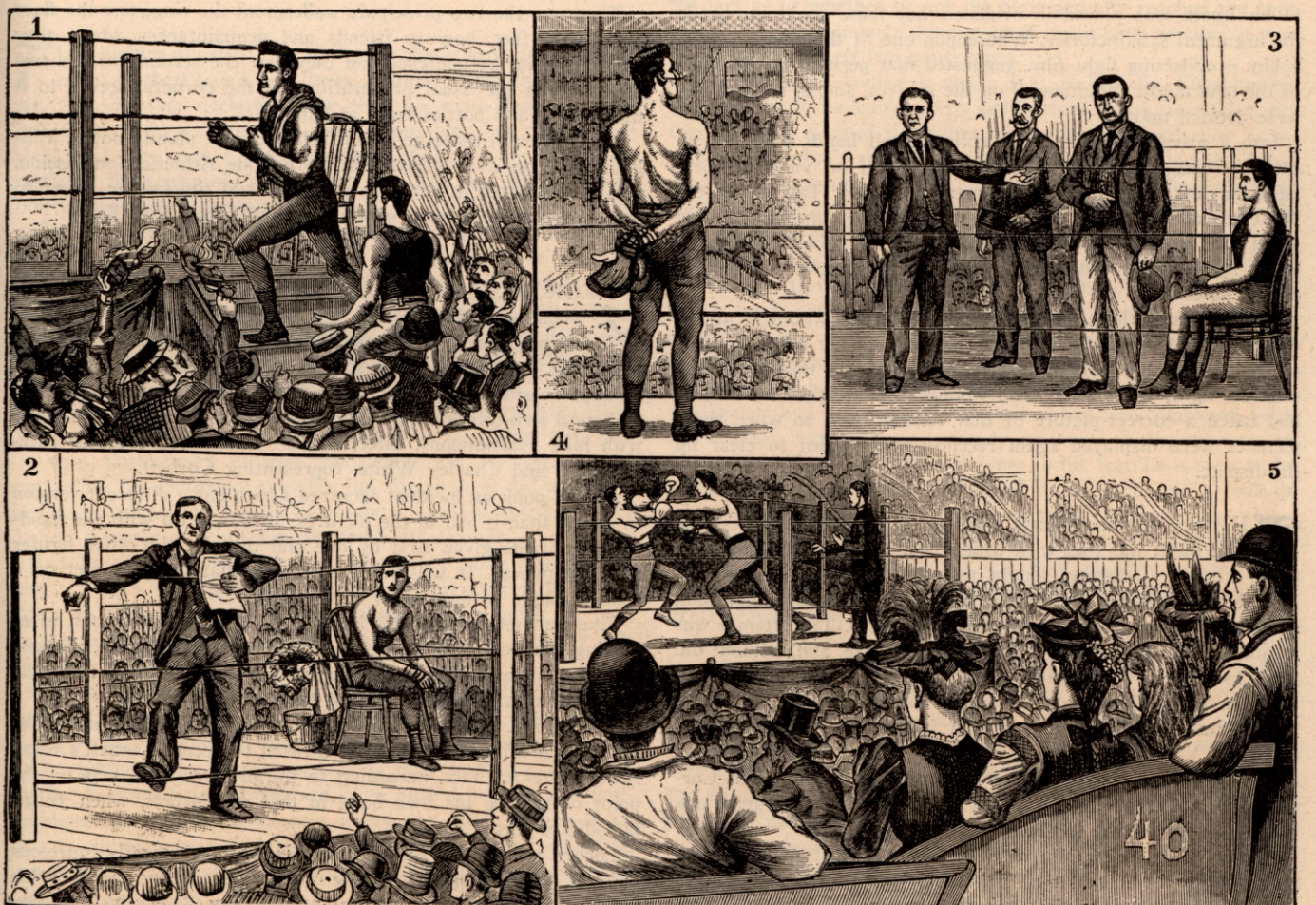
Yours Sincerely

James J. Corbett



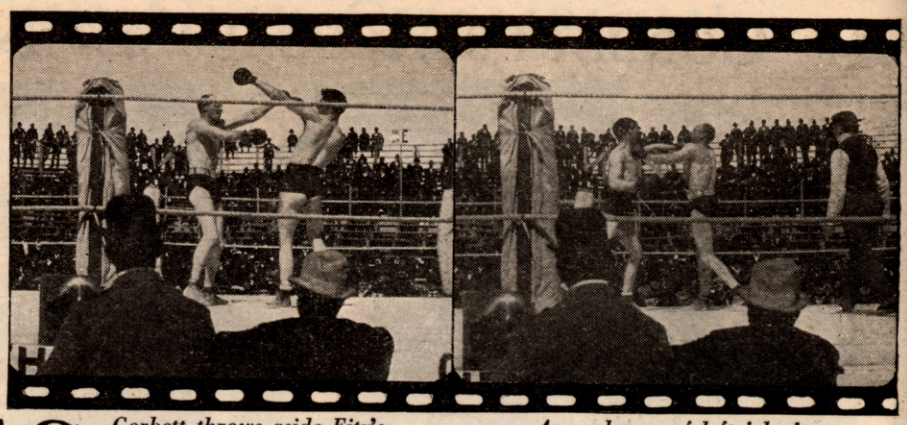
JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S BENEFIT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, SEPT. 17.

CHAMPION CORBETT SPARS THE EX-CHAMPION.



1—Corbett ascending the steps of the ring. 2—Manager Brady's prepared speech: "Corbett has nothing but kindliest feelings toward Sullivan." 3—Introducing Billy Delaney and Mike Donovan. 4—Corbett's speech: "I hope Sullivan will succeed in all his undertakings." 5—Corbett's bout with Jimmy Daly.

FIRST FIGHT MOVIES



Corbett throws aside Fitz's left in the tenth

An exchange of left jabs in the ninth round

Public Amazed and Thrilled at Showing of Pictures Made by Veriscope Process of Corbett-Fitz Bout at Carson City

By SAM AUSTIN

(Former editor of the Police Gazette and the New York Press)

AT a recent reunion of sportsmen to which James J. Corbett, the man who dethroned the mighty John L. Sullivan, was to have been an honored guest, illness kept "Gentleman Jim" away, and naturally, the career of the absentee occupied the attention of many during the evening. As would be expected under such circumstances, the famous "solar plexus punch" came in for discussion and before the evening was well under way, a warm controversy ensued as to whether the blow that Bob Fitzsimmons had landed, which won for him the world's heavyweight title, was fair or foul and whether Fitz had hit his fallen opponent after the latter had sunk to the floor.

Stories of the fight were produced, a picture of Corbett falling to his knees was placed in evidence, but these could not settle the argument satisfactorily. Whereupon one of the guests, whose hobby is collecting fight film, suggested that perhaps the pictures of the bout might enlighten all on the subject, and so the pictures were decided upon.

Into a private studio of this collector, all hands gathered on the following evening, and there was placed on view the first fight movies, taken just thirty-seven years ago. Talk about the thrill we all got when the first movie talkie appeared a few years ago; well, I don't think that compared to what was experienced by the fight fan when the first fight picture was placed on the screen.

I didn't blame those who had engaged in the argument at the dinner, for even by the evidence supplied by the all-seeing eye of the camera thirty-seven years ago, there were those who had seen the fight, like myself, who wouldn't believe that the movies had taken a correct picture of that contest. And so when these pictures were displayed again recently, they failed to clear up the dispute.

* * *

THE first serious attempt made to take motion pictures of a ring fight, was that with which Dan A. Stuart, president of the Veriscope Company, sought to make a reproduction of the fight between Peter Maher and Bob Fitzsimmons which took place near Langtry, Tex., on February 21, 1896. The attempt was a failure. The sun was obscured by a thick haze, and, without old Sol's assistance, the pictures could not be made in those days. There were no Kleig lights to supply the deficiency.

But Stuart was undaunted by that failure. He had been working on his Veriscope for months prior to that and he continued his labors with the result that when he staged the Fitzsimmons-Corbett bout at Carson City, Nev., on March 17, 1897, the apparatus was nearer perfection and made a good job of it.

Unlike today when the motion picture operators cart their machines to the scene of an impending battle and set up their apparatuses in a specially assigned position, the ring had to be set up with regard to the needs of the camera.

A small house was erected to shield the camera and elevated about four and one-half feet above the ground, with the ring set so that the sun would shine on it throughout the fight. It had previously been determined that the sun would cast its rays shortly after noon, directly from behind and above the cameras and would flood the ring. The absence of all shadows in the pictures showed that calculation to have been correct.

Interest in the picture-taking was as keen as in the fight itself. The Veriscope was started at the instant Fitzsimmons vaulted lightly into the ring, followed a moment later by Corbett. Persons who saw the pictures when they were exhibited later at the Academy of Music, in New York City, were thrilled at the sight of the animated photographic figures.

They saw the two principals walk about the ring, test the floor with their feet, bow to friends and acquaintances whom they recognized in the audience and they saw the seconds of the two men making the usual preparations in the corners, seeing to it that towels and bottles were at hand.

The post with its large signal bell could be plainly noted. William Muldoon, now of the New York State Athletic Commission, was there, watch in hand, to act as official timekeeper. Next to him were Lou Houseman of Chicago and Jimmy Colville.

* * *

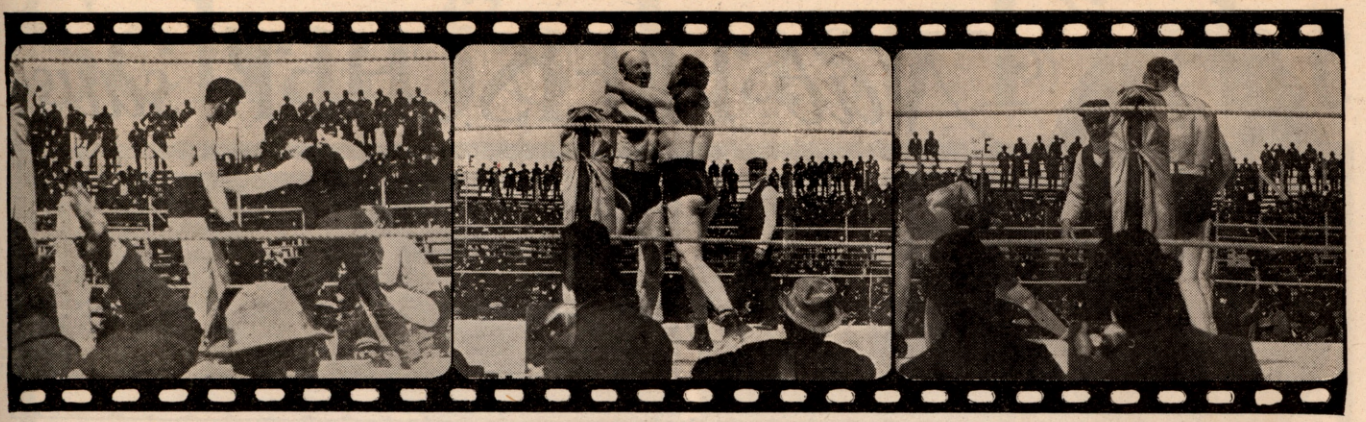
GEORGE SILER, referee, was seen entering the ring and when he doffed his cap and smiled benignantly as in acknowledgment, one could sense that he was being roundly applauded even though the sounds were lacking. Siler made a motion toward the corners of the fighters and Corbett was seen to bound two-thirds across the ring. There, a meeting was held with him, Fitzsimmons, Siler, Martin Julian, representing Fitzsimmons, and Charley White, representing Corbett.

At that point an incident occurred which has a different version in words than it had in the pictures. It had to do with the handshaking frosts given first by one and then by the other fighter to his opponent. It will be remembered that the pair met on a road a couple of days prior to the fight.

Fitzsimmons extended his hand to Corbett, but the latter, after making a movement as though to clasp the proffered hand, changed his mind, saying, "I'll shake with you over there," indicating the battle site which could be seen by them in the distance.

That recital appears as fairly accurate, but when they met in the ring it was Fitz who promptly refused to accept Corbett's hand. As a matter of fact, according to the pictures, Bob was on the point of placing his own hand in that of Corbett, when Julian pulled Bob away.

Corbett was seen to make one of his characteristically courteous bows in acknowledgment of the other's discourtesy and drop his hands with a waving movement as if to say, "Very well, as you will."



Fitz taking a count after being downed in the sixth round

Fitz and Corbett in a clinch in the thirteenth round

Corbett is knocked out by Fitz's solar plexus punch

Such trifling things seemed to interest the reviewers of the pictures more than did the fight itself, the outcome of which was by that time well known and described round for round. But at that, the pictures gave a vivid idea of the comparative conditions of the two fighters as each successive stage of the battle wrought its changes in them.

Corbett's advantage during the first six rounds appeared to be enormous and he even smiled good-naturedly when Fitz accidentally struck him below the belt in one of those sessions. But in order that the Cornishman might not get the mistaken idea that such occurrences would be favored in a repetition, Corbett gave the blacksmith a crack on the jaw and another on the nose, finishing up with violent rib-roasters that only a man such as Fitzsimmons could have withstood.

The weakening effect of Corbett's blows could be plainly seen in Fitzsimmons' appearance as he bravely tried to smile it off, the while he winked encouragingly toward his wife, who was seated at the ringside. That drop which Fitzsimmons made to one knee brought out an argument.

* * *

THE picture showed Fitz sliding to the boards and holding on to Corbett like a boy doing a shinny down the side of a tree. Fitzsimmons declared later that he went down because Corbett stepped upon his foot and tripped him, but many ringsiders said they saw Corbett deliver a right to the short ribs which, in their opinion, would have put Fitz out had it landed four inches nearer the left side.

Then Fitzsimmons' remarkable recovery after taking the count of eight; his quick resumption of a fighting stance and his ability to hold on to last out the round, were all exceedingly clear in the pictures. Corbett was shown tiring of his own earlier efforts and, in the succeeding round, he was seen to have lost that tiptoe agility with which he had been furiously rushing his opponent.

The Veriscope showed the hard punch to the stomach which Corbett delivered in the fourteenth round. It also illustrated how the wily Cornishman escaped punishment by drawing in and contracting his abdominal muscles, but the pictures did not settle the question as to whether the blow landed at all or not. It showed Corbett cleverly ducking Fitzsimmons' left counter.

Had Fitzsimmons been an ordinary fighter, that would have been all there was to that one incident. But Bob was not an ordinary fighter and the pictures showed how quick he was to take advantage of an opening that Corbett left him for one brief instant.

Fitz was shown standing erect, Corbett still bent before him in coming from the crouch in which he tried the unsuccessful stomach blow. So quickly that only the Veriscope caught it accurately, Fitzsimmons side-stepped to a safe defensive, drew his left fist backward and downward, then hurled in a long, swinging uppercut, at the same moment adding the entire weight of his body to the blow as he whirled about with his right foot acting as a pivot. It hit Corbett's solar plexus and felled him as would a blast of lightning.

It was the first time that many of the spectators, who watched the pictures, had ever had an opportunity to see a knockout and note its effect on the victim.

IMMEDIATELY after that, there was another occurrence which raised a hubbub equal in vociferousness to those raised in recent months over foul blows, long counts, etc. When the solar plexus landed, Corbett, as the picture showed, clutched at his side, then dropped his arms helplessly downward.

When Corbett began to fall, Fitzsimmons moved as though to hit with his right, then reconsidered, swung around, and brought his left upward with a swing. Neither any of the officials, nor one person among 5,000 spectators about the ring, saw that blow delivered. Men who had traveled thousands of miles to see the fight, had spent hundreds of dollars and who had heavy wagers at stake, apparently failed to see it.

But the Veriscope showed Fitzsimmons' fist against Corbett's jaw, and just as has been the case recently, the pictures only tended to arouse a controversy, since they did not establish the fact as to whether or not the blow actually reached the spot or only appeared to have done so, or if it did land, whether it was struck after Corbett had gone down.

Had the punch landed, it was a foul, technically. Fitzsimmons had his back to the camera lens and he maintained after the fight, that his hand stopped six inches away from Corbett's jaw as he realized that Jim's right hand and knee were touching the floor. And that is my version. Fitz drew the blow back just before it connected. Neither, then, did he foul Corbett nor when he struck him in the pit of the stomach with the solar plexus punch.

The end came so unexpectedly that Corbett's handlers are seen almost in a frenzy as they motion to the referee, protesting the punch, but Referee Siler is seen ignoring the protests and counting over the form of "Gentleman Jim." The seconds crowd around the ring. The excitement seems to be intense.

The referee is seen counting, with William Muldoon, the official timekeeper, and when the doleful decimal has been completed, Siler raises Fitz's hand denoting victory, and with it, the winning of a championship. When Corbett comes to his feet, he is seen rushing at Fitz to attack him. Jim points to his groin and a look of agony is on his face. In fact, one can detect tears.

The famous "solar plexus" had been born and it took its place with other of the most widely discussed punches in ring lore. Corbett is forced back to his corner by his seconds, and another great heavyweight fight is completed.

As the Veriscope unfolds the dramatic climax which was furnished by Corbett's rush across the ring toward his erstwhile antagonist, who he realizes has defeated him and deprived him of his crown, the picture audience got another thrill and left for home delighted with the thought that the future would see ring fights occurring in one community, depicted in other sections, the distances of which made journeys to the battlegrounds a too expensive procedure.

But the showing of those pictures a few weeks ago at the Sports' Reunion Dinner, did not help to clear up the "mystery." Just so long as boxing exists, will that "solar plexus" controversy and the "blow" that followed, be the subject of debate.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Schaaf Tragedy Arouses Misguided Legislators
Football Fatalities Outnumber those in Fisticuffs
4312 Gridiron Deaths as Against 39 in Boxing

THE unfortunate ending of the Schaaf-Carnera bout in Madison Square Garden on February 11 was a most deplorable occurrence. That death should result to one of the participants in the greatest fight arena in the world was something few patrons of the sport had expected, and that the affair should have involved two such famed heavyweights proved a shock to the nation. Still, the outcry and sensational comment on the tragedy, sad as it was, in my opinion, was beyond what good judgment and thoughtful consideration should have dictated.

Charges and counter-charges, even involving the medical profession, have been hurled by responsible parties in the investigation of this sad case, yet not one bit of evidence has been produced to prove negligence either before or after the bout on the part of any of the officials, the organization that staged the affair, the fighter who was Schaaf's opponent, or the famed surgeons who participated in the operation to save Ernie's life. Yet, publicity-seeking legislators have aroused a nation into believing there was a laxity in the examination of the victim that permitted him to enter the ring against a Goliath while in poor physical condition.

I have received hundreds of letters from all parts of the world asking for information regarding the blame for Schaaf's death and, to make it easier for myself, I have decided to answer all in these columns. It is sufficiently sad to think of the passing of a young man in the prime of his career, without pointing a finger of guilt upon any individual or organization, when all hands involved in that Garden bout were absolutely blameless. If we are to take cognizance of the hysteria created by New York legislators who were one hundred per cent unfamiliar with the facts, then the New York Boxing Commission was an accessory in the murder of Ernie Schaaf.

But, thanks to the Chief Medical Examiner of New York, Dr. Norris, a surgeon of international reputation, death was caused neither by a blow delivered by Primo Carnera nor by laxity in the examination of the victim by those who, under New York State statutes, are responsible for the physical fitness of every boxing contestant. Yet the lawmakers would have us think otherwise! What folly!

* * *

THE Medical Examiner's report following the autopsy declared that Schaaf had entered the ring with a brain ailment that could not possibly have been detected by a physical examination and that the blows received on the back of the head in his bout with Carnera had aggravated the condition and brought on death. That report cleared everybody who had any responsible part in the staging of the fight or in the aftermath at the hospital where he was brought for treatment. According to the report, the condition might have been brought about by blows received months ago by Schaaf in his fight with Max Baer or by the attack of influenza which Ernie had suffered a month previous to his final contest.

Yet the ill-advised reformers, who are still trying to enact legislation to do away with professional boxing, would have us believe that the sport is so brutal and the officials so incompetent that the life of the youth who engages in boxing is at stake every time he enters the ring. What bosh! An examination of such legislators will show that they know little about boxing and still less about the strict training and supervision to which each professional boxer is subjected before he can engage in a contest in New York State.

I fully agree with Dr. Norris in his statement that the punches delivered by Carnera aggravated the brain condition to the extent that paralysis was brought on to the left side of Ernie's body. But, as the medicos in charge of the case added, even the punches of a lad of Tony Canzoneri's size would have brought about a similar result, because any jar was sufficient to affect the diseased brain.

Immediately following the fight, columns were written about the "phoney." Schaaf was condemned as a "faker." It was rumored that he had decided to take the easiest way out in order to assure his stable mate and co-manager, Jack Sharkey, of a shot at Carnera for the championship next summer. Yet all the time, poor Schaaf was lying in a stupor at the hospital, suffering from an ailment that the best of medical attention could not cure. Unfortunately, in this case, it required the death of a gentlemanly young man to prove to the world that he was not an "actor," and that the fight was fought absolutely on its merits.

The trouble with all of those who questioned Schaaf's honesty was that they had figured Carnera a "palooka," and instead they found in Primo a much-improved, fearless mastodon who was out there to prove his right to a championship bout and was doing so in a most convincing manner. They found, much to their surprise, a 6-foot, 5½-inch giant who had mastered a left-hand jab and was shooting it across almost at will. They saw in Carnera a "man mountain" who moved with the speed of a Tunney and, naturally, the pre-contest "dope" went wrong.

Granted that Carnera "couldn't dent an egg with his punches," as most of the critics remarked before the fight, they must now realize, as would any person who has studied physical culture, that when a man weighing 267 pounds and standing 6 feet, 5½ inches, lands on an opponent, no matter how light the punch strikes, it leaves its shock.

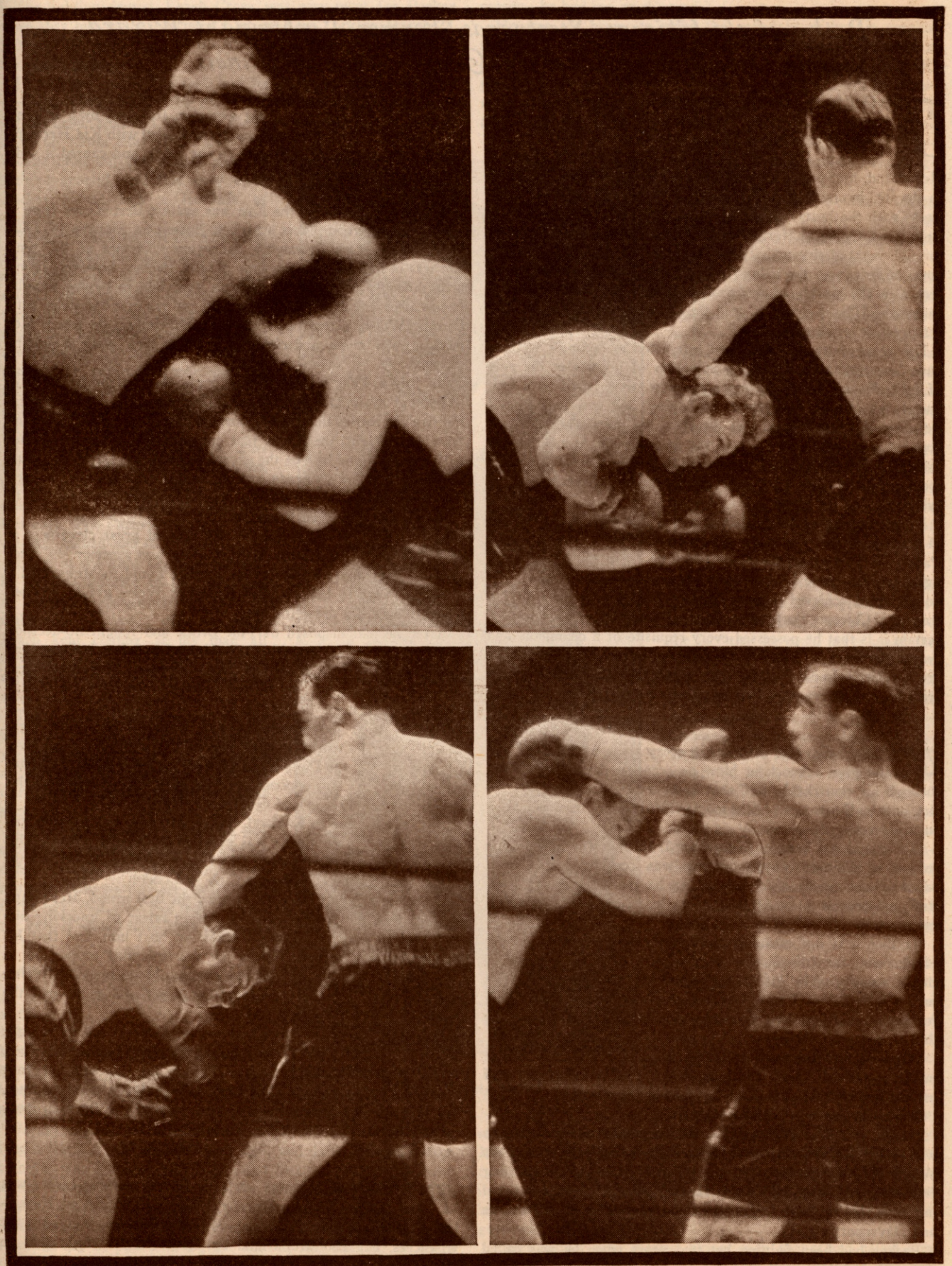
* * *

UNDOUBTEDLY the boxing game was hard hit by the death of Schaaf for, as in all such cases where a fatality occurs, the publicity seekers among the legislators have made the best of the opportunity to push themselves into the spotlight with repeal bills. But the sport will survive, regardless of their efforts. Boxing has been handed many hard blows on previous occasions but, despite all, it continues to be the sport of all civilized nations.

When one considers that over a stretch of nine years only nine deaths have occurred in boxing in New York State, or an average of one per year, as against twenty-five times that number in football alone, it seems rather odd that repeal bills should be proposed in boxing, yet nothing whatsoever is said about football! Such hysteria is invariably raised by politicians, who seek to enlist the blue law agitators on their side for a political campaign, and often lacks sincerity. Just so long as boxing continues—and it is my prediction that it will never die—just so long will those "self-styled protectors of the people" continue to seek the public headlines at the expense of the sport.

Even they must realize that today, with all of its faults, boxing the world over has attained a standing immeasurably higher than ever before, and this, notwithstanding the senseless misrepresentation of those within the *(Continued on page 35)*

Schaaf's Last Fight



On this page appear four pictures taken during the Carnera-Schaaf fight in Madison Square Garden, that ended in the death of Ernie, who was knocked out in the thirteenth round. According to surgeons, the fatality was caused by a blow from Carnera, but the Chief Medical Examiner of New York City, Dr. Norris, declared that Ernie had an inflamed brain when he entered the ring and that the fight simply had aggravated the condition. Carnera was exonerated from any blame.

McFarland Honored

Packey of the Chicago Stockyards, Former Lightweight Wizard, is Appointed Boxing Commissioner in Illinois

By FRANK MAESTRO

TO Henry Horner, the governor of Illinois, boxing owes a vote of thanks for the appointment to the State Athletic Commission of Packey McFarland, first prominent member of the fistic profession to be so elevated in any state of the Union. The appointment of Packey meets with the hearty approval of all who are interested in the welfare of the sport, for, with his knowledge of boxing gained through years of ring activity and as an instructor to the Catholic boys, he brings to the ruling body of the second largest boxing center in the world, an understanding of pugilism that should enable the Illinois Board to lead the commissions of all states in constructive legislation.

For years those who are most interested in boxing's welfare have been clamoring for the elimination of politics in the rule of fisticuffs and the use of more common sense, based on a firm knowledge of the requirements of boxing, and now in Packey's elevation, the first step in that direction has been achieved. It is hoped that other governors will see fit to designate men of the calibre of McFarland, so that eventually the guiding hands of the sport will rest with men who are thoroughly acquainted with every angle of the game.

No man who has never gained a world crown at any period of boxing history ever stood out in greater prominence than did Packey McFarland in the many years he faced the public spotlight. In fact, while he was an active participant in ring affairs, no champion achieved greater prestige than the curly-headed lad from the Chicago stockyards. While Packey never held a title, certain it is that he possessed every requisite of a champion, and proved that fact on occasions too frequent to mention. Those who are his friends know that they can expect the same clean dealings from him in his new post that he gave in all of his famous fights.

* * *

WHILE Packey was a fighter in every sense of the word and could give a knockout blow as occasion demanded, it was through his remarkable skill that he mounted to a high place in ring annals. He was one of the most skillful boxers that ever drew on a glove.

McFarland was born on November 1, 1888, of Irish stock, in a section of Chicago where fighting was considered a natural pastime, and where a fellow had to be made of pretty good stuff and possess a lot of courage to lead any sort of pleasant existence.

By that it is not meant that Packey's boyhood friends were roughnecks; far from it. But they were a lot who measured a chap's superiority by his ability to use his fists. It was in just such a school that Packey received his early boyhood training for his professional ring career, which began in 1904, when he was sixteen years old.

When McFarland started fighting, he, like every other novice in the game, felt there was only one way of proving the stuff in him, and that was by knocking out his opponents.

That was just what Packey did.

He had a real knockout punch, and many a lad around Chicago will vouch for this statement. His continued success around the Windy City soon aroused an interest in him among the sporting fraternity of the middle-West. His success, however, continued uninterrupted until he began to exhibit his wares in Milwaukee and Davenport.

Packey had been fighting but two years when he was called upon to match his wits and mitts with such experienced and capable boxers as Benny Yanger, Kid Goodman and Maurice Sayers. Packey disposed of all three, and very likely would have scored a knockout over all of them if it hadn't been for their far greater experience in the boxing game.

These victories, followed by a fifteen-round, no-decision bout with Kid Herman, brought the stockyard boy right to the front, and caused a wide demand for his services.

* * *

HIS first bout in the East was against Bert Keyes (now a Hollywood movie actor) at Boston on January 14, 1908. Keyes was a mighty dangerous customer at the time and was in line for championship honors. Packey, however, found little difficulty in gaining a decision over him in twelve rounds. It was after this fight that McFarland had his first encounter with Freddie Welsh, a ten-round affair at Milwaukee, on which McFarland was given a decision. The fight took place February 21, 1908.

On July 4, 1908, he and Welsh fought their celebrated twenty-five-round draw at Los Angeles. This was one of the fastest lightweight battles that ring historians have been able to scare up. As a lightweight, there was just one man who stood in a class with this pair, and he was the greatest of all, Joe Gans. But Gans was then on the down grade, and on the day of this battle between McFarland and Welsh, Gans lost the lightweight championship to Battling Nelson at San Francisco.

In the scrap with Freddie, Welsh showed great cleverness at close quarters, but at long range, Packey was superior. In other words, clever and fast as Welsh was, he found in McFarland a boxer superior to himself. But the work Welsh got in at close quarters earned a draw for him.

After he had disposed of Phil Brock and fought no-decision bouts with Tommy Murphy, Dick Hyland and Leach Cross, and had defeated Jimmy Britt and Dave Deshler, McFarland went to New Orleans, where he fought a twenty-round draw with Ray Bronson, September 19, 1909.

Packey tried desperately to get Nelson, then lightweight champion of the world, to meet him in a twenty- or twenty-five-round bout. But the Dane could see nothing but a finish encounter when Packey was his opponent, and imposed other conditions with which he knew McFarland could not comply.

So Packey went to England. There, after he had knocked out Dick Lee in ten rounds, he was matched again with Welsh. This was a twenty-round affair and was staged on May 30, 1910, in the ring of the National Sporting Club in London.

From the sound of the gong opening the first round, McFarland went right after Welsh with the evident intent of knocking him out. Packey knew that Welsh could not hurt him, and that his main hope of a decisive victory lay, not in boxing proper, but in a knockout. But while he got many telling blows home on Welsh, he couldn't quite concoct the knockout potion and at the end, the fight was declared a draw.

The stockyard fighter then returned to America and on January 17, 1911, showed New Yorkers how great a fighter he was when, in the ring at Madison Square Garden, he knocked out Jack Goodman in five rounds. The latter was a clever, sturdy fighter, but McFarland surprised the sporting fraternity of the metropolis by making their idol look like a novice.

* * *

PERHAPS the hardest battle of Packey's whole career was that against Tommy Murphy, which was fought on November 30, 1911, at San Francisco. Murphy surprised not only the wiseacres, but also McFarland by the wonderful fight that he put up.

Murphy was not in a class with McFarland for cleverness, but his courage and aggressiveness were superlative. Throughout the twenty rounds of the battle Murphy kept right on top of Mc-

Farland. The latter's cleverness kept him out of harm's way, while at the same time he dealt out some terrific punishment to the game lad from Harlem. But he could not stop Murphy.

The fighting dentist, Leach Cross, was easy meat for Packey when they met at the Fairmont Club in New York on March 23, 1909. It was their second battle, both being no-decision affairs of ten-round duration.

Leach came out of his shell and fought better than he did on their previous encounter. He didn't cringe like a schoolboy protecting his head, although at times Packey's punches forced him to cover up. Cross most of the time kept coming head on, and seldom gave an inch of ground, and that only when Packey rained him a fusillade of wallops.

Though Leach fought like a bulldog, Packey was his master in almost every department of the game. Cool and calculating even when moving at top speed, or when standing up under his opponent's wicked wallops, McFarland never missed an opening, timing his punches to perfection and shooting them in with the speed of a striking rattler and placing them with the accuracy of a sharpshooter.

Contrary to his usual style of fighting, Packey showed at his best when backing up. When he rushed Leach and attempted to force matters, Cross held him even. But Packey, on the retreat, cut and slashed him to ribbons.

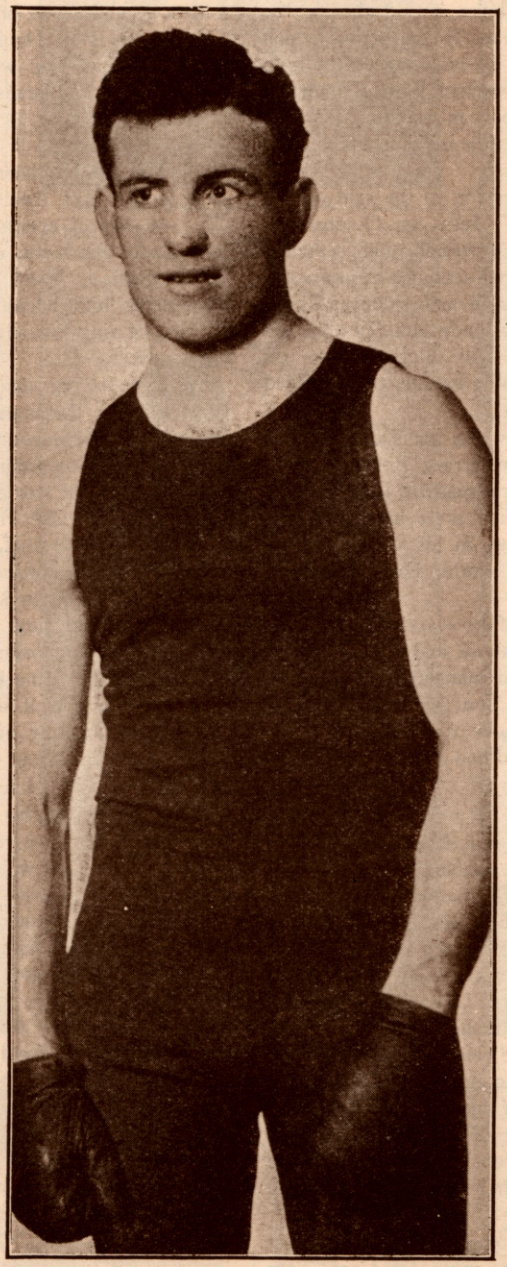
Early in the fight Leach found that he was far inferior to the westerner in boxing. Consequently, he tried to make the Chicagoan mix and slug. Leach kept coming at his man all through the fight, but Packey, cool as the proverbial cucumber, ducked the wild swings and hooks.

The stockyard man had a shade the better of the first and fourth rounds, while he held a decided advantage in all the others except the second and third, which should justly be called even.

Packey got the decision, but he was a mighty tired man at the end, and he didn't get the honors by any great margin. Many were of the opinion that if the fight had gone five more rounds the verdict would have been different.

* * *

THIS was really the last big battle that Packey had. In 1915 he had a ten-round, no-decision bout with Mike Gibbons at Brighton Beach, N. Y. Packey was adjudged the winner by those who saw the fight, but the bout was really a bloomer and proved nothing.



Packey McFarland, who is now a member of the Illinois Boxing Board

Packey was at the height of his ability when he retired. He fought many a man, fought them well, and during all his career he never was defeated—save once, and that was in the first year of his boxing, when a fighter by the name of "Dusty" Miller is credited with gaining a decision over him.

He was a credit to the sport in which he was a shining light from the day he pulled on a glove until he laid them on the shelf for good to enter the real estate business.

Packey had everything. If his opponents wished to box, he outboxed them; if they cared to slug, he slugged them until they were dizzy; if they preferred to rough it, the "Pride of the Stockyards" recalled his early environment and made them sick of the roughest going imaginable.

This lightweight star never became a champion, for a peculiar reason—he had too much sense.

He was too heavy to make the poundage without a serious strain. He was too intelligent to sacrifice his health and earning capacity by reducing when his normal weight was around 140 pounds. Since no titleholder, except in the present era of mammoth-priced purses, ever made as much money as a first-string challenger, Packey declined to step from his own profitable status into the championship, with its infrequent matches and incredible skullduggery.

Consequently he frolicked along, whipping favorite sons in many towns and gathering a bounteous harvest of coin while amusing himself.

When Packey felt that he was ready to quit the ring and use his splendid business head toward success in the business world, he went to Joliet, Ill., where he married well, brought up a happy family of four children and became an honored citizen in the community. When the depression came, Packey, like others, lost considerable of his fortune in his real estate investments, but still is comfortably fixed. Within the past two years he has instructed the boys of the Catholic Youths' Association in the art of fisticuffs.

* * *

McFARLAND undoubtedly was one of the greatest lightweights of all time, if we are to ignore the fact that he could never make the limit of the class, yet was too light for a true welterweight. When all things are considered, Packey was as much a lightweight as was Benny Leonard, who seldom could come within the weight limit and often had to weigh in while the reporters were kept from the scales.

McFarland, from the time that he began his professional career back in 1904, was a master technician. Consider the calibre of the men he fought and weigh his record against the leading lightweights of a century, and you'll see why Packey is rated among the truly great.

He beat Jack Britton when Jack was regarded one of the greatest, most scientific boxers of his time. He outpointed Freddie Welsh, another master of scientific boxing, and knocked out Jimmy Britt; landed the haymaker on Benny Yanger in four rounds; put Young Ahearn, the Brooklyn dancing master, to sleep in eight rounds; won a twenty-round decision over Harlem Tommy Murphy on the Coast; made a sucker out of Leach Cross in ten rounds and gave innumerable newspaper verdicts over the leaders in two classes. Such was the ability of the man who now has been honored with a boxing commission post by the Illinois governor.

Every fighter who crossed gloves with McFarland called him a wizard. Britton once said of him that the Chicagoan was one of the most elusive boxers he had ever met. He declared that Packey was even a more scientific boxer than Jem Driscoll, and that's going some. A ring marvel was McFarland.

CRADLES of BOXING

The twenty-fourth and final chapter of a series tracing the rise of fisticuffs in New England, written by Boston's most famous fight critic

By "DOC" ALMY

BOXING in New England, or, for that matter, throughout the United States, made its greatest strides in the bare-knuckle and skin-tight gloves period during the hectic career of John L. Sullivan. In the series, which comes to a conclusion with this chapter, we have traced the high spots in American Fistiana and have touched lightly upon all the characters who played an important part in the rise of American pugilism in New England from the time of Tom Hyer, first heavyweight king, to the rise of Sullivan.

In our previous chapter, we called attention to the raid on the O'Baldwin-Wormald fight at Lynnfield, Mass., on October 29, 1868, an arrest that resulted in the conviction and sentence of the famous Irish Giant, O'Baldwin. That sentence to imprisonment took the pep out of boxing in Boston and vicinity. Those who hitherto had no fear of "John Law," now decided that the authorities meant business and, rather than take a chance on spending months behind the grey walls of a bastile, they decided to ply their wares elsewhere.

This feeling was further intensified when, on December 28, 1876, at old Concert Hall in Washington Street, Boston, Paddy McDermott defeated Daniel Davidson, local pugilist, in 24 rounds, lasting 55 minutes. Though both men had their hands encased by soft gloves, Davidson fell unconscious in his corner during the rest period after the twenty-fourth canto. He died within an hour.

There was a terrible rumpus over this affair—boxing and glove-fighting came in for plenty of general abuse and condemnation. McDermott was arrested on a charge of manslaughter, and, as parties to the affair, Danny Dwyer and Tom Mahoney, his seconds, also Tim McCarthy, later the manager of the famous Cribb Club of Boston, and James Gallagher, who had esquired Davidson.

* * *

STRANGE, indeed, that the Schaaf case should come before the American fight fans, just as I'm concluding this story of New England pugilism with the death of another famed Boston boxer fifty-seven years ago. As in the case of Ernie Schaaf, the medical examiners decided that it was not a blow or a series of punches that Davidson had received in the ring that brought about his death, but a heart attack. Drs. Cilley, Codding and Dixwell revealed that fact, and as a result, those held for Davidson's "killing" were exonerated and were released from custody.

But that didn't bring boxing back into good favor. The Boston populace was against the sport because of urgings and preachings by the Blue Law agitators, and the best New England fighters followed Horace Greeley's advice and went West. Some hit the trail southward and still others made their temporary domicile in New York and in the middle-West.

But not everyone of importance left Boston. America's biggest sportsmen remained to fight it out. There were Joe Goss, Tom Early, Patsy Sheppard, David H. Blanchard, Jim Keenan, and a score of other leaders, who decided to await an opportunity to get boxing back into its own in the famed center of the sport.

They didn't have to wait long. As if out of the clouds there came forth a young person, who was destined not only to revive the interest in boxing, but to spread its gospel to the four corners of the earth. He was without doubt the greatest fistic character boxing has ever seen, a man who lifted the sport, almost overnight, out of obscurity into a new life. The name of this man was John L. Sullivan.

Of him, popularly known as the "Boston Strong Boy," we would have to write an entire book, were we to go into details of his colorful career. But so much already has been written about him in THE RING that I have decided to conclude my story of the rise of boxing in New England with a few details of John L.'s start. Then, perhaps in the near future, I shall supplement this with a special series on the life of this most famed of American fighters. It is my hope some day to place in book form for posterity what I've written in "The Cradles of Boxing," and perhaps I'll do likewise with the story of John L. Sullivan—my idol.

* * *

SO much has been written about Sullivan, both fiction as well as fact, that there is no call to set forth his career here—a life of events and happenings from October 15, 1858, the date of his birth, until that of his death, February 2, 1918, on his farm in West Abington, Mass. But there are incidents concerning him which either have been forgotten, or escaped the pen of ring historians, and it is with these that we are dealing today.

Sullivan having demonstrated his budding ring prowess in various ways, the night of March 6, 1878, we find the pugilist of 20, aided and encouraged by Jim Keenan, his first real patron, facing the veteran John "Cocky" Woods, a chap frequently mentioned in earlier stories of the series. The ring was put up in Cockerill Hall, 287 Hanover Street, in later years the home of the Seamen's Bethel, and still existing as such. The encounter was to be an exhibition affair of six rounds, London rules, but with kid gloves, with $50 to the winner and $25 to the loser.

Woods at that time was about forty-five years old, therefore long past his ring prime, but as he was strong and rugged, and had learned the game in the "College of Hard Knocks," it was felt that he was well-fitted to show his youthful opponent a few things. As a matter of fact, a majority of those present, who had "kicked in" from $1 to $2 for the privilege, looked upon the affair as a bit of a lark.

Both Keenan and his kid protégé came in for plenty of joshing when the boy and the veteran put up their hands, but the Portland Street boniface knew a fighter when he saw one, and accepted all wagers on Sullivan. The entire details of this affair we have been unable to secure, but, on the word, Sullivan sailed into Woods like a hurricane let loose and, swinging a right to the veteran's neck, dropped him in a heap. The time was ten seconds. The upset ended the round.

When they came out for the second, Woods, who, with his following had received a tremendous jolt, was more cautious. For a few seconds he bothered Sullivan with his extended left—forced John to circle about him. Then, again over came the youth's right—slam square to the jaw, and out went Woods like a light. The kayo was scored in 15 seconds after the canto had got going. Keenan cleaned up plenty, while, as for Sullivan, the sporting public began to take him seriously.

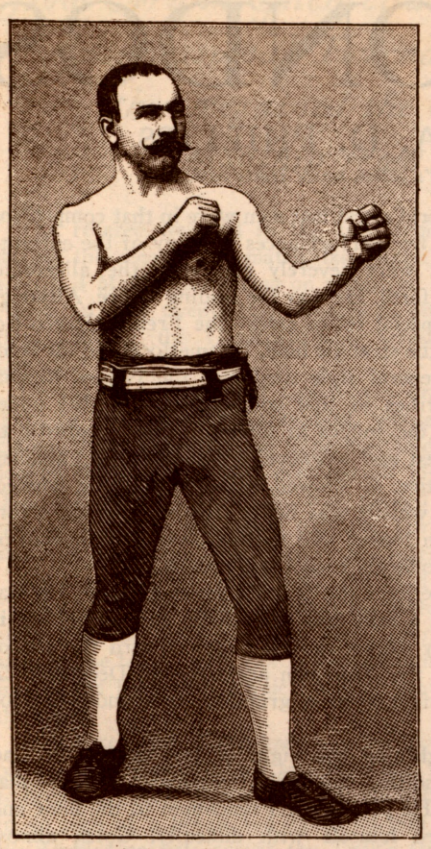
* * *

IT was on this occasion when Sullivan, who always had plenty of confidence in himself and his powers, announced: "My name is John L. Sullivan. I can whip any man in the house, or the world, for that matter. I am a fighter now, and I am going to be champion. I'll always be on the level as long as I live. So bet your heads off any time I start."

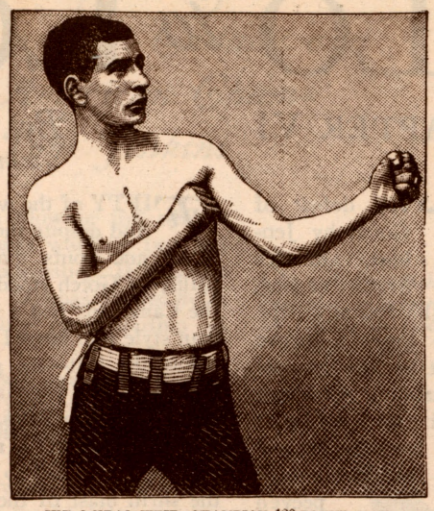
"So," observed Danny Dwyer, a Springfield husky, already mentioned in another paragraph, "we have a fresh prig here." "I am a prig, am I," retorted Sullivan, when informed of the quip. "Well, the day will come, and not so far from now, when I will show the big duffer which is the prig."

And that day did come, a May evening in 1879, when Dwyer, then employed by John Stetson at the Old Howard Theatre, a playhouse known far and wide, *(Continued on page 34)*

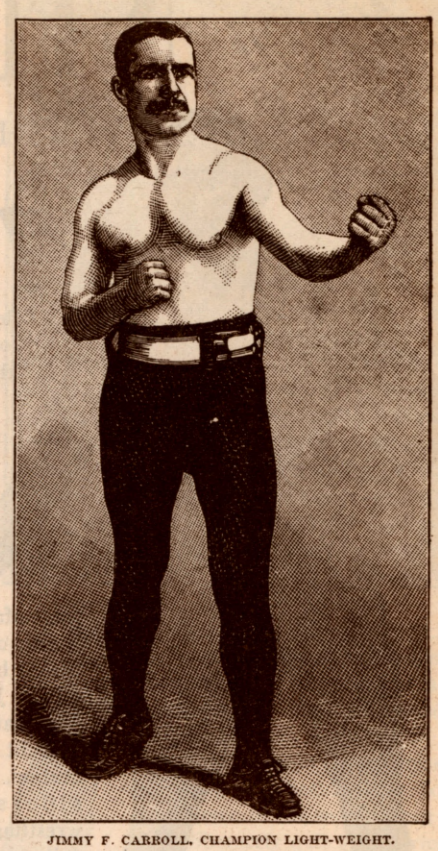
BOSTON'S GREAT GALAXY OF PUGILISTS



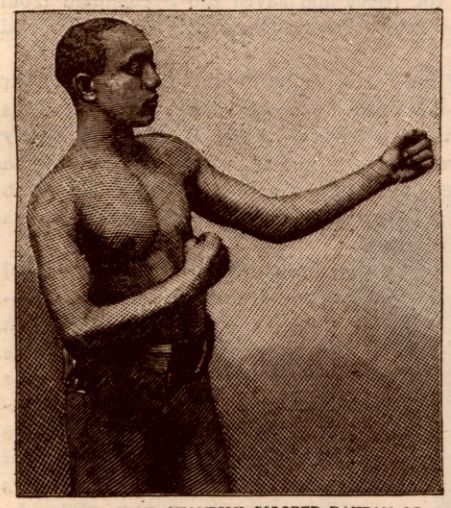
GEORGE LE BLANCHE, CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT.



IKE O NEAL WEIR, CHAMPION 120-POUND MAN.

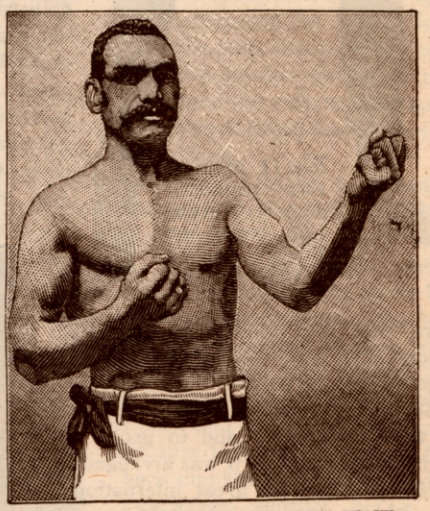


JIMMY F. CARROLL, CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT.

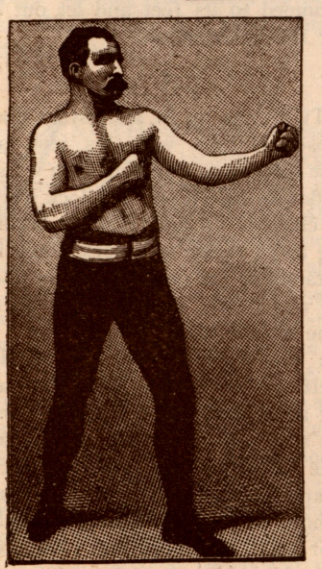


GEORGE DIXON, CHAMPION COLORED BANTAM OF AMERICA.

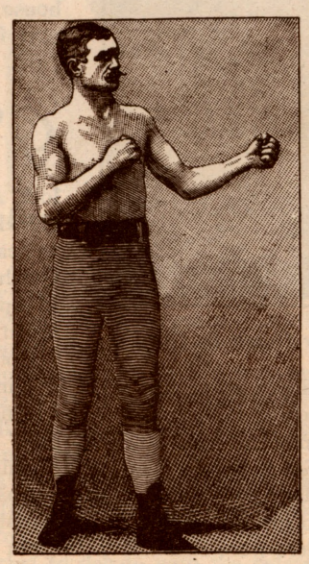
THE CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS.



GEORGE GODFREY, COLORED CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT OF THE EAST.

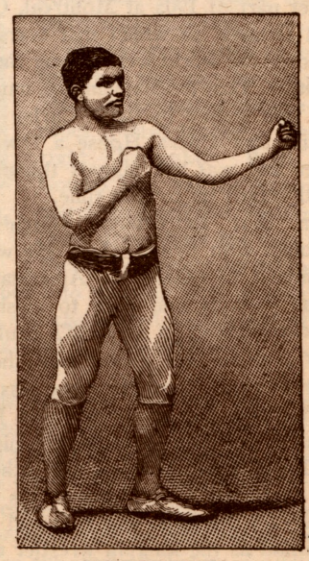


JAKE KILRAIN.



PETE M'COY.

PADDY DUFFY, 142-POUND CHAMPION.



PATSY KERRIGAN.

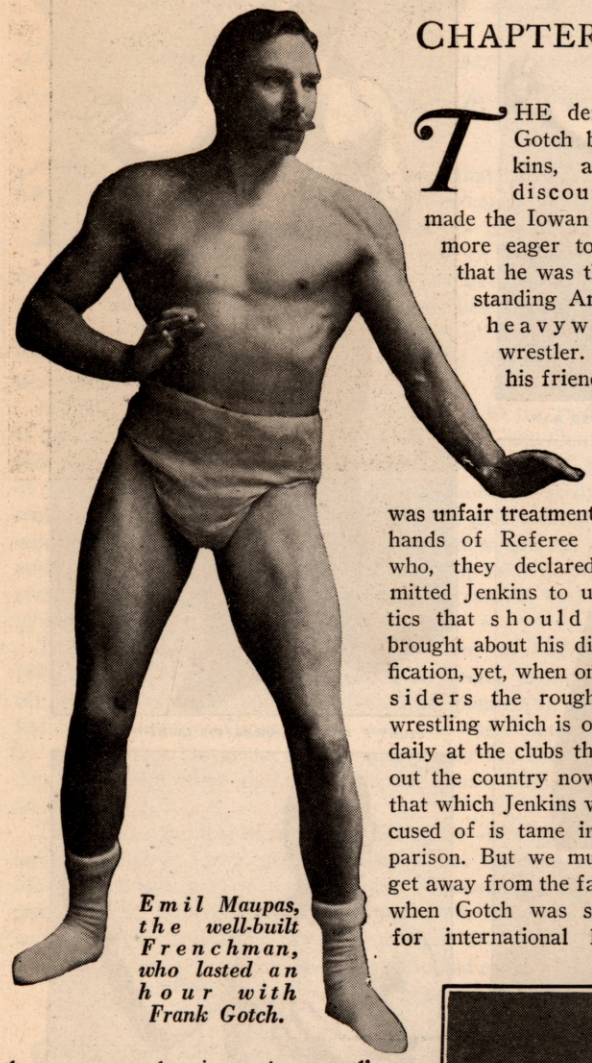
A matchless array of stars who represented the Hub in the old days

From MILO to LONDOS

CHAPTER VI

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest, active sports writer)

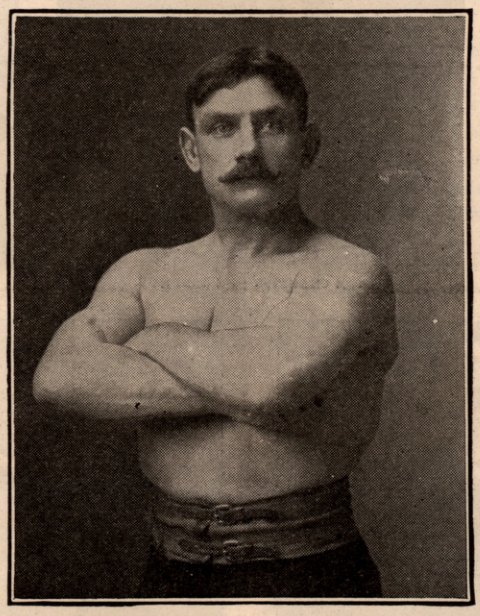


Emil Maupas, the well-built Frenchman, who lasted an hour with Frank Gotch.

THE defeat of Gotch by Jenkins, although discouraging, made the Iowan all the more eager to prove that he was the outstanding American heavyweight wrestler. He and his friends were peeved at what they termed was unfair treatment at the hands of Referee Hurst, who, they declared, permitted Jenkins to use tactics that should have brought about his disqualification, yet, when one considers the rough-house wrestling which is on view daily at the clubs throughout the country nowadays, that which Jenkins was accused of is tame in comparison. But we must not get away from the fact that when Gotch was striving for international honors, there was real science in wrestling, hence Gotch was well within his rights in protesting as he did.

Gotch was confident of his ability and so were his backers and to prove his championship calibre, it was arranged to have him enter the great international wrestling tournament staged during the latter part of 1905 at Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa, in which mat stars from all over the world were among the competitors. That tournament was much like the one staged by Jack Curley at the Manhattan Opera House a few years later and was the biggest thing of its kind staged up to that time.

In that tournament Gotch came through with flying colors. He was determined to regain the American title from Jenkins and then to clash with Hackenschmidt in a world's titular affair and he was aware that the only way he could force the issue was to triumph in the international competition. He easily defeated Jack Carceck, Fillmore, Ardahl, Emil Klank, who later became his manager, Yankee Rogers, Dan McLeod, Emil Maupas and other lesser known wrestlers. By his victories, Gotch proved his mettle and his name traveled wherever the sport was followed. In America he had gained recognition as the kingpin wrestler among the heavyweights and he began to cash in on the fame that was his.



Dan McLeod, thrown by Gotch in Canada

FIFTY of the world's best mat men were in that competition and despite the fine performances of many of the entrants, and bouts that were severely contested, the all-around ability of Gotch stood forth. He was the leading figure. Although the Canadians had a special set of rules—the French-Graeco-Roman style that barred the strangle hold, hammerlock and all holds below the belt—the general style used was the Graeco-Roman.

One of the peculiarities of that competition was that under these Canadian rules, the judges at intervals blew a whistle to give the wrestlers a rest and whenever a French or a Canadian grappler appeared to tire, or showed evidence of being winded, the shrill blast of the whistle was heard. However, when a foreigner or an American looked like the victim of a Canadian or a French entrant, the officials forgot the whistle.

Emil Maupas was perhaps the best foreigner entered. He was a Frenchman, weighed a little less than Gotch, but bulked big in stature. He was finally drawn against Gotch toward the end of the tourney and faced the American at Montreal, December 27, 1905, only to meet defeat after a gruelling hour-and-a-half of fast mat work.

Gotch was chain-lightning the night of the match. He had worked his way in condition and rushed Maupas about the mat when time was called. He pinned the Frenchman to the floor and Maupas only extricated himself with difficulty. Gotch almost roughed him through the ropes and saved the Frenchman from toppling over into the crowd by grabbing his legs as he slid through the ropes.

Gotch refused to let the foreigner "set" and reached down for a leg hold that crashed Maupas to the canvas. Frank worked his way into a half-nelson and a waist lock and Maupas was slowly bending back with two shoulders almost on the mat when—the whistle blew. Gotch let loose with a grunt, although he had to laugh at the referee as he sat in his corner.

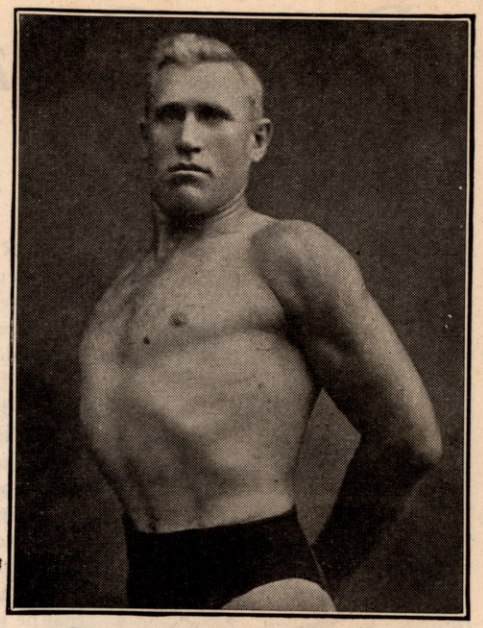
Maupas was almost all in and needed expert attention to send him out in condition. Gotch was mad clear through when he answered the call of time again and shoved and bullied Maupas from rope to rope, flinging the Frenchman down with a thump every time he arose. Maupas rushed in with his head down, and a flying tackle about the legs sent Gotch crashing down, while the house jumped to its feet and let out a roar for the Frenchman.

* * *

GOTCH was up in an instant and upset Maupas with his feet, at the same time clamping on a waist lock. A double-nelson and arm lock were quickly clamped on and Maupas began to heave about trying to unlock himself. Gotch started to put on the pressure and Maupas was slowly sinking down when again the whistle blew.

Gotch was furious over the unfair tactics, and once, when he himself was in danger, with Maupas behind in full control, he turned about and asked what had become of "that whistling guy." It was noticeable that as long as Gotch was in danger the whistle failed to toot. Finally Gotch slammed Maupas to the canvas, and before the referee had time to get his whistle to his mouth both of the Frenchman's shoulders were slammed to the mat for a fall in 1 hour and 1 minute, with a half-nelson and reverse body hold.

How Frank Gotch cleaned up the Field in the International Tournament in Canada and then regained the American Championship from Tom Jenkins



Charley Olson, blond Swedish grappler, thrown by Gotch in two straight falls.

The referee was red in the face from blowing the whistle during the second fall match, but Gotch was working fast and soon had Maupas bordering on a state of exhaustion. It took the American only twenty-two minutes to pin Maupas to the floor, thus winning the Graeco-Roman wrestling championship of Canada.

During the tournament Gotch was drawn against a terrible Turk by the name of Karakanoff, whose press agent had proclaimed him as the "fiercest thing ever to come from Turkey." He looked the part and had defeated all his opponents with ease. The ball park at Montreal was packed when the two finally met, as a rumor was afloat that the Turk was out for revenge and would strangle Gotch before the referee could interfere.

But the Turk quit; quit cold. He lived up to his sobriquet of "Terrible." Gotch came out with his right hand extended and a smile playing about his lips, the "Terrible One" roared and slapped the hand away. Gotch stepped lightly around the massive figure, and then with a quick wrench sent him flying up against the ropes.

On the rebound, Gotch gave him the foot and in an instant was on top. He reached down and bent the Turk's leg back almost to breaking point, then let him go. He hammerlocked him within an inch of a break and again let him go. Then he rubbed his doubled-up fists across the Turk's stomach and into his kidneys and then almost lifted the top of his head off with a head lock for a few minutes, and again let go. Finally Gotch wrapped both legs around in a body scissors, held on for a minute, squeezing tight and then rolled the Turk free only to jump in with a full-nelson. The American then lifted the Turk high above his head and crashed him to the canvas with a thud, at the same time jumping on top of him with his knees and elbows.

The "Terrible One" gave one scream of fright and then gently rolled over on his back. Gotch jumped to his feet with a laugh, while the thoroughly cowed Turk tried to sneak out of the ring unnoticed. If ever a wrestler was acclaimed with the "Ancient Order of the Tin Can," it was Karakanoff as he stumbled up the aisle toward his dressingroom.

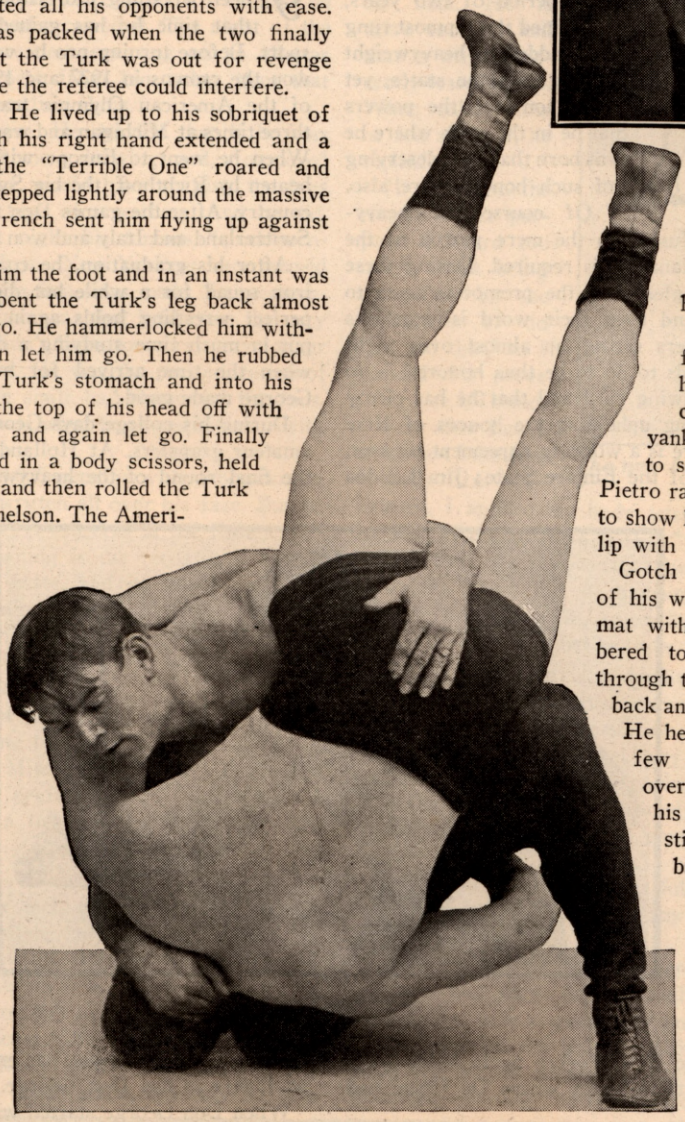
* * *

ANOTHER "rough" wrestler who tackled Gotch during the tournament was a giant Italian named Pietro. It was a boast of Pietro that he had never lost a match at Graeco-Roman style and he loudly proclaimed to the newspapers, a few days previous to the meeting, just what he would do to the mighty American when he met Gotch within the ropes.

Pietro was known as one of the fiercest men in Montreal and in the preliminaries against the smaller fry of wrestlers he showed no mercy. He almost killed a small Frenchman with a full-nelson only a week previous to his meeting Gotch.

Gotch came through the ropes thoroughly prepared. He let Pietro come to him and as the Italian plunged past he almost yanked the moustache from Pietro's upper lip.

Pietro glared at Gotch and started to debate with the referee over the foul, but was told to get to work and stop complaining.



Frank Gotch practising his pet crotch and body hold on his grappling partner, Oscar Samuelson.

There was no fall in the first ten minutes' interval, although Pietro was mighty near a decisive fall toward the end of the session when Gotch had him doubled up in a body scissors.

The going became too rough for Pietro in the second bout and he deliberately quit and started to crawl through the ropes. Gotch yanked him back and the two started to slug one another about the mat. Pietro ran behind the referee and started to show him where Gotch had bruised his lip with his elbow.

Gotch slid behind Pietro in the midst of his wailings and slammed him to the mat with a fearful crash. Pietro clambered to his feet and again started through the rope. Gotch again pulled him back and lifted him high above his head. He held Pietro in that position for a few seconds and then heaved him over the ropes. The Italian landed on his back and the fall seemed to instill new life into him for he flew back into the ring and started to exchange punches with the American. The house meanwhile was in a riot.

The referee started to interfere, but was met by a flying fist and he landed outside the ropes. Pietro landed a fearful right haymaker flush on Gotch's jaw, but the American merely grunted and, rushing in close, drove both his fists into Pietro's stomach. At this point Chief of Police Lamouche jumped into the ring with a squad of men and the fighting space was quickly cleared. Gotch was afterwards awarded the match on a foul by the referee.

WITH those victims' heads dangling from his belt, Gotch once more was acclaimed as the supreme wrestler. But he fully realized that he couldn't boast of such honors unless he could regain his lost American crown from Jenkins and he set about to accomplish that. He came into his own again during the next few months. From the time that he had lost the title to Jenkins, he had brushed up on the intricate holds, in addition to which he grew bigger and put on (*Continued on page 36*)

Don George Regains "Title"

By EDWARD MERRILL

STRANGE as it may seem, a New York wrestler who is recognized as the world title holder in most of New England and Canada, has failed to gain such recognition in his own state. Ed Don George is the man and for the second time within a period of two years, he has gained the topmost rung of the ladder in heavyweight wrestling in some states, yet cannot convince the powers that be in the state where he was born that he is deserving of such honors there also. Of course the heavyweight title is a little bit confusing to the mere patron of the sport right now, hence an explanation is required. During these hectic times of wrestling wrangles, only the promoters seem to know who is the champion and even their word is worthless in such matters, as title holders spring up almost over night in all localities and all one needs to do to be thus honored, is to prove that he is a colorful drawing card and that he has plenty of drag. We find Jim Browning upholding the honors of New York and sections in which there is a working agreement between those boxing boards and that of the Empire State; Jim Londos holding forth in all N. B. A. territory and George wearing the crown in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Canada.

George, it will be remembered, first came into the public eye two years ago when he beat the pudgy Dartmouth star, Gus Sonnenberg. But later he lost a match on the Coast to Strangler Lewis and with it went his "crown." Then Lewis dropped a match in Canada on a foul to Henri De Glane and the French-Canadian assumed the role of head-master. But a few weeks ago this same De Glane had his collar bone broken in an engagement with Don George and now the New Yorker again holds sway as king pin of all heavyweights in states where De Glane had previously ruled.

* * *

TRUE, things are no better now than they were before George's victory so far as settling the matter of supremacy in his division, but the fact that George belongs to the same group that controls Browning, may result in a return match between them which would bring about the elimination of one of the "champions." In view of Londos' refusal to meet the worthy men, the winner of a Browning-George bout would have little difficulty gaining international recognition as world title holder, and that's why the fans, those who supported the mat sport during these lean years of depression, are rooting hard for such a contest to be arranged.

George is a powerfully built specimen. When he beat Sonnenberg for the "championship" he was the youngest wrestler to win a mat title. He was only 23. A wrestler of that age, as a rule, is only a mere infant so far as that sport is concerned.

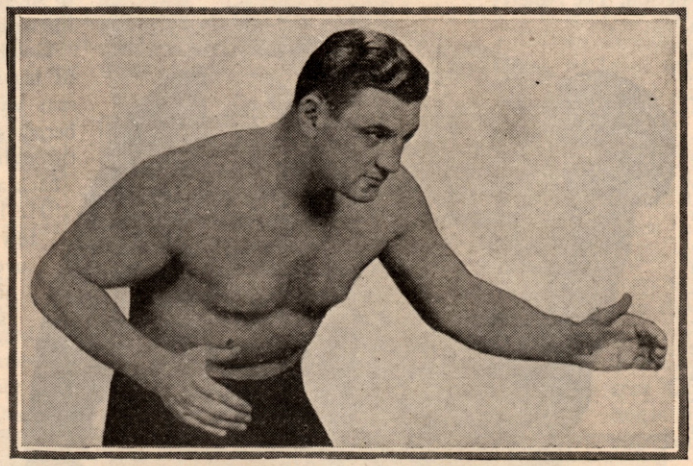
George was born in North Java, just outside of Buffalo, N. Y., and is a product of Bonaventure College of Olean, the alma mater of the great baseball mentors, John J. McGraw, and Hughey Jennings. At Bonaventure, George played football but he gained his great athletic fame at Michigan where he won many wrestling honors.

* * *

GEORGE weighs 218 pounds and is six feet tall. He has been wrestling professionally about three years and during that time he has gained international recognition in the sport. Before turning pro he was the A. A. U. champion, having won the crowns in 1927 and 1928 and in 1929 he was a member of the American Olympic team. He won his wrestling letters three times at Michigan and was a substitute on the football squad. When he went to Europe with the Olympic team, George was beaten by Richthoff, the big Swede who is now competing in this country. After the games Don toured France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy and won many matches.

After his graduation, he coached Bonaventure College's gridiron squad for a while but didn't like that work and began to perfect wrestling holds again. Before meeting Sonnenberg, he put in much time studying a defense for Gus' flying tackle and when the time arrived for him to put that defense into use George made good.

During his college days George was one of America's greatest amateur grapplers. At Holland he beat Earl McCready to enter the final round of the heavyweight division, but as above told, he met his master in Richthoff in the final bout. Upon his return home, he went back to Michigan where he was graduated as an engineer, and there he entered the services of the Akron tire company. But he found the lure of the mat game was too great and, after four months of working at the tire plant, he quit to return to professional wrestling.



Ed "Don" George

Although George, so far as professional wrestling is concerned, is only a youth, he has clashed with practically every top notcher of note in this country. In fact, it is doubtful if ever a wrestler who has been in the field for so short a time, has engaged in so many star bouts with headliners as has Don George.

When Don George started wrestling, he worked only according to the sportsman's code. He knew no other. To him wrestling was not unlike any other branch of athletics. But he soon found that most wrestlers don't know the meaning of clean sports. They believe in rough-and-tumble play and when George learned that, he decided to do as his opponents do. And that is why the George of today is one tough man to tackle. He roughs it as much as any one else in the game and when it comes to the use of the flying tackle, there are none better in its manipulation than the Java champion.

It all dates back to his match with Stanley Stasiak, the giant Pole. In that match, George found that Stasiak was not in there to wrestle according to Hoyle. Stanley was one tough baby who was long on fighting and short on ethics and George decided to retaliate. He did, and sent Stasiak to the hospital. And, since then, George has changed to a rough-and-ready pro.

HE *Captivates the* PUBLIC

By HARRY HOOPER

JIM BROWNING, known to the folks back in Verona, Missouri, as James Orval Browning, came into New England about a year ago. Unknown, unheralded, and with little "push," he asked Paul Bowser for a match on a Boston Garden card and received it. The night of the match he was just one more wrestler appearing on an all-star card and little did the fans expect from him other than that which is usually on view at a wrestling show.

But the Missourian fooled them. He decided that if he was to make good in the East and become a drawing card, a moneyed man among the heavyweights, he would have to give the fans a little more than the ordinary type of wrestling. And he did.

Jim placed on exhibition that night his famous "quick-turnover body scissors," a hold which the New Yorkers later termed the "airplane body scissors," and his fame was made. So spectacular was his performance, so popular was that hold from the very beginning, that Jim Browning didn't have to worry any longer about his next meal. He was there. He was the personification of color. His personality and golden smile had conquered the fans. They cheered. They tossed their hats when he tossed his man with that airplane scissors.

Jim accepted the plaudits of 18,000 persons with a bow and a smile. Bashfulness seemed to be written all over his face. But he had reached the goal of his ambition—success in the East.

And now, that same Jim Browning is the recognized heavyweight champion of New York State, and its allied states, in boxing and wrestling. The smiling mat star from Missouri recently conquered Ed Strangler Lewis, the head-lock king, in a gruelling match in the Garden of New York, and today he is the most-talked-of man in the sport.

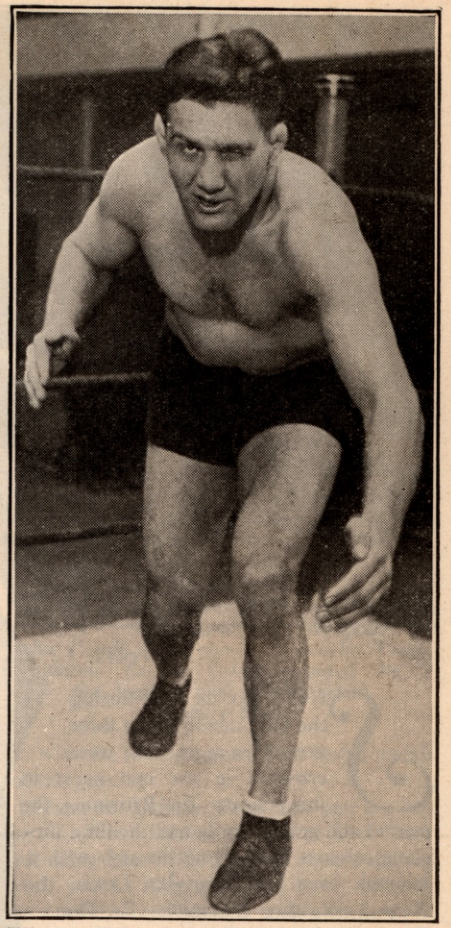
And all because of his colorful style and his personality. Browning has it in him to bring wrestling back with a bang and, if the promoters fail, it will not be the Missourian's fault. He is ready to meet any man—Jim Londos preferred—and, if the match materializes, there will be quite a turn-out. Let's hope it does.

* * *

BROWNING, who stands six feet, two inches, and weighs 230 pounds, had been wrestling through Ohio before he went to Boston, and he tossed his men, one after the other, with ease. In most cases, he did it with his famous hold, although he used it only as a threat when he couldn't turn the trick otherwise, and that is why there was no broadcast of his famous scissors spin.

Jim is one of the best-liked fellows in wrestling. Rarely, out of the ring, is he seen without a broad smile, but once he gets going in the roped square, there is no let-up until he gets his man. He is there to win, and that is why he recently tossed Lewis. When asked how he felt about it, he replied:

"I went into the ring for that purpose. I heard too much about being compelled by the promoters 'to do this and that,' so I decided I'd prove otherwise, if I could. I went after Lewis and, when I thought I had him exhausted, I applied my body scissors and crushed him into subjection. That's all there is to it."



The new king, Jim Browning, rarin' to go.

Browning is a powerful young giant, and he won from Strangler Lewis like a champion. His airplane spin will continue to draw them in, especially when he is pitted against the topnotchers, as he must be, now that he is champion.

The airplane spin is a devilish grip. His legs, working like writhing anacondas, wrap themselves around the victim's frame, and as if the body scissors isn't enough, Jim churns the air with his captive in a pinwheel way that is both captivating and exciting. The poundage in pressure when the body is squeezed, is terrific. The victim can scarcely breathe. According to Browning, it is equivalent to 2300 pounds. It has been measured with steel springs.

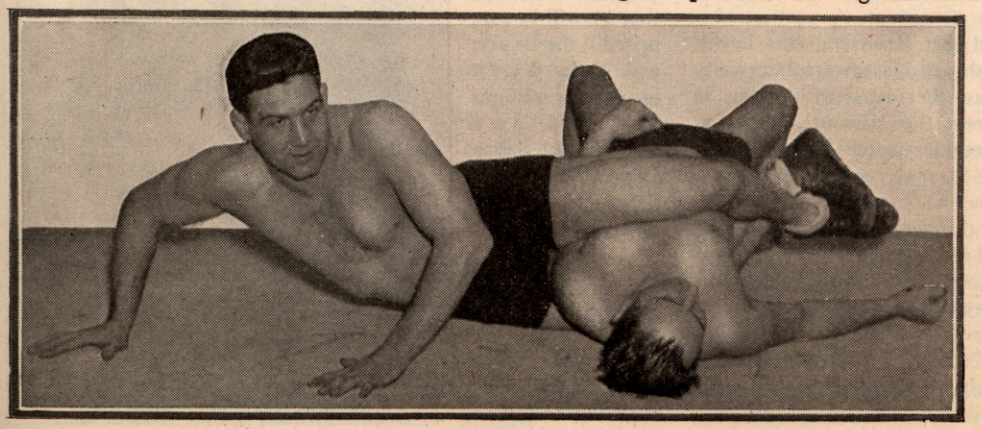
The hold is so thrilling that folks go away disappointed if Jim happens to throw anyone in any way but through the whirl of that propeller flip.

That he could take Lewis's perspiring body between his thighs and legs and whirl him through space, as he did recently, is astonishing. It is a spectacular test of strength.

Jim perfected the hold by filling wine casks with water and using the barrels as an opponent. For hours at a time he has practiced whirling the barrel around in the grip of his thighs and legs, above his own body, without allowing the barrel to escape.

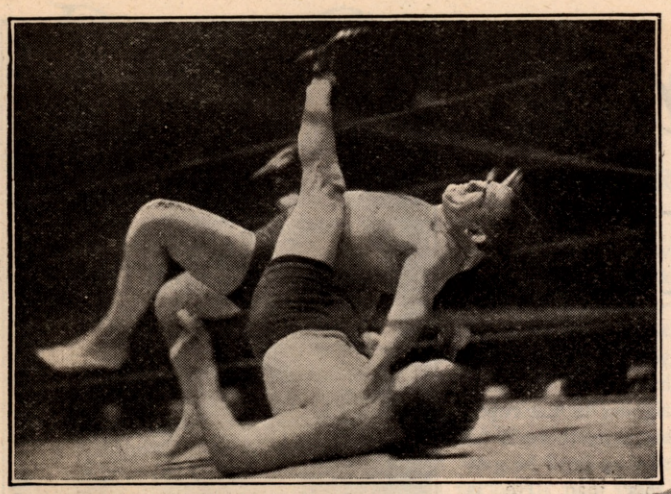
The Strangler's fat body didn't have the resisting power of the barrels and he went the way of the others.

Browning was born in Verona, Missouri, twenty-eight years ago. He has been a professional for about eight years. He went to Verona High School, and there he took up *(Continued on page 37)*



The Missouri farmer demonstrates a wicked body and arm scissors.

NEWS of



Jim Browning giving Strangler Lewis his final airplane scissors ride just before pinning him to win the world's heavyweight championship.

"The old order changeth,
Yielding place to the new—"
—TENNYSON.

SUCH was the case during the past month when three new champions were crowned in the mat sport in this country. Jim Browning, the man of the golden smile and thrilling airplane scissors hold, came through with a triumph over Ed Strangler Lewis, the New York state champion; Ed Don George broke the collar bone of Henri De Glane in Boston to win the heavyweight crown in that territory and Canada; and out in Cincinnati, Earl "Wildcat" McCann toppled Jack Reynolds from the welterweight perch—thus relieving Jack of an honor he had held for upwards of thirteen years.

Of the three, by far the greatest upset was that in which Browning copped the laurels from Lewis. In fact, so fine a performance did Jim give in that match, and so great was the acclaim accorded his victory, that it seems that Browning is destined to bring back to wrestling the popularity it lost when Jim Londos, the N. B. A. title holder, refused to accept Lewis' challenge for a world's titular match and was ousted from his throne by the New York Boxing Commission. Browning seems destined to become as popular with the wrestling fans as was Londos before his break with the Curley-Mondt group.

Dick Shikat, former world's heavyweight champion, who is purposely being held in the background so that the fans will miss his presence and demand that he be given another crack at the title. Dick has won all his matches with comparative ease, but received a broken jaw in his bout with Leon Pinetzki in Buffalo. He's on the go again.

Although generally it was figured that Browning was Lewis' master because of his youth, strength and his powerful specialty hold, the majority of those who saw the match with Lewis in Madison Square Garden, didn't expect the Missouri farmer to come through with the title. In a previous match Browning was thrown by Lewis at a time when the Strangler seemed all in, and Jim had scored heavily throughout the match.

As for George, he had previously thrown De Glane out in Los Angeles and had been coming along at a rapid gait in his recent performances. McCann, the least known of the trio of new champions, threw Reynolds in an overweight match in Portland, Oregon, a few months ago and figured to repeat in a championship go, as Reynolds no longer is a "chicken" so far as wrestling years are concerned. The welterweight class is replete with good men and should be a very active division.

NOW that Ed Don George has regained his heavyweight title in wrestling, as far as New England and Canada are concerned, and Londos persists in refusing to meet the N. Y. champion, perhaps those in charge of the mat sport in the East will see fit to match George and Jim Browning, to cut the field of title holders down by one. It will be remembered by RING readers that two years ago when Don George defeated Sonnenberg, and won the eastern championship, he cleaned up in the East, then went out to California and engaged Strangler Lewis in a match. In that contest George lost and Lewis again was recognized by the National Boxing Association as the king pin of the pachyderms.

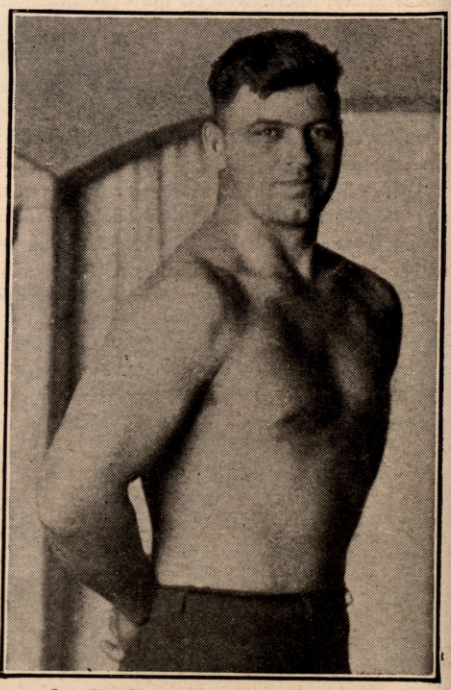
Then came the biting match between Lewis and Henri De Glane, the French-Canadian, in which De Glane conquered Lewis and brought the "championship" to Canada. Although Don George, De Glane, Lewis and Browning are all under the control of the same group of promoters (the Curley-Bowser combine), the promoters, in order to keep their favorite "title holders" segregated so that they could play up to the fans in the locality where each "champion" had his own following, have refrained from matching these wrestlers, despite the clamor of the populace. That's how the sport is manipulated these days.

Only a few weeks ago, before Browning lost to Lewis in Madison Square Garden, he took on Don George in Mass. and beat the North Java grappler. And a fortnight later, George won the "crown" back from De Glane. Then to add to the complication, Browning and George clashed in a return engagement and this time they wrestled for more than an hour and to save the "title" for George, he was awarded the verdict. But how long will the wrestling fans stand for such nonsense?

Now that Browning and George are both recognized champions in their respective localities, we will be surprised if the Boston and New York promoters will pit these fellows against each other again. What a difference a title makes!

* * *

IN his match with De Glane, Henri's collar bone was broken



Orville Brown, young Kansas star.

the MAT WORLD

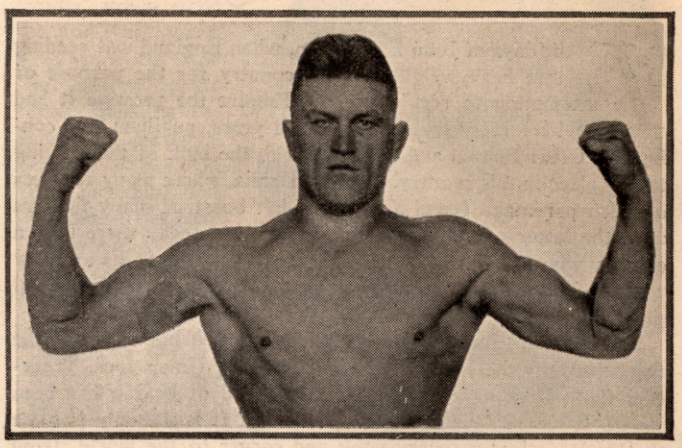
By "TEX" AUSTIN

in the third and deciding fall at the Veteran of Foreign Wars Show in the Hub. De Glane suffered the fracture when George dropped him three times, in one minute and 45 seconds, with flying tackles. George protested in hysterical fury as the official held him away from his injured opponent but calmed down when informed that he had won the match and was De Glane's successor as title holder. De Glane had an easy task gaining the first fall in 17.24 and George squared the match in 1.54, and if plans had been carried according to "Hoyle," George would have lost the third fall and De Glane would have retained his "crown," but the fates intervened and poor Henri lost out.

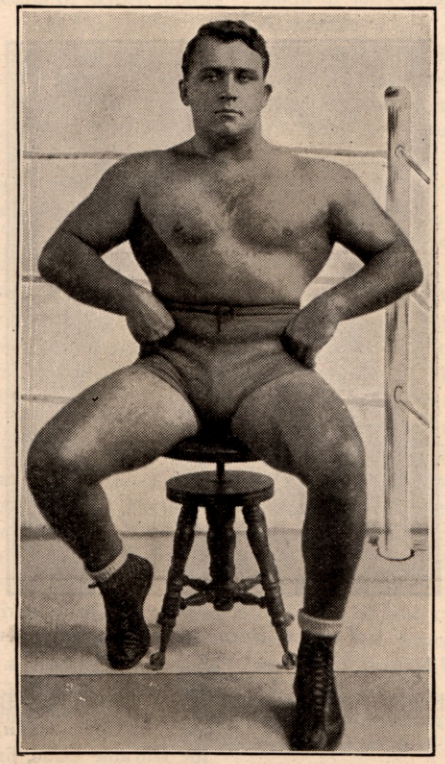
Now if the promoters want to show their sincerity and be on the level with the fans who have become disgusted with the manner in which the game has been carried on, the Curley-Bowser group should match Browning with Don George, if Londos refuses to accept Browning's challenge, and the winner of such a bout, in view of Londos' absolute refusal to risk himself, would undoubtedly be recognized by the American wrestling public as the undisputed world champion. Here is the chance of a lifetime for the promoters and it remains to be seen how they will react.

Will they keep these two boys apart because they belong to the same group and it would be to the advantage of those in control to have two champions instead of one? If they do, then they deserve the poor support given to wrestling this past year. It is entirely up to the promoters and we hope they will play with those who pay the freight, forget the "phoneys" and give the fans real, honest-to-goodness championship affairs.

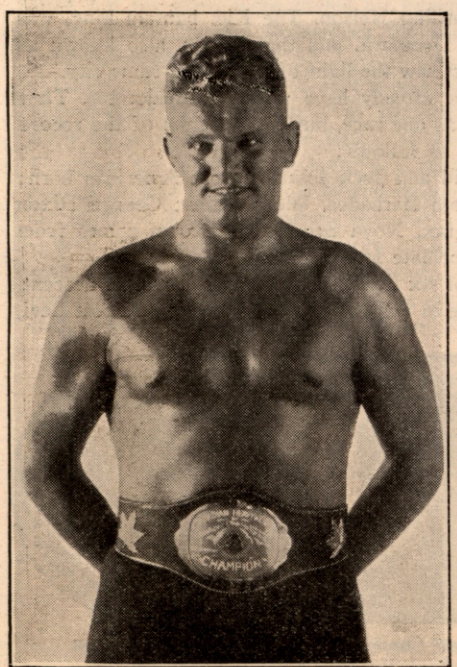
Browning is the man of the hour. Will the promoters realize that and help themselves to better gates by helping the sport? Common sense judgment would dictate that Browning and Londos engage in a championship match and if Londos refuses, then he won't have a look-in with the fans' support. That is the match of the year.



John Pesek, the veteran Nebraska Tiger, claims he is being avoided by the leaders and would relish meeting them.



Darna Ostapavich, a powerfully built Lithuanian giant, has given a good account of himself.



Jack Forsgren, who was crowned Canadian champion in Vancouver, is pronounced "the goods" by Emil Klank, the late Frank Gotch's manager.

Come on, Londos, show that you are not afraid. Browning has written to THE RING declaring himself in favor of such a match. Will you do likewise? THE RING will put up a solid silver belt for such a contest.

* * *

REMEMBER Carl Pojello? Carl is quite a wrestler and that's why he found himself out in the cold in this country. Two years ago when the sport made a comeback with a bang, Carl declared himself in no uncertain terms when he was asked to help build up some of the foreign stars for titular shots. Carl asserted himself and even went so far as to toss Sandor Szabo and several others and soon found that he couldn't obtain any engagements except with the palookas.

So Carl decided to go on his own. First he took Billy Bartush under his wings and after Billy had reached the stage where he could paddle his own canoe against the best of the heavyweights, Pojello went on a barnstorming trip with Bartush to Europe. The latest reports from England give considerable favorable comment to the performances of both the teacher and his pupil. In fact, both are winning with regularity and Pojello has become one of the strongest drawing cards across the Big Pond.

In contrast to the fine showing of Pojello and Bartush, is the work of Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion, who has turned wrestler in an effort to recoup some of his losses. Having been forced through circumstances to leave California where his orchestra was stranded and his players sued "Lil Arthur" for non-payment of wages, Johnson went to Paris where he appeared at one of the clubs controlled by Jeff Dickson, the New Orleans promoter who is the Tex Rickard of Europe. Arthur apparently thought that all that was necessary to please the fans, was to exhibit his famous smile and to use his former boxing title, but in that he was sadly mistaken.

French wrestling fans know their sport and they would have none of Johnson's "phoney" work. They bombarded him and the officials with bottles and whatever appeared handy, broke up the show and, as a result, Johnson was suspended from further appearances as a wrestler. Not everyone can be a grappler.

Nations *in* Boxing

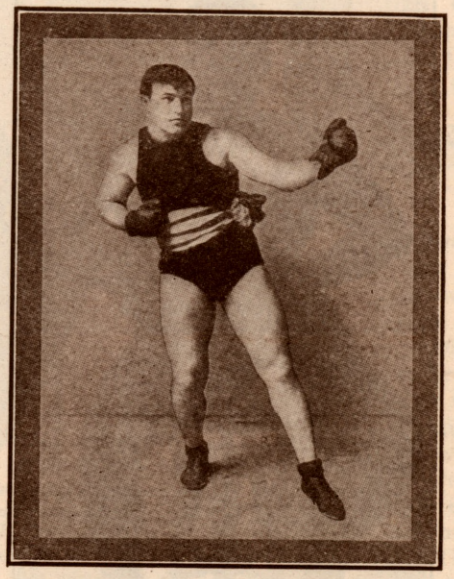
By CHARLES F. MATHISON

IN the days of John L. Sullivan, when England was sending its best heavyweights to this country for the purpose of attempting to regain for the Empire the prestige it had held for more than one hundred years, pugilism was confined to Great Britain and America, with the bulk of the fighting taking place in this country. Even Australia, where many refugees of Irish parentage found a haven, didn't boast of many fighters until the latter part of Sullivan's career, but today there isn't a country where sports activities are staged that hasn't its amateur and professional boxers. Boxing has made more international progress than any other sport.

Like baseball, the great American pastime, it has followed the flag. Not only the Stars and Stripes, but the Union Jack. Wherever those flags have waved, there the seed of boxing has been sowed. It has become the sport of nations. It is the only pastime that finds a place in every nook and corner of the world, from far-off Alaska to the southern confines of South Africa, from Japan in the Far East around the globe's girdle to California. The sport that thrills—that's boxing, and that's why it has become the world's favorite.

The World War, which threw together the sons of all nations, spread boxing to sections that hitherto had never seen a boxing glove. It made boxing enthusiasts of the Germans, the Italians, the Belgians, the Arabs, the Chinese and Japanese, the Finns and Scandinavians, the Spaniards and the Hindus. The seed was planted then, and in fifteen years it has blossomed to such an extent that today the foreigners menace the English-speaking race for pugilistic supremacy.

No longer do the Irish, the English and the Americans rule the roost. The Latin and Spanish races have come to the front with a rush and it won't be long before they will divide, or possibly gain, the majority of championships. Everything points that way. Another Schmeling is certain to be developed in Europe among the races other than the English, French or Germans.



Tommy Burns, heavyweight

* * *

IT is interesting to note, however, that in the long history of pugilism since the modern era started with James J. Corbett's defeat of Sullivan, more than a dozen nations are listed among the world titleholders, but all of these champions were sons of emigrants who had made their home in America—Slavs, Poles, Danes and Swiss—who either were born here of foreign parentage or had sworn their allegiance to Uncle Sam after settling here. The only exception is found among the French, who learned their fighting in their native land through an American invasion of high-class talent and rose to the top with the Tri-colors of France as their standard.

As was pointed out in a previous article on "Nations in Boxing," Max Schmeling was the first foreign heavyweight to attain international honors, and previous to his rise to fame, the French alone, through Georges Carpentier, Eugene Criqui and Andre Routis, were successful during the long reign of boxing, in bringing a world title to Europe. Prior to Carpentier's winning of the light-heavyweight championship of the world, England, Ireland and the United States shared the international fistic honors.

If Pancho Villa is to be considered a foreigner instead of a subject of Uncle Sam, then the Filipinos take their places with the other nations above mentioned, but as the Filipinos are governed by the United States, I feel that little Pancho, that dark-skinned marvel who passed away a few years ago after winning the flyweight crown, should take his place with the American champions.

Going down the line, we find in the list of titleholders other than those already covered in previous installments of this series, Johnny Buff, flyweight and bantam champion, a son of Polish parents. The only other Polish representative was an equally great fighter, Stanley Ketchel, middleweight king.

* * *

CENTRAL Europe gave to the world the parents of four champions, two of whom were born abroad and the other two in this country. There was Kewpie Ertle, the bantam leader, who hailed from Austria but came to this land at an early age; Frank Erne, lightweight, who hailed from Zurich, Switzerland, and learned all he knew about boxing in the land of his adoption; George Chip, whose folks came from Tetewania but who was born here, and Jack Sharkey, another American, whose parents come from Lithuania.

The Danes furnished two champions, Kid Williams and Battling Nelson. The Kid, bantam king, was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, and the Battler, also known as the Durable Dane, first saw the light of day in the same city.

Of the Negroes, we already have written considerable. They have been considered as one race, but for the sake of the record we will classify them as follows:

Joe Gans, Dixie Kid and Jack Johnson were American born; Joe Walcott came from Barbados, West Indies; George Dixon was a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia; Al Brown comes from Panama, and Kid Chocolate from Cuba.

The French boast of six titleholders, two of Canadian descent. George La Blanche, he of pivot fame, was a native of Point Levi,

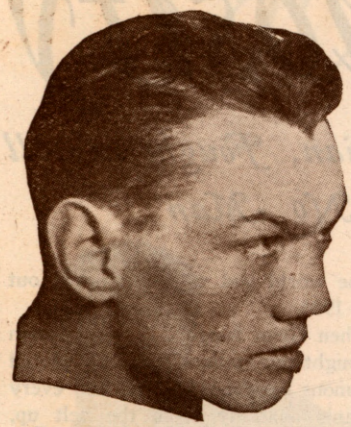
George La Blanche
Middleweight

Andre Routis
Featherweight

Frank Erne
Lightweight

Georges Carpentier
Light-heavyweight

Battling Nelson
Lightweight



Eugene Criqui, featherweight

Quebec, and Tommy Burns, the little heavyweight who fought his way to the top of the heavyweight division after Jeffries' retirement by whipping all comers throughout the world and then was sadly battered by Jack Johnson at Sydney, Australia, was born at Hanover, Canada.

They were the forerunners of a fine array of French talent. The French were the first of the nations that took up boxing after the English-speaking people had adopted it as their national pastime to challenge English prestige, and they succeeded, within a space of twelve years, in capturing four championships. Of course, Georges Carpentier takes his place at the head of the list. It was his success that set the example to the youth of France, and today that nation boasts of skilled boxers in every division.

* * *

BESIDES Carpentier, France had three other titleholders. Criqui won the featherweight crown when he knocked out Johnny Kilbane at the Polo Grounds in New York City; Routis took the featherweight title from Tony Canzoneri who won it in an open tournament, and the latest of the French to gain international honors is Marcel Thil, who is recognized as the middleweight king.

To Carpentier, France owes the keen interest its people have displayed in boxing. His colorful career was the inspiration that set the nation boxing crazy. France turns out more boxing fans than any other nation in Europe, with the exception of England.

Gorgeous Georges was born in Lens, that famous mining region of northern France, on January 12, 1894, and when a boy of twelve, he left school to work in a mine. A year later he quit and went to a gymnasium, where he soon learned the rudiments of boxing, and was at it until recently when he turned actor. He was tutored by Professor Descamps, who saw great possibilities in the youngster, and his judgment proved correct.

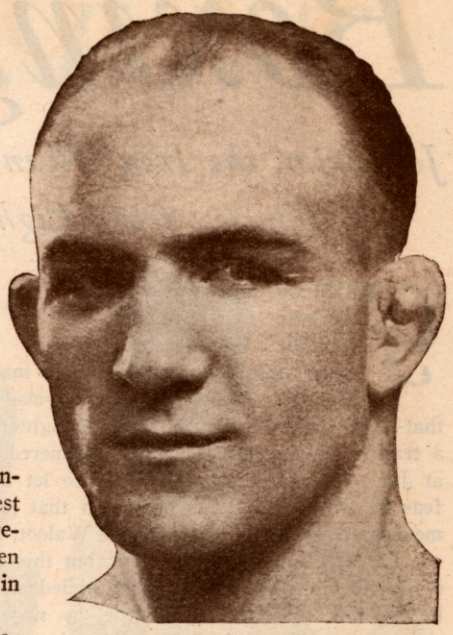
When Georges was only fourteen years old he took part in his first bout. He was then a flyweight. He soon won the championship of France and later gained the distinction of having won every championship, from flyweight to heavyweight, of his native land and of Europe. He had contemplated a visit to America in 1914, but his plans were halted by France's declaration of war against Germany and throughout the conflict he served in the aviation corps.

Later he made his belated visit to this country to win the light-heavyweight championship from Battling Levinsky and shortly after he participated in the Battle of the Century against Jack Dempsey, the bout that drew the first million dollar gate. In that contest he was stopped in four rounds and later he was knocked out by Gene Tunney in fifteen rounds.

With this we complete the story of the "Nations in Boxing," so far as the champions are concerned, but the story is far incomplete if non-titleholders are to be considered. Chile, Argentina, Yucatan, Mexico, Haiti, Porto Rico, Brazil, Trinidad, Morocco, Rhodesia, Egypt, Siam, China, Macedonia, Norway, Sweden and India, would come in for their share.

The world was surprised when the first non-English-speaking people carried off a world championship, and the time is not long off when each of the above-named countries may furnish us with a champion or a contender. The greatest progress recorded in recent years has been made in Mexico and in Argentina.

We have already discussed the rise of the Argentinians, so we will make the Mexicans our next topic in this series.



Marcel Thil, middleweight

* * *

IT will be remembered how Luis Firpo's rise in pugilism stirred the South American nations and created an interest in the sport hitherto unknown. In fact, to Firpo may be traced the keen interest manifested in boxing by all Latin-American countries.

Prior to the Firpo-Dempsey fight if one wanted to purchase a set of boxing gloves in Argentina, he had to obtain it from one of three sports goods houses, each controlled by English people, but today the manufacture of boxing gloves and other boxing paraphernalia is one of the most important and profitable in the secondary industries of the Republic. Wherever one turns in the business section, he sees boxing gloves, punching bags and skipping ropes, on display. Until Firpo's rise in fisticuffs, there was no more famous man in Argentina's history than General San Martin.

It was he who crossed the Andes, won the war against Spain and gave the Argentine Republic its independence. Firpo crossed the ocean, thrilled both his countrymen and Americans by knocking the great Jack Dempsey through the ropes to come within a second of winning the world's heavyweight championship and firmly established boxing as one of the three major sports of his country. Polo and soccer are the other two.

It was Firpo who taught his people that the proper way to settle arguments was by the fist and not the dagger. The flat nose, the cauliflower ear, and the cut lips have taken the place of knife thrusts and bullet holes.

When Firpo first took up boxing, the sport was taboo in the schools, the colleges and the clubs and was looked upon with disfavor by the parents. Today, things are different. The schools have adopted boxing as part of their athletic activities and a boxer goes into the ring with the blessing of his folks.

Johnny Buff
Fly and bantam

Jack Sharkey
Heavyweight

Stanley Ketchel
Middleweight

Kid Williams
Bantamweight

George Chip
Middleweight

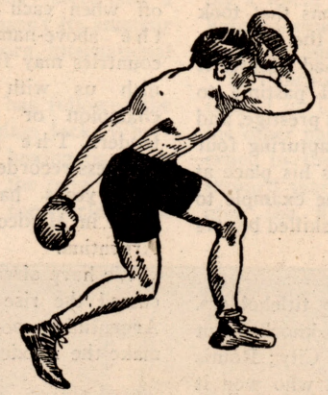
Boxing's Curiosity

Joe Grim, the Iron Man of the Ring, Philadelphia Italian, Fought in All Classes, from Lightweight to Heavy, and Feared No Man

By JOE HUMPHREYS

GRIM was a hard man to hurt. He was a good subject for scientific investigation, for never before nor since, has a man appeared who possessed the iron-clad body that Grim had. When Kid Carter, a fighter with a terrific wallop, met Grim, he hammered away at Joe's jaw until he was forced to let up for fear he would break his hand, yet that punishment was laughed off by Grim. Joe Walcott meted out the same kind of punishment, but this Philadelphia "Inja Rubber Man" just smiled and just before the bell ended the battle, by way of a remembrance, Joe unleased a wild swing that had Walcott reeling.

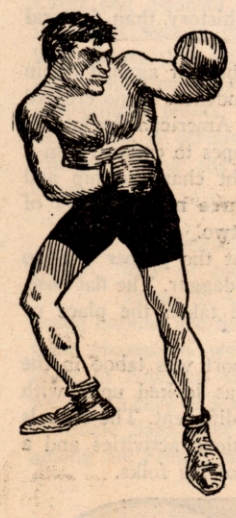
Grim had unlimited courage. Not even after the most severe punches did he attempt to save himself by clinching or dodging. He always stood his ground and accepted everything an opponent could offer, just to show how much punishment he could endure.



Ready to deliver his "Mary Ann"

Grim was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1883, was educated in the public schools and at the age of twenty was a bootblack in the downtown section of the city. That was early in 1903. He had done a little boxing in an amateur way and one night he got a chance to go in a preliminary bout. He stayed the six rounds under a terrible bombardment, and although he showed little or no science, he was given another chance in the ring, because he was there at the sound of the last gong.

Only four months later he was matched to fight none other than Peter Maher, the "Irish champion." The date of the bout was July 15, 1903, at Industrial Hall, Philadelphia. It was scheduled for six rounds, but in the third, Joe threw his right arm wild and it accidentally fouled Peter. Grim lost the decision, but not his reputation.



His fighting stance

Next came Joe Walcott, who was then the welterweight champion of the world. When it came to a meteoric rise to fame, Grim had a sky rocket looking like a candle. The scrap took place at Philadelphia, September 11, 1903, and lasted for six rounds with a no-decision verdict.

* * *

AFTER his fight with Fitzsimmons, in which Ruby Robert tried his hardest to make Joe stay down, Grim faced the cheering fans and said:

"Well, gents, that guy Fitzsimmons thought he had me scared and that I'd quit. Well, he didn't scare me and he couldn't put me away. I'm Joe Grim, see! I'm the Inja Rubber Dago. No man can put me out and I ain't afraid of nobody."

And thereafter he was known throughout the fistic world as the "Inja Rubber Dago."

Joe was not a fighter himself in the general acceptance of the term, and he rarely, if ever, tried to impress the spectators with the fact that he was anything more than a punching bag. At any rate his performances were unique. He never knocked out an opponent, but he fought some of the heaviest and hardest hitters in the world and wasn't knocked out until 1906.

When Grim fought Fitz every man in the house thought the Italian would be floored to stay. Fitzsimmons knocked and punched every part of the man's anatomy from the belt up, knocking him to the floor seventeen times in six rounds. And yet Joe came back with a grin on his face all ready for the next thing to happen—whatever that was.

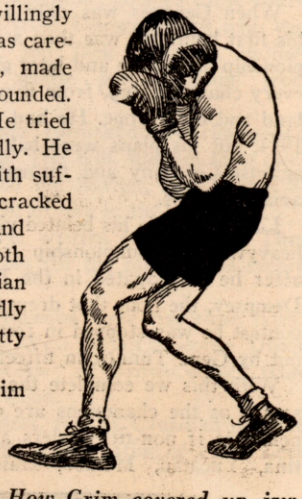
A few days before the fight a visitor to Grim's training camp told him that Fitz's solar plexus punch would soon do him up. Grim went away and in a few minutes returned with a heavy pickaxe handle. Joe put his arms over his head and told the visitor to hammer him in the stomach. Joe was hit with such force that he was knocked over—but as ever, not knocked out. What cause had he to fear Fitzsimmons' fist?

* * *

"GRIM stays with Gans," told the story in brief of the fight which these two boys had at the Washington Sporting Club, Philadelphia, October 19, 1903, five days after the former's fight with Bob. Gans at the time was the lightweight champion and, it will be remembered, was one of the cleverest fighters that ever donned the mittens. Grim weighed 140 at the time and Gans 135.

They did not lose any time in getting together. Gans swung three successive lefts. All of them landed on Grim's mouth, but had no effect, except to make the receiver smile. A second later the Philadelphian was caught on the chin and he staggered. He came back willingly and there was a hot mix-up. Gans was careful and, with a well-aimed right, made Grim bite the dust just as the bell sounded.

Grim was active in the fourth. He tried to punish his man by fighting wildly. He swung his right and nailed Gans with sufficient force under the heart to have cracked a boulder. Gans was nettled and rushed, pounding away with both hands and knocking the Philadelphian down twice. The gong undoubtedly saved Grim, who appeared to be pretty much used up.



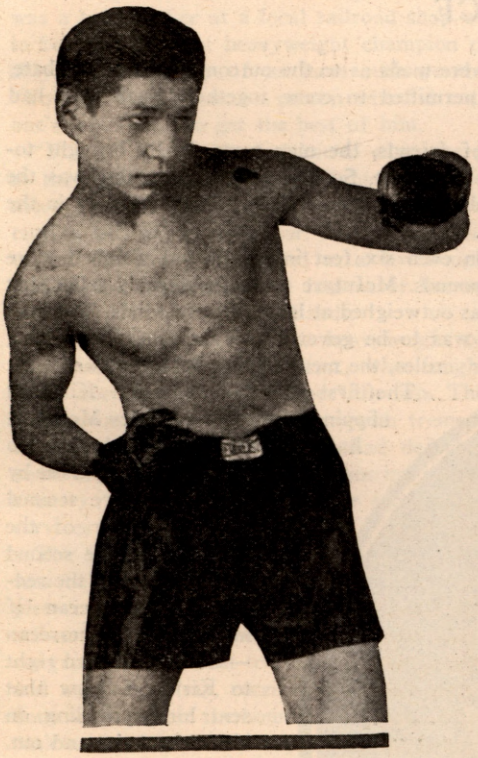
How Grim covered up jaw and stomach

The fifth hove into being and Grim looked and fought as though he were starting the first. Gans shot out his left. It landed on Grim's head and down went Iron Joe. He went down again and again—five times during the round, and when the bell rang he was floundering around like a fish out of water.

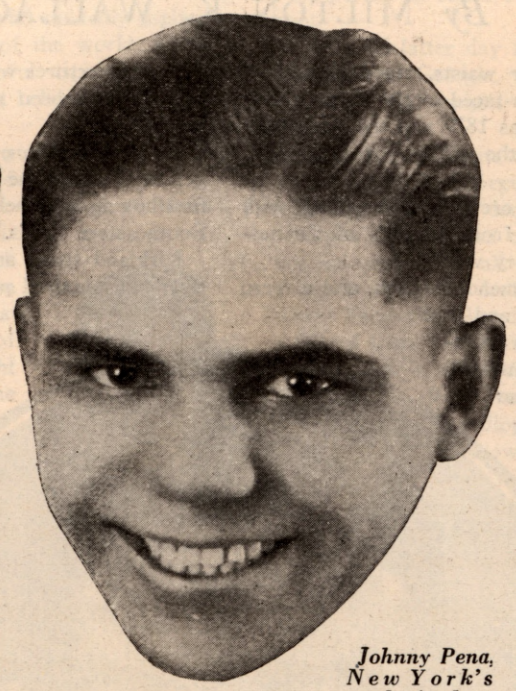
Joe Gans put all he had into his effort to lay Grim cold in the sixth and last round. He tried jabbing, which apparently had more effect than the long shots, for they cut Grim up around the face. Gans was a bit tired, but kept at his work heroically. Three times during the round Grim smelled the resin at close quarters, but at the close of the round he was on his feet and received as much applause for his being there as the inimitable Gans did for his science and strength.

(*Continued on page 37*)

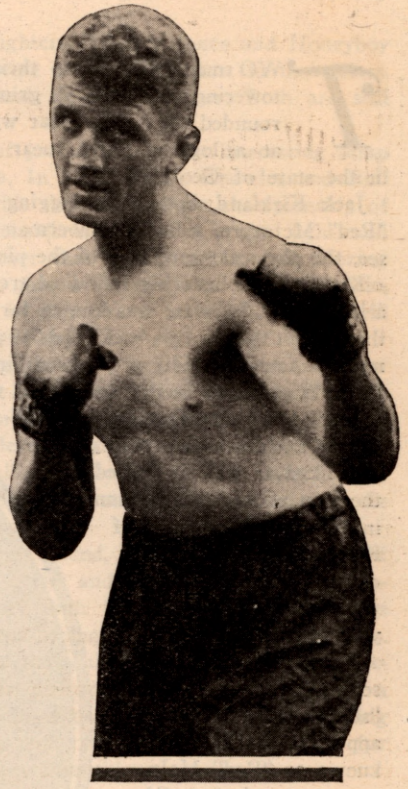
STAR TALENT



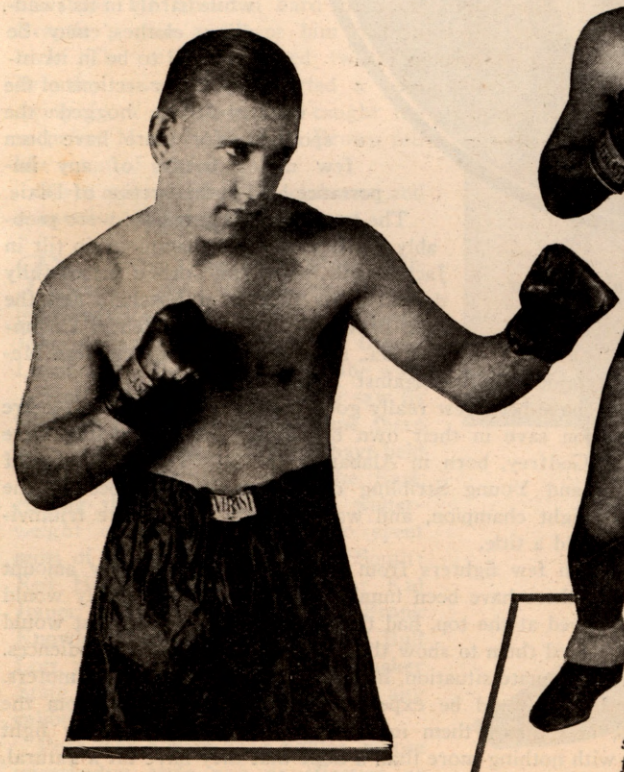
Murray Brandt, fast rising New York 140-pounder.



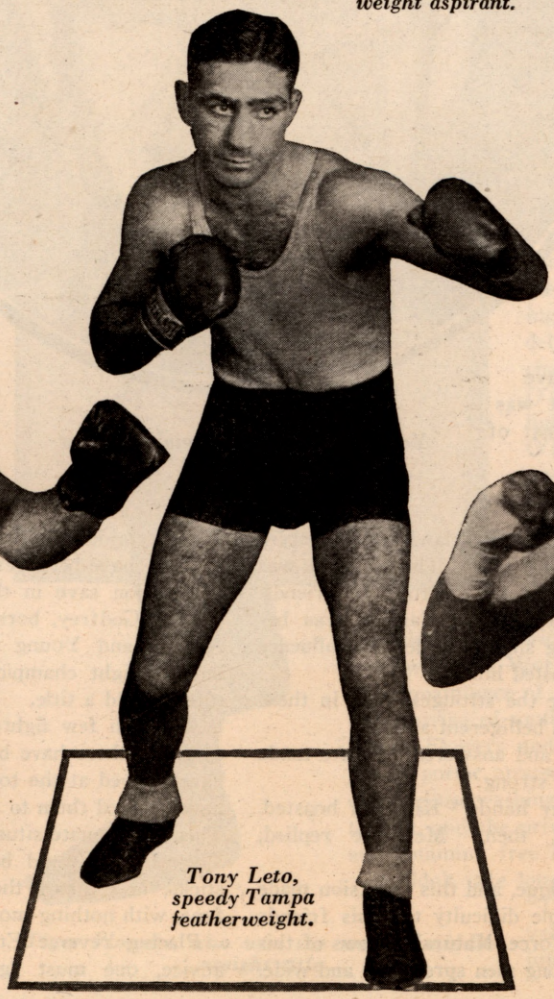
Johnny Pena, New York's sturdy featherweight aspirant.



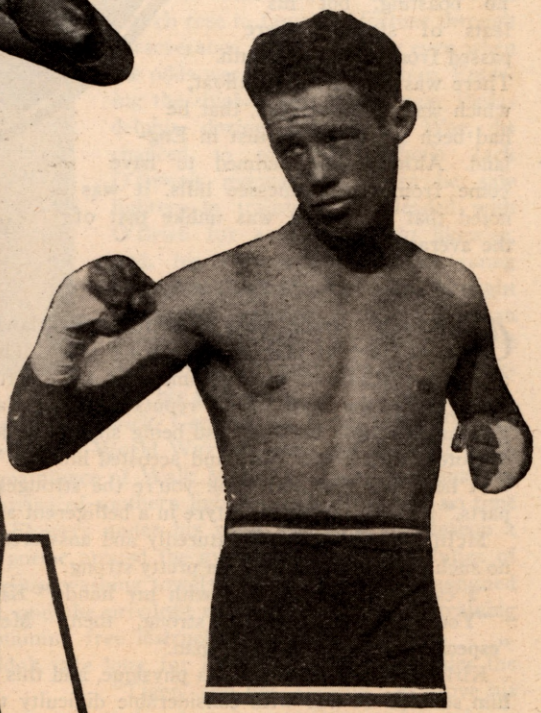
Norman Conrad, New England light-heavyweight champion.



Tracey Cox, hard hitting Indianapolis lightweight.



Tony Leto, speedy Tampa featherweight.



Chino Alvarez, Southern lightweight star.

DIXIE'S PART

Young Stribling and Tiger Flowers most Prominent of Modern Southern Talent

By MILTON K. WALLACE

TWO men, stripped to their waists, stood beneath a towering pine tree. A grim-faced circle of men surrounded them. The year was 1879 and the scene was at a logging camp, near the village of Waycross, in the state of Georgia.

Jack Kirkland, boss of a logging crew, was disputing with "Red" McIntyre, a lanky lumberman from the hills of Tennessee, the physical supremacy of the piney woods.

Kirkland, a blustering fellow of tremendous girth, and a torso à la John L. Sullivan, was known far and wide throughout the Georgia backwoods as a superman. In fact, he boldly proclaimed himself the strongest man in the world, and no one disputed it. Despite his self-esteem and obnoxious boasting, he was liked as well as feared by the men with whom he came in contact. It was said of Kirkland that he could drink a half-gallon of whiskey each day the year round.

All was peaceful and serene until another "strong man" made his appearance. The other, known as "Red" McIntyre, was entirely a different type. He was quiet, made no close friends, and kept to himself. Certainly he did no boasting, but his feats of strength were passed from mouth to mouth. There was also a rumor afloat, which was never verified, that he had been a famous pugilist in England. Although he claimed to have come from the Tennessee hills, it was noted that his accent was unlike that of the average hill-billy.

Young Stribling, Georgia's greatest heavyweight

* * *

ONE early evening, quite by accident, Kirkland and McIntyre came face to face in a drinking place. The redhead was alone, but Kirkland was accompanied by a group of friends. Recognizing the man whose reputation as a Samson was beginning to eclipse his own, and being slightly under the influence of potent corn liquor, Kirkland accosted him.

"I hear talk that you think you're the strongest man in these parts," he said, facing McIntyre in a belligerent attitude.

McIntyre grinned good-naturedly and answered, "I have made no such claim, but maybe I am pretty strong."

"I can break you in two with my hands," Kirkland boasted.

"You must be awfully strong, then," McIntyre replied, "especially for such a small man."

Kirkland's one pride was his physique, and this aspersion made him see red. It was with considerable difficulty that his friends persuaded him to leave, by physical force. Naturally, news of this near encounter between the local strong men spread far and wide. Many conjectures were made as to the outcome of such a debate, had the two been permitted to come together. Each man had his backers.

At the coaxing of friends, the men were finally brought together to settle the argument. So far as is known, this was the first boxing bout held in the state of Georgia, and possibly in the Southeastern states.

Kirkland stood an even six feet in height and weighed more than two hundred pounds. McIntyre was considerably taller, but was outweighed at least fifteen pounds. The bout was to be governed by London Prize Ring rules, the men fighting with bare knuckles. The first round ended with Kirkland slipping to the ground after McIntyre had apparently toyed with him. No damaging blows were passed by either, but McIntyre seemed easily the master of the situation. In the second and final round, the red-haired Tennesseean—if he were a Tennesseean—shot over a hard right to Kirkland's jaw that sent him sprawling on his back, down and out.

* * *

BOXING in the Southeastern states, while hardly in its swaddling clothes, may be said still to be in its infancy. Other sections of the country have hogged the spotlight, for there have been few major battles of any importance held in this section of Dixie. The two outstanding mêlées were probably the heavyweight championship tilt in Jacksonville, when Jim Corbett successfully defended his title from Mitchell, and the light-heavyweight titular match at Columbus, Ga., a few years ago, when Mike McTigue retained his title against Young Stribling.

There have been few really good boxers from Dixie to receive recognition save in their own bailiwick. The outstanding were George Godfrey, born in Alabama; the late Tiger Flowers of Atlanta and Young Stribling of Macon. Flowers became the middleweight champion, and was the only one of the triumvirate to hold a title.

Although few fighters from Dixie have received any amount of fame, there have been numbers of them who probably would have arrived at the top, had they received the breaks that would have enabled them to show their wares before Eastern audiences. This unfortunate situation, however, cannot be laid to promoters. They hardly could be expected to bring nonentities from the sticks, and thrust them into the faces of discriminating fight fans, with nothing more than a hope that they have hit a natural.

Placing reverse English on Horace Greeley's oft-mentioned advice, one must "go East, young man," if he is to have

in FISTICUFFS

fame heaped upon his head as a gladiator of the squared circle.

* * *

ONE of the most amusing things that I ever saw happen in a ring, occurred some twelve years ago at Douglas, Ga. There was a boilermaker at a local railroad shop who suddenly aspired to become the next heavyweight champion of the world. Probably a great many of us have such youthful aspirations, but "Young" Brantley was a person who did not believe in allowing one's inhibitions to get the best of him.

"Young" Brantley's decision to enter the pugilistic field came at the age when most prize fighters have decided to retire to more peaceful pursuits, or are spending the evenings at home cutting out paper dolls for the kiddies. His experience had been limited to a few rough and tumble affairs, and he had never known the feel of leather on his hands.

At that time there was a heavyweight of fair ability in Memphis, Tenn., who fought under the sobriquet of "Miner" Brown. The Miner was a short, stocky man with tremendous shoulders and arms, and had defeated some of the best heavies in his section of the country. The optimistic promoter secured the services of Brown for Brantley.

The fight, advertised as a ten-round affair, was held at the one and only moving picture theatre, and the house was a sell-out. Brantley, dressed rather incongruously, was first to enter the ring, and needless to say, received a tremendous ovation from the homefolk. Brown, cocksure and intent on a quick victory, clambered through the ropes and took a bow.

Round One: Brown rushed from his corner and met Brantley rising from his stool. He landed a hard right on Brantley's chin and sent him on his back. The referee counted two and Brantley was up. He started a wild swing from the floor that caught the surprised Miner on the jaw. Brown fell like a ton of bricks.

Seven seconds, two knockdowns and a knockout!

* * *

PROBABLY the outstanding lightweight the Southeastern States ever knew, was Jake Abel, of Atlanta. Jake dropped a decision to Bennie Leonard, but the bout went all the way.

After the World War, boxing saw its best era in Dixie. At that time there were several boxers who could have held their own with the best in the East. Among them were Kid Peck, welterweight of Rockford, Ill., who spent most of his time fighting in the South; Red Herring, Louisville welter; Kid Joiner, Macon middleweight; Frank Knowles, Georgia lightweight, and Bull Lott, a clown-fighter from the Cracker State. There were few heavies of any caliber.

Peck was a slam-bang fighter, whose unorthodox style was as effective as that of Harry Greb's. He licked all of the best boys in his class until Old Man Time placed the quietus on him. Kid Joiner was probably the most sensational fighter produced in Dixie in the last two decades. He won thirteen straight knockouts, the longest fight lasting three rounds, before he was forced to retire from the ring because of some kidney ailment.

Of the semi-latter day fighters, Tommy Jones and Honeyboy Snipes, both of Georgia, were probably the best in their class. Jones was a lightweight and Snipes a feather. Both are still fighting.

Douglas was the scene of probably the most interesting scrap of recent years in Georgia. In 1919, Frank Knowles and Bull Lott met in a bout to decide the "lightweight championship of Georgia." There was considerable interest in this fight, and crowds came from all over that section of the state. During the war, Knowles had gained quite a reputation in Ohio, where he was employed in a munitions factory, and Lott held a title of some sort in the Navy.

Lott was a clown-fighter with an assortment of queer tricks up his sleeve that would have done credit to Houdini. He had a fair wallop, but most of his fights had been won on points. Knowles was a fair boxer with a terrific right-hand wallop. It looked like a natural, and was. There wasn't standing room left in the auditorium.

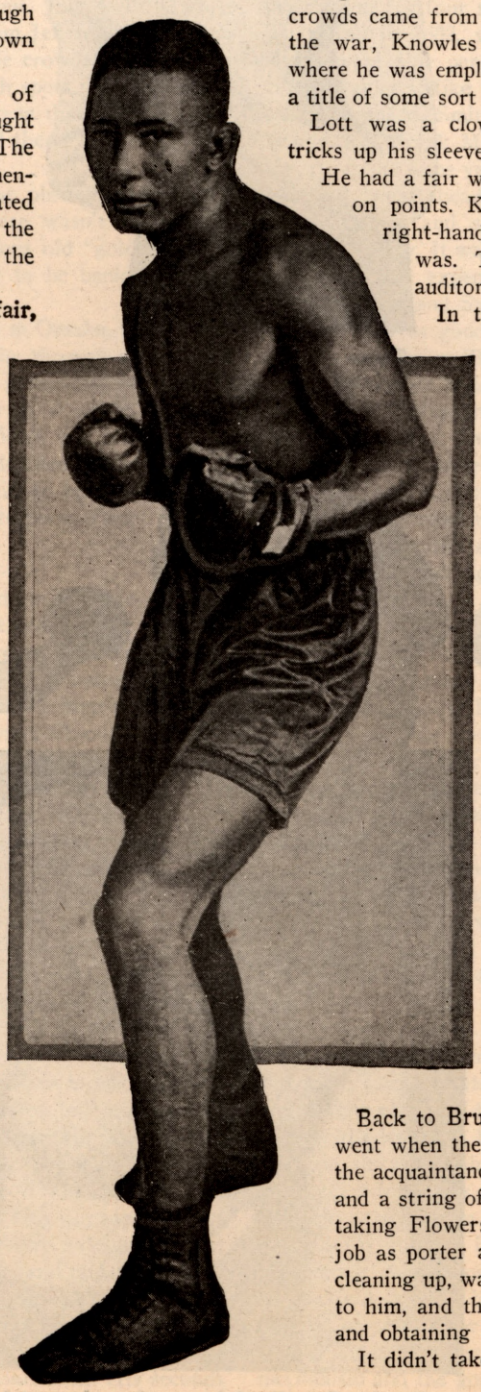
In the first round, Lott made a monkey of Knowles and kept the crowd in an uproar with his queer antics. Knowles kept boring in but couldn't touch him. Then, in the second round, the unexpected happened. Knowles landed a right cross that sent Lott toppling through the ropes. He was out for more than thirty minutes.

* * *

THE South has had many great fighters, but none that reached the heights of the colorful Negro, Tiger Flowers. This deacon of a Georgia church rose to fame and fortune through perseverance, the will to rise even when the odds were great against him. Entering the shipbuilding service near Philadelphia during the World War, he chanced to pass Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's gymnasium, where he saw fighters in training. He pleaded with O'Brien for a chance to do likewise, and, his request granted, the young Georgian flashed a style that brought favorable comment from his veteran instructor. O'Brien took a deep interest in the boy and urged him to make boxing his profession.

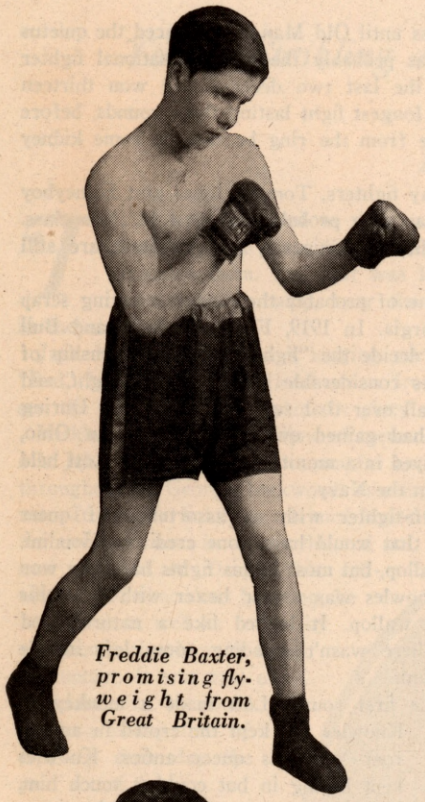
Back to Brunswick, Georgia, his home town, Flowers went when the World War was over and there he made the acquaintance of Walk Miller, owner of a gymnasium and a string of southern fighters, and Miller lost no time taking Flowers under his wing. He gave the deacon a job as porter around the gymnasium, with the duties of cleaning up, washing towels and fighters' trunks assigned to him, and the privilege of using the gym for training and obtaining free instruction.

It didn't take long for Flowers, dubbed by Miller the "Tiger" and the "Deacon," to prove his value, to gain experience and to achieve international honors.

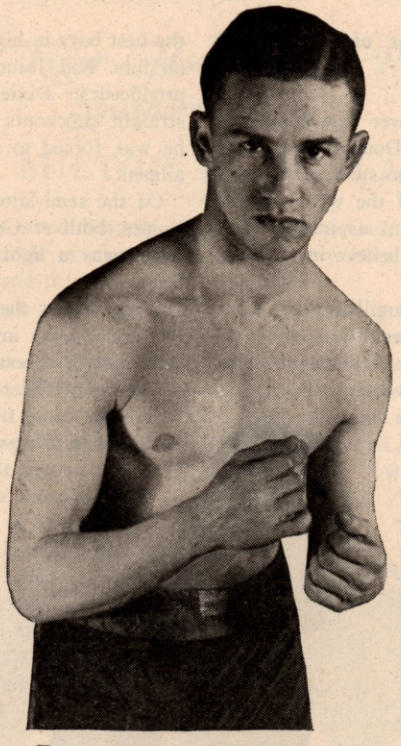


Tiger Flowers, who won the world's middleweight title

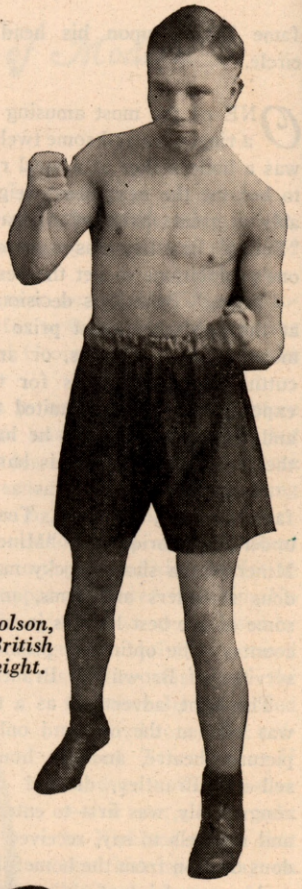
Promising Fighters



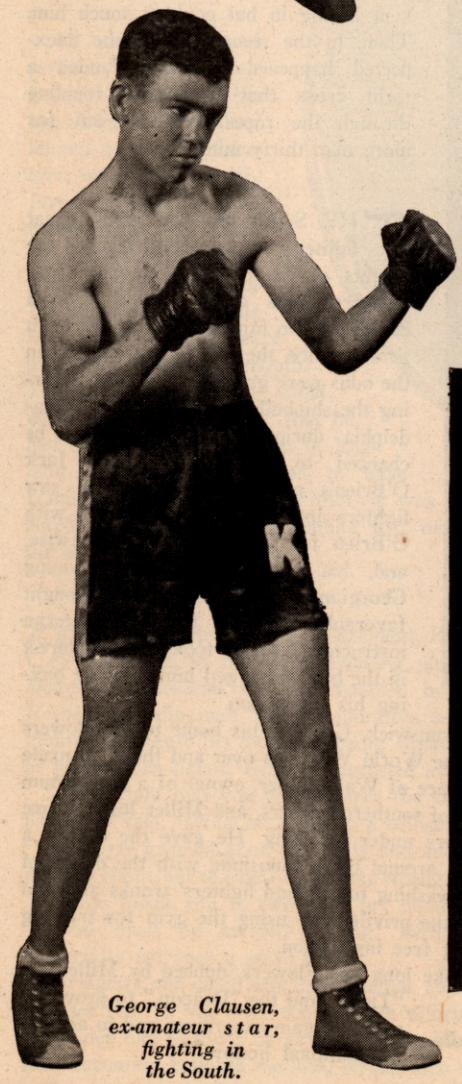
Freddie Baxter, promising fly-weight from Great Britain.



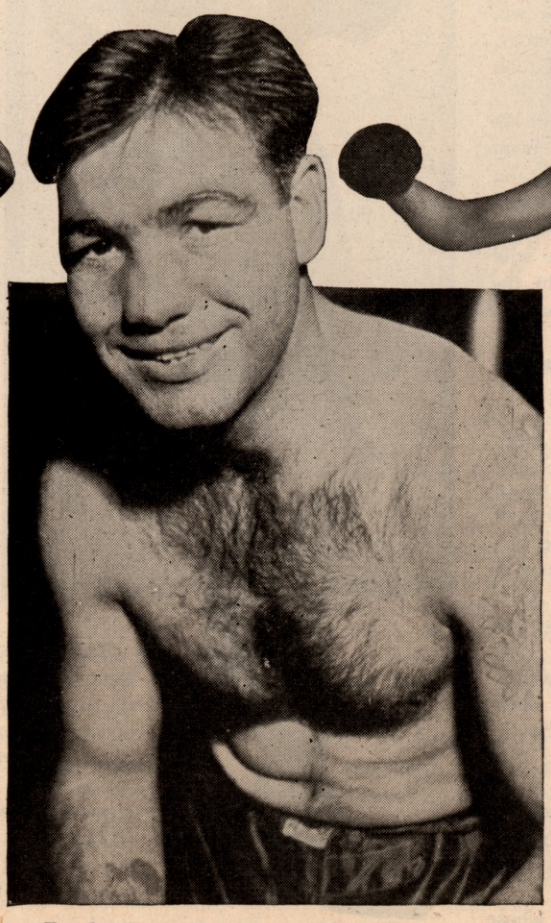
Tommy Horn, Baltimore's clever bantamweight.



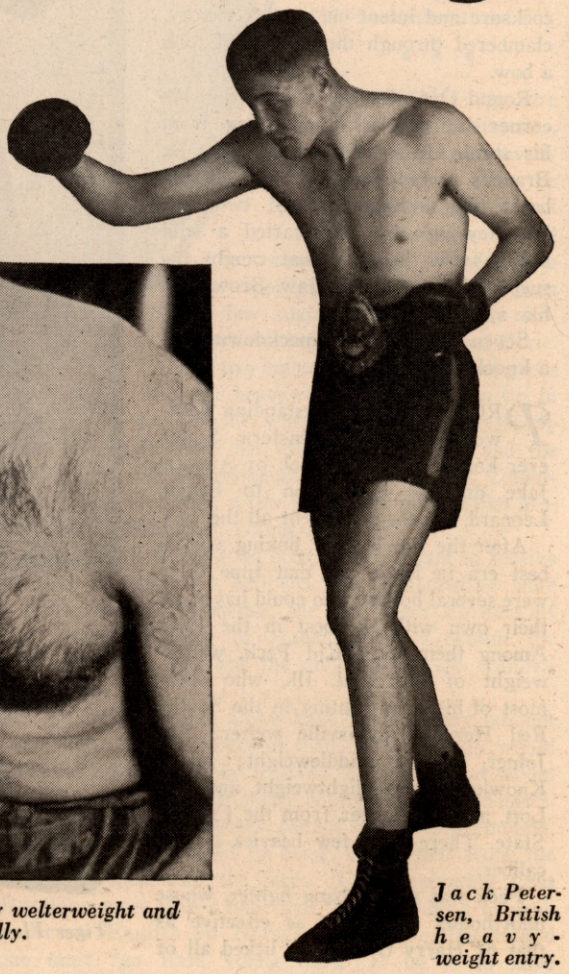
Len Nicholson, coming British bantamweight.



George Clausen, ex-amateur star, fighting in the South.



Frankie Petrolle, Schenectady welterweight and brother of Billy.



Jack Petersen, British heavyweight entry.

In the SQUARED CIRCLE

By ED W. SMITH

(Internationally famous referee and sports critic)

PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN made a remark years ago that I always thought was a classic. Speaking of men who take fierce beatings in the ring after they haven't got a ghost of a chance to win, he said: "Gameness of that sort is a form of insanity."

I believe it.

This thing called gameness comes in various forms and different sorts of packages. In my long career as an observer on the sidelines, two incidents stand out sharply in my memory as most startling. Strangely, they are strikingly similar and neither happened inside the ropes but came immediately before the contests started.

The first of these happened in Reno, Nev., July 4, 1910, when Jack Johnson walked to the ring to fight Jim Jeffries. That march was made through one of the most hostile crowds of ring bugs I've ever seen and I've been in some tough spots. It is my belief that nine out of every ten men in that arena that hot afternoon would cheerfully have subscribed, then and there, to the complete annihilation of the colored gladiator.

He didn't seem to have a friend in the place outside of his own little group in the corner. Yet there wasn't the tremor of a single muscle as he flashed that famous old "golden smile" of his in all directions, hostiles seeming to be banked around that ring as far as the eye could see.

The similar incident came one afternoon in Omaha, Neb., years later, when Ed "Strangler" Lewis strode through a crowd that was willing to tear him limb from limb if he defeated the then-mighty Joe Stecher in a match for the wrestling championship. Lewis didn't win but after the five-hour struggle with no decision, they mobbed him just the same. Maybe the Chicago referee was a pretty game guy, too, that hectic afternoon. *That was me!*

* * *

THIS same Jack Johnson was accused early in his career of lack of courage because he quit a fight in Chicago—it happened in the old Lyceum Theater on the West Side—with a tough black boy named Klondike as an opponent. Strangely, this early impression of Jack prevailed for a long time around Chicago, in fact right up to the time he fought Jeffries at Reno. Many a Chicago dollar was sloughed off that day by men of supposedly better judgment. They thought Jeffries would make Jack jump out of the ring at first sight of that hairy shape. For goodness' sake, how do some men figure things?

Years afterwards—it was in Havana while we were waiting for Jess Willard to beat him—I asked Johnson about the Klondike incident. And before I tell you what he said, let me give you a bit of history about the discovery of Jack Johnson. The late George Siler, one of the greatest of all ring referees, God rest his soul, went to Springfield, Ill., one night to referee some fights for Johnny Connors. The battle royal was in vogue "thim" days and George happened to see a big colored fellow in the six blacks of the free-for-all. He was impressed with his great skill.

Coming back to Chicago, George told the late Paddy Carroll, then promoting bouts, about this fellow and Carroll sent him a railroad ticket, through Connors, to come to Chicago to fight Klondike, who was a porter in Billy Neisen's saloon adjacent to the Gunther ball park on the North Side, and under the management of the late Frank Kennedy, famous bartender in "Jap" Stillson's palace of wetteries on Dearborn street.

The colored giant showed up the next day and said his name was Jack Johnson and that he came from Galveston. His seconds threw in the towel in the fifth round. Later Johnson got revenge. After a twenty-round draw with Klondike he gave him a severe beating in thirteen, knocking him out completely. These incidents were sifted through from 1899 to 1902.

Jack smiled when asked about his first fight with Klondike, then pulled a classic.

"No hungry man can possibly be game," he said, "and I hadn't eaten in two days!"

And he got a bit of a chuckle when he added:

"But since then I've had quite a few steaks—and fried chicken NO END!"

* * *

WHEN John L. Sullivan was making his famous trip through the country giving $1,000 to any man who would stand before him for four rounds, he found many a hard nut to crack. That was in 1882, when the big fellow was in tiptop shape. There were nine persons in the party—Sullivan, Peter McCoy, Steve Taylor, Mike Gillespie, Herbert Slade, Mike Donovan, all boxers; Al Smith, Jake Munsinger, the treasurer of the troupe, and Frank Moran, Sullivan's manager, who, speaking of the trip to me some years ago, said:

"Smith went ahead of the show smoothing the way, while I stayed behind and stuck to the big fellows and kept things going smoothly. It was an eight months' trip and we had $160,000 outside of our expenses, which were $44,000. It was purely a boxing troupe, and Steve Taylor was Sullivan's sparring partner. Sullivan was so good then that we went all over the country offering $1,000 in cash to any man who would stay before him for four rounds.

"Many men tried to cop that money, but none succeeded. During that tour Sullivan knocked out 139 men. Some of them were lucky citizens, too, for Richard K. Fox was sore on Sullivan and left no stone unturned to find a man who could whip him. That he didn't succeed only proves that Sullivan was the greatest fighter this country or any other ever produced.

"In Minnesota, a big logger, who said he knew something about the game himself, announced that he was going to get that $1,000, and he came near making good his promise. He was bigger than John L. and he knew one thing about boxing; how to duck.

"For three rounds he succeeded in eluding the big fellow. Then John whispered: 'I'll get him this time. I have figured just where his head will be when he ducks.'

"And Sullivan did as he said he would. Before the fourth round had gone a minute, John L. made another of those swings, and timed it so accurately that when the big logger ducked, Sullivan's fist caught him squarely on the jaw, and out he went.

"The logger failed because he knew only one way to duck, and because Sullivan discovered the trick."

* * *

HOW many persons following the fight game are aware of the fact that the clock now used in many of the leading fight clubs to denote the seconds in a round was not the idea of the late Tex Rickard but had its origin forty years ago. Back in the days when Jim Corbett was only a youth, Bobby Turnbull offered the suggestion to the California Athletic Club and that organization put a clock in to time its ring encounters. Here is the story as it appeared in the news of the day:

"A gong strikes for the first call of 'time', and a big second hand circles around in plain view of everybody until the three minutes prescribed for a round has expired. Then the gong sounds again. The one-minute rests between rounds are indicated by the mechanism and the gong at their conclusion calls up the combatants. The machine time-keeper will obviate the occasion of many a kick and controversy by members of the California A. C."

Drawing the Color Line

By THE RING EDITOR

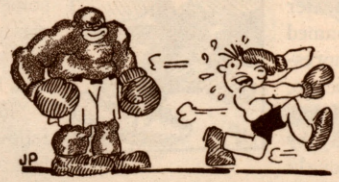
DRAWING the color line, recently revived by Hymie Caplin, manager of Ben Jeby, New York's world middleweight champion, is as old as the hills in pugilism. John L. Sullivan was the first in modern times to make a practice of it, and many champions, following him, either because of prejudice or for convenience, followed suit. In most cases, an examination of the records proves that the latter was the chief cause for turning down Negro challengers, and the case of Caplin and his newly crowned title holder is no exception.

Although Jeby carried off the honors in his bout with Frank Battaglia, and now rates No. 1 among the American middleweights because his victim was the leading contender, Benny was outranked by several other boys, including Dave Shade and Sammy Slaughter of Terre Haute, a terrific puncher with either hand. The fact that Slaughter is a Negro and a hard hitter, was Caplin's reason for drawing the color line. He admits it. And now that Slaughter was recently stopped by Gorilla Jones, another Negro, Caplin has another reason for banning the colored race.

"Why take a chance with a heavy-hitting Negro?" he asks "when there are plenty of smaller fry among the white boys with whom Jeby is certain to make a better showing."

Good logic, so far as the manager is concerned, but not the kind that the public will accept. If Jeby were the undisputed world's middleweight king, he might get away with the banning of Negroes, but in view of the fact that there are now two claimants to the world crown, Marcel Thil of France and Jeby, with Thil having by far the better claim, Jeby won't get very far by his color-line ultimatum. In addition, Jeby must now contend with Jones who beat Slaughter for the American N.B.A. title.

While some pugilists never accepted a Negro as an opponent, the records show that most of the stars were willing to take their chances in mixed bouts. The most notable case of a champion turning against the black race, was that of John L. Sullivan, who repeatedly refused the challenges of Peter Jackson, rated as one of the greatest heavyweights of all time.



Some of the great fighters of the past fought Negroes until they had won a championship and then placed the bars up against that race. Such was the case of Jim Jeffries, who condemned Tommy Burns for having given Jack Johnson a chance to win the heavyweight title, and who then came out of retirement to be slaughtered by Johnson when Jeff tried to regain the crown for the white race.

Jim Corbett fought Peter Jackson a 61-round draw in 1891, and thereafter steadfastly refused to give Peter a return match or to fight a Negro again. Tom Sharkey steered clear of the colored race until late in his career, when he clashed with Pete Everett in 1901 and lost on a foul in the first round.

Packey McFarland, Kid McCoy and Billy Papke, among others, refused to meet any Negroes, but the prejudice that existed then, has passed in recent years, in which only one important case is on the record books, that of Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills. Dempsey, before he won the title, fought Negroes, but after he beat Willard for the crown, he was kept out of mixed bouts, although he personally would have liked nothing better than to have been permitted to meet his most persistent challenger, Wills. It was Tex Rickard, who placed the ban on the Negro, but Dempsey received the blame.

The fact that Negroes have held the title in various divisions, for long periods, made it imperative for white boys to meet them. Such was the case with Joe Gans, George Dixon, Joe Walcott, Tiger Flowers, Kid Chocolate and Al Brown. Jeffries, before winning the title, fought Peter Jackson, Hank Griffin and Bob Armstrong and later tackled Jack Johnson. It was Bob Fitzsimmons who first declared that no white man who is a champion should permit a Negro to fight him for the crown, and Jeffries agreed with that sentiment when he found fault with Burns for giving Johnson the chance.

Yet Fitzsimmons fought Negroes twice. In 1891 he won in four rounds from the Black Pearl and sixteen years later, in 1907, when he was well past his prime, he permitted Jack Johnson to jolt him out of the picture in the second round.

* * *

IN the case of Sullivan, for a time at least, he was willing to meet Peter Jackson, for he had actually signed articles of agreement, but he suddenly changed his mind and was highly commended by those who were prejudiced against the Negro race. In fact, he set a precedent, for thereafter, every time a white champion was faced with the problem of meeting a tough colored fighter, he applied the Sullivan "color line" edict. It was not until Johnson met Burns that a Negro was given an opportunity to win the heavyweight crown, and never since then.

On the other hand, the stars of the Negro race have fought the greatest gladiators of the white race. Dixon, Walcott and Gans made a notable record against their white opponents. Walcott, through his manager, Tom O'Rourke, even went so far as to offer to fight Jim Corbett for the title after Joe had vanquished every one in sight among the lighter men, but Gentleman Jim politely refused.

Abel Attell, former featherweight champion, fought Dixon three times. They first clashed in a ten-round bout on August 24, 1901, at Denver and the decision was a draw. On October 20 of that same year they fought a twenty-round draw at Cripple Creek, Colorado and at St. Louis eight days later, Attell beat him in a fifteen-round mill. He later tackled Leo Johnson in New York City.

* * *

SAM LANGFORD was discriminated against probably more than any other Negro fighter. Not only would the best of the white boys shun him because of his ability, but he couldn't get Jack Johnson into the same ring with him when Jack had won the title. Johnson was the one man Langford always said he would whip and thousands of his admirers felt likewise. He was a fighting demon and Johnson, who in gaining the decision over Sam in 1906 in fifteen rounds had a taste of Langford's wallops, steered clear of him during the remainder of his career.

While Jack Twin Sullivan, one of the famous Boston twins, kept away from Negroes until late in his career when he clashed with Joe Jeannette, his brother, Mike, was not so exclusive. He squared off against Blackburn, Gans, three times, and the Dixie Kid.

Jem Driscoll, England's great featherweight king, refused to fight a Negro after he had fought a six-round draw with George Dixon in 1904, yet Dixon tackled every white man who cared to mix it with him and who had proved himself a contender. In fact, several other noted white fighters fought only one colored boy, that person being Dixon. Young Corbett never went against a darky, except Little Chocolate, with whom he fought a ten-round draw and likewise Owen Moran, another famous Britisher, stepped aside from all dusky folk except Dixon. Battling Nelson faced only Black Griffo, (*Continued on page* 36)

In Sunny California

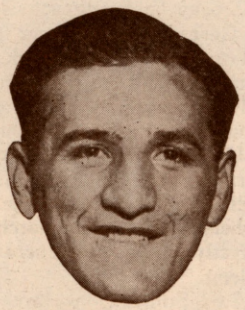
By SKIPPY JOYCE

DO you know Raffaele Giordano? You never heard of him? I'm surprised. But undoubtedly you have heard of Young Corbett III, the young Fresno lad who recently deposed Jackie Fields, the welterweight king, in a ten-round bout at San Francisco. I knew you did. Well, Giordano and Corbett are one and the same person.

Yes, Giordano, California's great southpaw, climaxed a three-year struggle to the top by gaining the verdict over Fields in a well-fought contest on Washington's birthday, before a gathering of about 15,000 persons, and now the Italians can boast of another titleholder in their midst. Leaving no doubt as to his superiority, Corbett outfought and outpunched his rival in six of the ten sessions, with Jackie taking three and one round being even. The Fresno southpaw's battle was a hurricane style that completely bewildered his opponent.

He shot in long lefts to the chin that had Fields missing as early as midway of the opening round. He outguessed Fields, and his countering was beautiful. In fact, Corbett gave so fine an exhibition that it was predicted by experts here that he will have no trouble holding on to the championship for at least a year, even should he be pitted against Jimmy McLarnin, Billy Petrolle, Lou Brouillard or Andy Callahan.

Corbett has been called the conqueror of champions. His specialty is beating the top-notchers. Since 1925 he has been pounding along on the championship trail that led to the decisive victory over Fields. Twice he met welter kings, but was forced to come in over the weight limit and, although he won hands down, he couldn't get the laurels. He defeated Fields in 1930 and later beat Jackie Thompson, Fields' stable mate. In both instances Corbett weighed in beyond 147 pounds.



Young Corbett, III, new world's welterweight champion.

Imbued with the will to win, Corbett went along at a swift pace for the first half of the battle, and this margin stood him in good stead in the closing rounds, when a desperate Fields put on spurts that caused his backers to perk up in anticipation of victory. After losing the first five rounds, Fields came to life to win the sixth. In this round he pummeled Corbett to the face and body at will, the latter tiring under the punishment.

The Fresnan put on steam, however, to gain a decided edge in the seventh round. Near the close of the session he connected four times with lefts to Fields' jaw, the latter stopping dead in his tracks under the blows.

Sensing defeat and exhorted by his handlers to "get in there and fight," Fields made his greatest bid in the ninth round, when he battered Corbett around the ring. The challenger made but little show of a defense in the session and contented himself mainly with attempting to tie up Fields in the clinches.

With a chance to retain his crown, if even by way of the knockout route, Fields rushed out in the tenth, and for most of the three minutes held the advantage. Then, with seconds to go, Corbett opened up with a barrage that nearly upset his rangier opponent. Three times, as Fields rushed in, he bumped into stiff left-handers to the jaw. Corbett also put in a couple of rights to the body that took away whatever steam Fields had left.

Fields was a leg-weary, beaten fighter when he slumped in his chair after the fight, while Corbett, as new champion, received the plaudits of the throng.

The Fields-Young Corbett bout in San Francisco and the Miller-Arizmendi go in Los Angeles were the biggest two weeks of fighting in California in many a day. Both drew exceptionally good gates. As Arizmendi has confined his fighting to the West Coast and Corbett has done likewise for three or four years, there was considerable interest in their respective mills.

The one-round knockout of Speedy Dado by Baby Palmore was quite a surprise here. Palmore has been fighting in the preliminaries, with a top spot or two in his home town, Ventura.

The match was a breather for Dado, who is recognized by the local commission as world bantam champion. Dado came out confident, danced around, pivoting from the waist to avoid blows. He glided close to the ropes, and as he rolled with a left jab—Boom! A fast right, high and to the angle of the jaw. Dado's head struck the lower rope and there he was, out for the ten count. And Palmore an overnight attraction.

Palmore undoubtedly has a punch, but I still don't think he is ready for boys of Speedy's calibre. With a dash of seasoning, he may be the works.

Little Pancho, a brother of the late Pancho Villa, looks like the goods. He handed as neat a lacing to Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam, as I have ever seen dealt out. Never has a more nonchalant boxer appeared than Little Pancho. He chews gum with an unconcern that somehow captures the fans' imagination. The habit must aggravate his vis-a-vis no end.

Joe Tieken, a Japanese importation, sizes up with Pancho as the best of the newer faces out here. You'll probably hear plenty of both.

Tieken won all the way, at Hollywood, from Eugene Huat, recently, to establish himself. A week later he lost a close one to Young Tommy, but still looks good.

Ray Oriente, Filipino novice, is the best prospect to show this month. He is a knocker-out, has speed and the good sense to listen to Dan Drew. Ray hits straight and, if he doesn't get a swelled head, will go a long way. Of course, it is too soon to call him a contender or even a possible contender. But don't pretend surprise if he is.

The Speedy Dado-Arizmendi bout was a great scrap. Each had scouted the other and built up a plan of attack and defense that dovetailed. The result stood the customers on their seats. Arizmendi took him, but not by such a big margin.

Dado reports an offer to meet Al Brown in Paris.

Fred Lenhart took a pair of matches from Tom Patrick in San Francisco. Lenhart is tough and mean. A Hollywood rematch between the two fell through.

Cerefino Garcia is the new state welter champ, winning from Johnny Romero, who had won the title from Charlie Cobb three weeks previously. Cerefino is a Filipino and a fast fighter.

Cecil Payne lost to Abie Miller at Pasadena and to Joe Ghnouly at Hollywood. He came back a week later at Hollywood to stop Claude Varner. Payne deserves a hand for his conduct in the Varner match. It was apparent early that Varner was doing himself no good. Cecil repeatedly appealed to the referee to stop the bout.

Al Manfredo, a cousin of Young Corbett, is a fine welter prospect. Manfredo fought in San Francisco, but was none too popular with the gallery. It was thought the kid was being fed set-ups. It looks to me as though he was getting boys of equal experience and that his management is smart in keeping him where he belongs rather than *(Continued on page 37)*

Cradles of Boxing

(Continued from page 16)

was tendered a benefit in Revere Hall, Green Street, a building still standing and known to many as the "Home of Action" (the Commercial A. C.), a fight club formerly promoted by Bob McKirdy.

A candidate to participate in the benefit, which was largely an affair of exhibition bouts, was John L. Sullivan, and he announced that he was present to meet Danny Dwyer inside of ropes. And, to be accommodating, also probably figuring that he had something soft, Dwyer accepted the youth as his opponent in the windup contest of the evening. When the time came for this bout to go on, every man-child in the entire building jammed himself into the hall, all in the expectation of seeing Dwyer give Sullivan a thorough trimming.

As they came to the centre, Dwyer looked upon the "Strong Boy" with a patronizing smile. "I may have to hurt you some, sonny," he said, "but come back at me as hard as you desire." "I'll come back, all right, don't worry," growled Sullivan.

"Get going," ordered the master-of-ceremonies, and they did. Sullivan knew that Dwyer could fight—that on occasions his foe had laid claim to the title of New England heavyweight champion—so he came on slowly. Finally, he tried a rush, and Dwyer poked him smartly with left to nose. "That was only a tap—don't be afraid," smiled Dwyer. That slam, however, was merely the pull on the trigger to set Sullivan on fire. The next instant he was tearing into Dwyer, hand-over-hand, and drove his man into the ropes. Dwyer was astonished, and so was everybody. His smile faded and he went onto the defensive.

The second was tame. Dwyer kept his left out in front, and Sullivan could not get past it. Every time he tried with a swing, he was countered, a proper boxing tactic, straight to the face. Neither ringster did any great damage, but it was Dwyer's round.

The third started and, right off the reel, Dwyer gave the youth the "one-two"—left to face and right to the ribs. But, in return, John got over his right to Dwyer's nose, bringing the color—first blood. Then the youth got home a left to ear, and next a right to Danny's neck, and following up, drove the husky about the ring.

At this juncture, the master-of-ceremonies, noting that Dwyer was about to fold up, stopped the affair. No decision was given but, as Dwyer had been whipped to a standstill, to all intents and purposes the result was a three-round kayo for Sullivan. Years later, when John was attempting to be an actor, they again met with gloves on their hands, but as Thespians in Sully's play—"Honest Hearts and Willing Hands."

Following the Revere Hall bout came Sullivan's ring affairs with Tommy Chandler, Mike Donovan, Jack Hogan of Providence, Joe Goss, George Rooke, and others, also his debut in New York with Steve Taylor, in Harry Hill's place near the corner of Houston and Crosby Streets, March 31, 1881. The late fall of that year found Sullivan back with his kin in Boston, and engaging in an event which, when first brought to attention by the writer, tended to bring to an end years of controversy as to whether or not Sullivan ever agreed to fight a colored warrior.

He most certainly did make just such an agreement and, but for forces entirely beyond his control, would have taken on and perhaps been defeated by George Godfrey of Boston, a colored heavy of unquestioned skill and ability. How that proposed fight, had it occurred, might have changed things around!

In the year 1853, "Prof." John B. Bailey, a colored boxer and pistol shot, who had met in exhibition bouts such men as Belcher Kay, John Sheridan, Joe Long, Bob Caunt of England, Yankee Sullivan, Billy Mulligan and others, bought out the old Franklin gym, then located in Frankling Street, Boston. Later he opened a new gym at 15 Brattle street and finally, in 1870, shifted his quarters to a large hall in the Evans Building, Tremont Row. To his place were attracted such ringsters as Godfrey, Sheppard, Harry Sollers of Australia, Ed McGlinchy, Denny Kelliher, Ed Craig, George Kennedy, Patsy O'Brien, John McCann and others interested in matters fistic.

Into this gym one fall day in 1881, strolled Sullivan, cocky and pugnacious as ever.

"I see George Godfrey over there," he remarked to Bailey. "He thinks he is a great boxer. Well, I can lick him with one hand tied behind me."

"So, you really think so, do you?" replied Bailey. "If you want to fight him, I think we can arrange it."

As Godfrey, a native of Prince Edward's Island, where he was born March 20, 1853, was perfectly willing, the arranging did not take long.

"But," said Sullivan, "we are not going to fight for nothing, not by a damn sight."

So the final terms, which called for a six-round contest with hard gloves, London Rules, included $100 to be split winner-loser between the warriors.

There was a generous selling of tickets for the "exhibition between Bailey's pupils," in the market district where Godfrey was regularly employed, also in the Roxbury section where the Sullivan family then resided. The afternoon of November 30, 1881, found Bailey's gym crowded to the doors. Stripped, gloved and ready to fight, Sullivan and Godfrey waited in a side room for the prelim boxers to get through with their part of the entertainment.

But, just as they were ready to go to the ring, a squad of police entered the hall and their leader announced that if Sullivan and Godfrey took to the ring, they and all immediately concerned would be arrested without further ceremony. The spectators were shooed out, Sullivan and Godfrey donned their street attire, and that's all that did happen. The following February, Sullivan met and whipped Paddy Ryan for the American heavyweight title, but the event we have cited fully established the fact that, contrary to much that has been written, Sullivan *did* agree to fight a colored ringster.

Bailey, who passed on to his fathers on February 10, 1886, at 18 Rutland street, Boston, was always of the opinion, which view was shared by many others, that Godfrey, because of his superior boxing skill, would have bested John L., had their proposed clash not been interrupted.

* * *

WITH the demise of Bailey, his gym ceased to be, but in its place there sprang up boxing clubs all over the city. The earliest of these organizations was the Old Howard Associates, later to be followed by the Commercial A.C., Roanoke Club, Athenian Club, Way St. A. C., Union A. C., Cribb Club, Lafayette A. C., North End A. C., Criterion A. C. and many others. The list is a long one. It was in these clubs that many notables of former days were developed—their names and fame attracting to Boston, ringsters from all parts of this country, England, Ireland and Australia.

Boston about that time was the haven of the world's greatest fighters. Battlers of note, even though born in other localities or countries, flocked to the Hub and made that their temporary home. Boston boasted of a great galaxy of stars at the time that Sullivan was still in his prime, and later, after his retirement, his influence was still felt and a new crop of boxers, most of whom made their mark in fisticuffs, made Boston their home.

There were George La Blanche, champion middleweight; Ike O'Neil Weir, the most versatile athlete-boxer the world has ever seen; Jimmy F. Carroll, a lightweight par excellence; George Dixon, famous Negro bantam and featherweight; George Godfrey, the original "Old Chocolate"; Jake Kilrain, who is still living near the Fore River Shipyards; Pete McCoy, Paddy Duffy, a fine welter and Patsy Kerrigan.

The sport being under the law, there were persecutions and prosecutions—fines and jail sentences, but the game was kept going just the same. The period between 1900 and 1920 marked the real heyday of boxing—decades during which purses ranging from $2,000 to $10,000 going to one main bout contestant, were known.

Then the present commission rule and the legalization of the game came in and, for several years big crowds, big gates and big money were the rule. But, in course of time, under the regime of paternalism, the smaller clubs both in Boston and throughout the state began to fade. Here in the Hub none of the little fellows exist today while the lone two big clubs are barely keeping their noses above the surface.

Rules and regulations, increase in running expenses, lack of outstanding talent, the same once developed by the small feeder clubs, the wrestling boom, depression and trouping of boxers under the colors of a few managers are among some of the causes for the decline. The outlook for boxing in Massachusetts at this writing, is far from rosy, while the years 1932 and 1933 will always be remembered as those of many trials and tribulations.

To the hundreds of readers who have written me complimentary letters on the series that I'm now closing, I am most grateful. I shall try in the near future, to give them more pleasure with the story of the colorful career of John L. Sullivan.

NAT FLEISCHER SAYS:

(*Continued from page* 12)
ranks who shout "fake," "phoney," at the least provocation.

To those men—be they fighters, managers, promoters or writers—let me say that an institution must have some value when favored by millions of sane and worthy characters among the citizens of the world. It must be admitted that when such famed world leaders as Michelangelo, Lord Byron, Charles James Fox, Sir Robert Peel, William M. Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Theodore Roosevelt and the Prince of Wales have patronized boxing, there must be some human appeal in the sport.

Lord Althorp, a famous English statesman, once said of boxing:

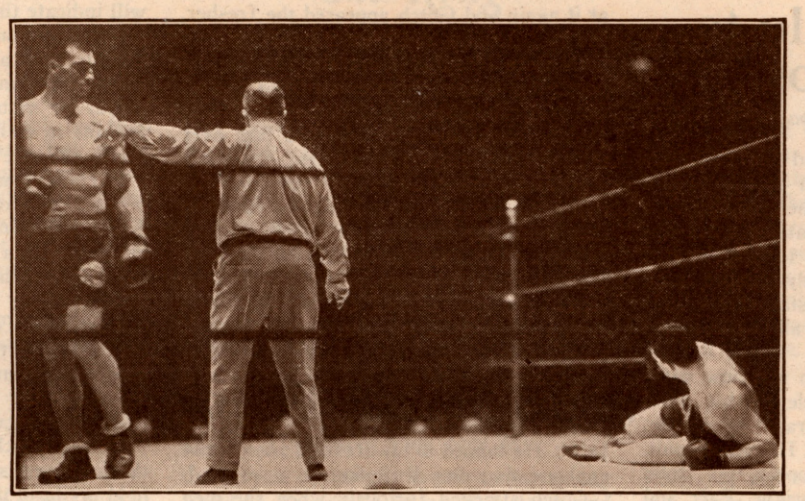
"My conviction of the advantages of boxing is so strong that I have been seriously considering whether it was not a duty I owed to the public to go to, and to attend, every prize fight which takes place and thus encourage the noble science to the extent of any power."

What the world needs today is a few more Lord Althorps and less mollycoddles among our legislators. Before closing on this topic, I might add, for the information of those legislators, that my records show that, during the last thirteen years, there have been a total of 4312 deaths in football and allied athletic activities in this country, as against 39 deaths in boxing among the professionals and 142 amateurs. When one considers that, for every fatality for which football is directly responsible, there are at least two more due indirectly to the sport, not taking into consideration the hundreds of American youths who have spent the remainder of their lives as cripples, boxing certainly seems to be pretty well conducted.

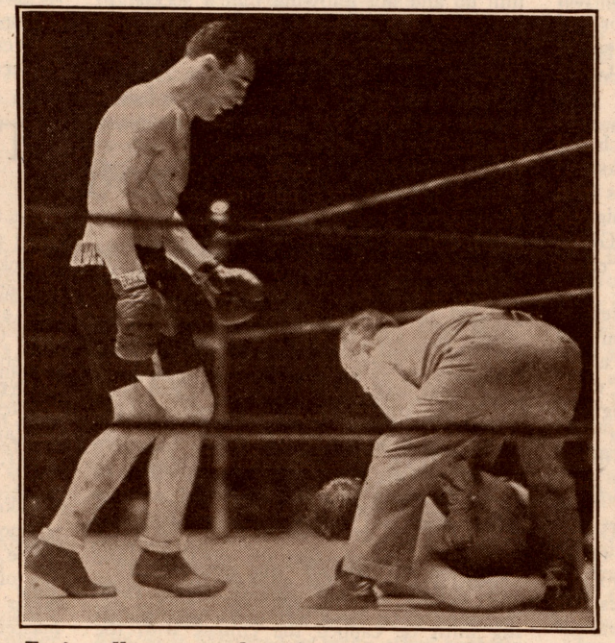
There's food for thought, Mr. Legislator! Think it over! Digest those figures before you condemn boxing for its brutality and seek its abolishment.

* * *

WILLIAM MULDOON, after Schaaf's death, declared that so long as he remains a member of the State Commission, Carnera would not be permitted to fight any but so-called superdreadnaughts. These he described as heavyweights scaling more than 220 pounds and standing more than 6 feet 2 inches.



Schaaf goes down as a result of a light left jab to the mouth and a push, and Referee Billy Glover sends Carnera to his corner.



Ernie rolls over as the referee tries to raise him from the canvas, and Carnera comes to assist.

The unconscious form of Schaaf as he is carried to his corner by Jack Sharkey (in back of him) and Johnny Buckley, his managers. Bill Duffy, manager of Carnera, is assisting them.

To such a ruling I take keen exception. A heavyweight is a heavyweight, regardless of his height or weight, provided he scales more than 175 pounds, the light-heavyweight limit. What happened to Schaaf may happen to any other fighter, regardless of division.

The fact that Carnera is big and heavy should not ban him from a chance at the heavyweight crown if his opponent is proved physically fit. If Jack Sharkey cannot protect himself against Carnera, whom he beat badly in their last meeting, then he doesn't deserve to be the world champion. Likewise any other heavyweight.

Size or weight in heavyweight bouts should not be considered so long as the men are well matched in fighting ability. If Mr. Muldoon had issued such an edict when Jack Dempsey was titleholder, he would have been the subject of considerable ridicule. Is the death of one fighter to affect the future of a sport that has survived assaults both within and without the game for several hundred years?

Would Mr. Muldoon have prevented Dempsey from meeting Carnera today, if Jack were still the champion? I should venture to say no. He would have welcomed such a fight, as would all lovers of boxing, because the Dempsey whom we all like to think of would have knocked Carnera kicking in two rounds, as he did Luis Firpo.

I'm glad to see that Commissioner Wear, who has taken the place of Jim Farley as a member of the New York Boxing Board, is opposed to Muldoon's ruling and will battle both Muldoon and his colleague, General Phelan, to keep the Carnera-Sharkey fight in New York. I think that General Phelan, after due consideration, will also change his opinion.

Jack Sharkey proved that weight and size can be overcome if one is trained to the minute, when he almost knocked out Carnera in their last meeting. Jack Dempsey showed the same against Jess Willard, who was taller than Carnera but scaled twenty pounds less. Fitzsimmons almost slaughtered big Jeff Thorne, who had many inches on "Freckled Bob" and outscaled him by almost sixty-five pounds. Kid McCoy did the same against Herr Plaacke, the big Dutchman.

Jim Corbett proved it against Jeffries, who had thirty pounds on him. (*Continued on page* 37)

From Milo to Londos

(*Continued from page* 19)

considerable power behind his shoulders and to make more certain that he would triumph in a return bout, he specialized on a toe hold that was unbeatable when applied properly. And added to that, he had become the master of a body scissors and a head lock and when he started his 1906 campaign, he had them all working to perfection.

The goal of his ambition was now within his grasp and he made up his mind that he would reach it. In rapid succession, Farmer Burns, Charles Hackenschmidt, brother of the mighty European star; John Voss, Apollo, Kaiser, Albright, Parr and Yankee Rodgers fell before Gotch in easy fashion. Finally at Asheville, North Carolina, the Iowa Farmer was matched to meet Charles Olson in a finish match. Olson had swept all before him and had a record of sixty-eight consecutive victories when he crawled through the ropes to meet Gotch on the evening of March 22.

Olson stripped in good shape, but weighed twenty pounds less than Gotch and stood almost three inches taller. He looked frail when he stood up to shake hands with the former champion. One of the biggest crowds that ever packed into the Grand Opera House gave both men a hearty cheer when they were introduced.

The match proved one of the fastest in the annals of the ancient sport. Olson was exceptionally fast on his feet and easily evaded the bull-like rushes of Gotch when time was called. His previous winning tactics had been to stand his man on his head and whirl him about until he had him dizzy, then to crash him to the canvas and jump in with an arm and body lock.

But it was no easy matter to upset Gotch, much less to stand him on his head. Olson tried his favorite stunt after the two had wrestled head to head for ten minutes, but Gotch's underpinning stayed "put," and instead Olson was sent crashing to the mat. Gotch quickly worked his way behind and applied his toe hold. Olson endured the pain for a couple of minutes and then signalled to the referee that he would allow a fall.

The second fall came even faster, as Gotch was a whirlwind, and followed Olson until he flopped him to the canvas. It only took a few seconds to lock the foot and start squeezing the big toe. Olson sagged over on his back and the referee slapped Gotch on the shoulder.

Finally Gotch was rewarded for his excellent work by being matched with Champion Jenkins to wrestle for the American title at Kansas City, Mo., May 23, 1906. Frank was in splendid condition and extremely confident that he would regain his lost laurels when he stood up to shake hands with "Rough Tom."

Jenkins had worked himself into condition by a series of hard matches and started in to rough-house Gotch when the bell sent them on their way. Their work was very rough and the house was kept in an uproar cheering Jenkins on. Finally after twenty-six minutes, Jenkins secured an arm lock and body scissors and slowly pushed Frank's shoulders over to the canvas.

After fifteen minutes' rest the two went at it again and Gotch appeared the fresher. He met Jenkins more than half way and both were bleeding from the mouth and nose after the ten-minute mark had passed. Gotch continually rushed and once seizing Jenkins about the waist, heaved him over the top rope into the ringsiders.

Jenkins came back full of fight and the two came together in a head-end collision that could be heard all over the house. Jenkins took to butting and had to be warned by the referee for his foul tactics. Gotch suddenly slipped to the floor and Jenkins leaped on top, but was met with an effective block. He was in a bad position and Gotch quickly clamped on the dreaded toe hold.

Both of Jenkins' shoulders touched at 14:00. He limped to his dressing room amid applause that was deafening.

Gotch attacked furiously when the men came out for the third fall. Jenkins still showed the effects of the last toe hold and limped about the ring with Gotch following him up and not allowing him a second to get "set." He gave the champion the foot and then started to work over the injured foot.

Jenkins wriggled out of a couple of dangerous toe holds, but his leg was bothering him badly and Gotch continued to peck at the injured limb. Finally at 17:00 Gotch feinted for the foot and quicker than a flash turned Jenkins over with an arm bar and headlock.

An idea of what the papers thought of Gotch, may be gleaned from the following account in a New York daily. After the Iowan had re-won the title:

"Gotch's work on the mat this closing season has been frequently commented upon in the sporting press as the most remarkable ever undertaken by any athlete who ever aspired to prominence in this branch of professional sport.

"Whistler, Acton, Lewis, McLeod, Burns —none of the great men of these or other times, have approached the record of the Iowan, who, from the moment of his start in Buffalo last November, did not stop going until he capped the climax with the defeat of Jenkins in Kansas City last night. North, South, East and West, Canada and America, covering thousands of miles of territory and wrestling on an average of over three matches a week, this great natural athlete encountered the best men that could be secured by the sport's promoters and failed to have a single defeat recorded against him.

"From the time of his downfall at the hands of this same Jenkins in Madison Square Garden just a year ago until yesterday, when he turned the tables on the same man, Gotch's course has been one of unbroken victory.

"It has taken more than physical ability to accomplish such a record. Moral courage of high quality has been needed, as anyone familiar with the mat game appreciates.

"When defeated a year ago in New York city Gotch swallowed a bitter pill.

" 'This is awful,' said he, 'I can scarcely look my Western friends in the face. But it has not shaken my determination to win. I will never take the mat except with the hope and desire for victory, and when the time comes that I have to lose to continue wrestling I shall take off my tights forever.'

"And Gotch has lived up to that slogan. A glance at the Iowa boy's Jenkins matches will indicate the sincerity of his movements and will also substantiate the statement that experts have almost invariably picked him as the real American champion, whether in defeat or victory. When Gotch wrestled Jenkins in Bellingham, Wash., in 1904, he was a favorite and he won.

"At Cleveland in 1905 he was a very pronounced favorite and he won. When he first met Jenkins in New York city the same year he was a prohibitive favorite, but he lost. At Kansas City last night he was an overwhelming favorite and he won. None can say that Gotch has lost for gain, and the very fact that even his losing matches have been attended with very little betting, has been the Gibraltar upon which the splendid reputation of the man was built.

"When Gotch defeated Jenkins last night the first words he said were: 'Now I can hold my head up again amongst my friends in Buffalo, Minneapolis, Iowa and Kansas City—all through the West, where my many friends were at a loss to explain my defeats by Jenkins a year ago. The loss of the championship hurt me, but not so much as the fear that I had somehow forfeited the respect of my friends.' "

(*To be continued*)

The Color Line

(*Continued from page* 32)

twice, and Joe Gans, three times, and Jimmy Britt steered away from all but Joe Gans.

Jack Johnson met some notable white fighters who were not ready to draw the line at a moment's notice. Among them were George Gardner of Lowell, who was beaten by Johnson on a decision at the end of twenty rounds; Marvin Hart, who got a verdict over Johnson at the finish of a similar bout; Jack Munroe, the Butte miner, who had a few minutes in which to show his skill; Jim Flynn, who was knocked cold in eleven rounds, and Fitzsimmons, who was put away in two rounds.

Joe Walcott met more white men than any other Negro boxer on record. He was under the management of Tom O'Rourke, a master mind in the handling of pugilists, when he met such classy fellows as Tommy West, Tom Tracy, Mike Harris, Dick O'Brien, Austin Gibbons, Kid Lavigne, Mysterious Billy Smith, George Green, Kid McPartland, Australian Jim Ryan, Dan Creedon, Charley Johnson, Dick Moore, Joe Choynski, Bill Hanrahan, George Gardner, Kid Carter, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Billy Mellody, Jimmy Gardner, Mike Donovan and others.

Joe Gans, former lightweight champion of the world, also faced numerous white pugilists of note, including Young Griffo, Dal Hawkins, Mike Leonard, Stanton Abbott, Kid McPartland, Jack Daly, Spider Kelly, George McFadden, Billy Ernst, Spike Sullivan, Frank Erne, Terry McGovern, Martin Flaherty, Willie Fitzgerald, James Britt, Mike (Twin) Sullivan, Willie Lewis, Harry Lewis, Spike Robson, Rudolph Unholz and Battling Nelson.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, now a physical culture instructor in New York and at one time light-heavyweight king, tackled many colored boxers, including Bobby Dobbs, Young Peter Jackson, Frank Craig (the Harlem Coffee Cooler), Walcott, George Byers, Joe Butler, Dixie Kid, Black Bill, Larry Temple, Morris Harris and Jack Blackburn.

He Captivates the Public

(Continued from page 21)

the sport. Jim was captain of the high school team for two years, but never thought about entering the pro ranks until three years later. It was while at Drury, where he was taking up a special physical training course, that he got the idea. He saw others wrestle and figured he could do as well.

One day he watched Joe Stecher, the body scissors king, in training and saw him squeeze a sack of wheat between his legs. He inquired the "whys and wherefores" and, upon being told, he decided he would go Stecher one better, and that's how he took up his training with a barrel.

Browning has tackled each of the recent champions except Londos. He lost one match to De Glane, one to Lewis and one to George, and beat Sonnenberg. De Glane has always refused to give Jim a return match. Browning beat George before George won the crown from De Glane, and then Ed Don again tackled the Missourian and was presented with the decision. Lewis, on the other hand, first beat Jim and then lost his title in the return tilt.

Browning is a world traveller. He has been all over this country and has toured Canada and Australia. He hopes next year to visit Europe.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 35)

Joe Walcott stacked up against any number of men almost a foot taller and weighing anywhere from twenty to sixty pounds more. Those few examples should serve to answer Bill Muldoon and the legislators who have introduced bills to place a maximum limit of three inches and twenty pounds on heavyweight opponents.

No one loves boxing more than I. No one in authority or familiar with the game will attempt to deny that there is misconduct, even downright crookedness, among many in the sport—active contestants and followers of Fistiana—as indeed there is in every sport in which men engage. But why condemn the entire game because of the "skunks," who can be eliminated?

In many respects, I blame my fellow writers for much of the abuse that boxing receives at the hands of the public. Too many of the boys go to a fight with preconceived ideas as to the result, their minds made up, and when, in nine cases out of ten, their theories are upset, their only reaction to their false predictions is to dub the contest "another one of those things."

I need offer no apology in defense of boxing to those men to whom the Prize Ring is dear and for whom history will preserve and record the memory of the thousands of brave and honorable heroes who have made the story of the ring immortal.

Boxing's Curiosity

(Continued from page 26)

From lightweights to heavyweights—they made no difference to Joe. Some tales of Joe's courage are unbelievable. He was an iron man in every way. His ribs and his jaw seemed able to withstand blows that would dent armor plate. Today, thanks to proper supervision over boxing, there are few Joe Grims in boxing and when they are discovered, they are properly forced into retirement. The ring is no place for a Joe Grim. Boxing can well get along without the Grims.

His extraordinary ability to absorb punishment without being knocked out, was characteristic of Joe Grim, who, when the field was full of pugilistic stars, boasted of being boxing's "Wonder Man." This Philadelphia Italian was the gamest man the ring has ever seen. He still resides in the Quaker City but he is paying dearly for his courage and bravado. Like all "Fighting Fools" he is walking on his heels, a subject for charity.

"I'm Joe Grim and I don't quit for any man in the world," is what the "Iron Man" used to say when he was being battered from pillar to post, and try as his opponent would, he couldn't put Joe away. Jack Johnson gave Grim a frightful beating, probably one of the worst ever meted out to a fighter, yet at the end of six rounds, Joe was on his feet. He was down 17 times and only the bell saved Joe from being counted out.

Fitzsimmons also floored Joe seventeen times in six rounds, but the Italian was facing him when the final gong sounded. And so it happened in many other contests with the world's greatest battlers as Grim's opponents.

"Are you hurt?" asked the club physician of Joe Grim after Bob Fitzsimmons had just finished clouting the Italian all over.

"Not a sore spot on me," replied Joe. "Not a spot—except my nose," and to prove his statement he hammered his stomach with a baseball bat.

It was not until Joe had shot his bolt, when he was all through, that he became the victim of a knockout punch, Sailor Burke turning the trick on the Italian for the first time at the old Remsen A. C. of Brooklyn in 1906. Joe was downed three times in the first two sessions and when Joe came out for the third round, Burke unloosened his trusty right and with a mighty wallop, sent Grim into dreamland for his first knockout.

Joe Grim was known as the "Human Punching Bag," as the "Pugilistic Wonder of the Nineteenth Century" and the "Inja Rubber Dago." It can safely be said that he was not misnamed.

In Sunny California

(Continued from page 33)

rushing him. He is getting top spots in his class around Fresno and wins steadily.

Bert Colima, the best card in the state during the four-round days, tried a comeback. Bert is finding out that the time-and-tide gag goes in Spanish as well as in English.

Augie Curtis, another "unknown," was given a chance at a main go at Hollywood against Joe Tieken.

Tommy King is on his way back East. Tommy fought most of the welters here.

Billy Papke, Jr., appears in Pasadena and Hollywood fights frequently. Young Papke is beginning to develop.

Vincent Morris fought a fast draw with Joe Montes in San Francisco.

Georgie Hansford claims the state featherweight title. Milling leaving, Arizmendi not being a resident, leaves the title up in the air. Hansford is the best of the present featherweights around Los Angeles. He bested Harry Fierro in his last time out. Al Citrino and Vincent Morris are San Francisco boys to be considered in line for the "honor."

Tom Cox, Los Angeles manager, brought serious charges against promoters in L. A. and Hollywood. He has carried his fight to the Legislature. The charges are those that you would guess could be made in any sport center against the promoters. I'd give you the inside and the lowdown, but I don't know just how much—if any—truth is carried in the contentions.

San Francisco put on some great amateur bouts during a tournament which ran four weeks. Packed houses turned out each week for the bouts.

The A. A. U. officials in L. A. recently drew up a set of rules which they believe—and I hope—will re-establish the sport in southern California.

Mrs. Barney Dempsey, who is running the gym established by Jack eight years ago, would like to show the Simon-pure boys at her place. She is the right sort and would give the kids clean shows. The A. A. U. could do worse than to drop into the Manhattan in their search for a promoter.

Walter Monahan, who trained Jess Willard, is handling Roy Wallace on the Coast. Wallace's verses have been radiocast. If they carry the punch he puts into his fighting, they are good.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

Irving Caress, Passaic, N. J.

Q.—I have heard that fighters are often sold by managers for immense sums. Are the figures always correct?

A.—When a manager holds a contract on a fighter he can dispose of it providing the fighter agrees to the transaction. Generally the figures are exaggerated a little.

Jack Smith, Driftwood, Pa.

Q.—I have an opportunity to second a friend in whom I'm very much interested. I am nineteen years old. Will the commission permit me to handle him in the corner? How old must I be and how can I get a license?

A.—No. You must be 21. Apply to your boxing commission.

Mike Fuente, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—I am organizing a boxing club for boys between the ages of 14 and 18. What books would you suggest?

A.—Get "Training for Boxers," "How to Box," "The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It," and "Bag Punching." That will start you.

Thomas Cassidy, Milwaukee

Q—Was Tony Canzoneri an amateur champion?

A.—Yes. He was bantam king for one year. Won it in New York.

Frank Harlan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What gymnasiums are in Brooklyn and the addresses? Who are the boxing instructors? Please name amateur clubs also.

A.—Jackie Gordon, 566 Lavonia Avenue; Harry Felix, Paramount Gymnasium, Brownsville; Trinity Club, Borough Hall; Parish Club, 58th St. and Sixth Avenue; Nonpareil Gym, 675 Rockaway Avenue; National A. C., 11 Cedar Street; Empire Gym, 14 Howard Avenue; Knights of St. Anthony, 717 Leonard Street; Morris Park Council K. of C., 110-06 Atlantic Avenue, and Young's Gym, 345 Cleveland Street.

A reader, B. U.

Q.—Where did Jack Sharkey start his boxing career and how old is he?

A.—In the navy. He is thirty-one.

Q.—Was Schaaf owned by Sharkey?

A.—Sharkey and his manager, John Buckley, were partners in the ownership of Ernie.

Q.—Who was the most scientific fighter of modern times among the heavies, and who next?

A.—In my opinion, James J. Corbett, with Tommy Loughran second and Gene Tunney third.

Q.—When did Harry Greb die and from what?

A.—In 1928, from an eye infection.

A steady reader

Q.—When was Stanley Ketchel born and where?

A.—Grand Rapids, Michigan, September 14, 1887. Died from a bullet wound on October 15, 1910.

Q.—How tall was he and what did he weigh?

A.—Five feet 9¾ and 159 pounds.

Q.—Did he smoke cigarettes and did he always wear a cap?

A.—Occasionally. Often but not always.

Constant reader, Phila, Pa.

Q.—I am nineteen years old and have the following measurements: Neck, 14¾; chest, 39; biceps, 12½; calf, 7; height, 5 feet 6; ankle, 9½; thigh, 20¾; forearm, 11¼ and waist, 28. Am I well built for a fighter? Would I benefit by the book you sell, "How to Increase your Height"?

A.—You are well built. The book would give you stretching exercises that might help, but at your age, I don't think you'd gain much. Get "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box." They'll help considerably.

Franklin Simonds, Reading, Pa.

Q.—I have read much in The Ring advertisements about the Atlas, and Jowett courses and about the Hercules and McFadden exercisers. What is your candid opinion about these? There is so much buncombe advertised these days to get the suckers, that I hesitate although I want to enroll in one or more and get the home exercises.

A.—Well, Franklin, here's my candid opinion. I never let an ad get into "The Ring" before I thoroughly acquaint myself with the merchandise they place on sale. I have the McFadden and Hercules exercisers and I have the Atlas and Jowett courses and can safely recommend each. They are excellent. We have tossed out of "The Ring" a number of ads that we found were fakes. Get any of the above or all and you'll be highly satisfied.

Mack Les, El Paso, Texas

Q.—I wish to take up physical culture and become a fair boxer, wrestler and all-around strong man. Large muscles and a well-developed body are my main objectives. Would you suggest that I take up the Earle Leiderman course or some other course?

A.—I would suggest that you take up the Jowett and Atlas courses. They are by far the best, and worth while, in addition to being well within the pocketbook of the average boy of today. I would also suggest that you get the indoor gymnasium outfits of the Hercules and Michael McFadden concerns. You'll be pleased with these. Every boy who cannot go to a regular gymnasium should have the McFadden and Hercules exercisers in his home or in his barn if in the country.

Thomas Osborne, Troy, New York

Q.—Every time I do bending exercises I get a pain in the groin. I thought at first I had appendix trouble, but I found out that I have a slight rupture but not sufficient to halt my training. What is your advice?

A.—Any kind of rupture is sufficient to halt your training. Don't continue, as you'll increase that rupture and then be forced to undergo an operation. Lay off and see your doctor. Take his expert medical advice. It doesn't pay to fool with trouble.

Isaiah Fink, London, Eng.

Q.—Would you regard the American system of training better than the British?

A.—It all depends. I think our system is better because our style of fighting is different from the English. For our boring-in, aggressive style, our training is better than the style adopted by your people who seek mostly cleverness. No matter what system you employ, I would advise that you get "Training for Boxing" and "How to Box." They are worth a trial. You'll find them ideal training books. The United States Naval Academy has adopted them as textbooks.

Marie Swobodin, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Dear Editor—I recently read where you urged that women be banned from appearing on the stage or in a club in a public boxing exhibition. May I suggest that you drop a little of your old-fashioned "fogeyness" and take a few tips of American, up-to-date common sense thinking. I wish I had you with me for a day. I'd convert you. Why shouldn't we women be permitted to earn an honest living by boxing two or three times a day in public exhibitions if we want to? You say that we might develop a cancer? What of it if we do? Isn't that our business, not yours? You old fogey. I thought your picture looked too handsome. When did you have it taken? Before you began to take a dislike to women? Come on, Nat, be a sport? I'll like you then.

A.—Thanks for the ride, Marie. How I would like to be in your company for a day. What a grand time we would have—you and I, arguing over the rights of women? Eh? Well, Marie, I may be an old fogey to you, but the girls still love me and most of them continue to praise my stand against women in boxing. No, Marie, I won't retract. What I said before, goes. I'm against women appearing in public in boxing and wrestling and shall continue to argue for drastic measures against such exhibitions because, contrary to your statement, when a woman takes a chance of developing a cancer in her breast by constant punches, those who have it within their power to prevent it, must do all within their means to save that woman from the dreadful disease. Women were made for better purposes than to die from cancer. Some day you'll agree that my stand was the correct one. Think it over, Marie.

Tom Sloan, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—Is Al McCoy still alive?

A.—Yes, very much so. He is living in Hollywood, where he is a trainer of boxers and a fight manager.

Mark Stiles, Denver, Colorado

Q.—What is Hans Steinke doing? Why don't we hear much about him in wrestling any more?

A.—Steinke is now a movie actor. He has appeared in several recent Hollywood productions. He appeared in one recently with Nat Pendleton, another of the New York wrestlers of a few years ago. He has been wrestling in California.

Louie Rohmeyer, Auburndale, Wis.

Q.—In your opinion, were all the heavyweight champions from Corbett to Sharkey in their prime today, who would win a tournament? I think Fitzsimmons would win.

Q.—How would they have fared against Sam Langford?

A.—Langford would have whipped Sharkey, Schmeling, Tunney and Willard, but I think Corbett, Fitz, Johnson, Jeff and Dempsey would have taken the measure of Old Tham.

Q.—How would Bill Brennan have fared against Max Baer?

A.—A toss-up.

Walter Miller, Woodlawn, N. Y.

Q.—I am seventeen years old and like to box and to play football, but in doing so, I always suffered injured fingers. When boxing I always hurt my thumb and the pain lasts for several days. What exercises would you suggest to eliminate this? Do you recommend boxing and football as body builders? What forms of exercises would you suggest to add shapeliness to the legs?

A.—You should bandage the hands well and study carefully how to make a fist and how to develop a punch. Apparently you don't hit properly. Study "Training for Boxing" and "How to Box." Exercises for strengthening the thumb will be found in these. Open and shut the hands. Squeeze a ball until you get a tight grip. Make a fist while running or walking and keep squeezing a ball while doing so. Chin the bar and the motion in rising and going down will develop strong thumbs. As for the legs, stretching exercises, the dip, kicking exercises, the split, work on a rowing machine and on a bicycle will aid shaping the legs to the point of "beauty."

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

IN addition to the excitement attending the death of Ernie Schaaf, there were plenty of other exciting fistic incidents during the past month. Included in the list were:

Young Corbett deprived Jackie Fields of the welterweight crown; Gorilla Jones disposed of a dangerous middleweight contender in knocking out Sammy Slaughter in seven rounds; Seaman Watson upset the dope in winning a clean-cut victory over Fidel La Barba; Baby Palmore, a newcomer, scoring a one-round knockout over Speedy Dado and Eddie Kid Wolfe stopping the winning streak of Teddy Yarosz after 63 rounds. Marty Fox kayoed Lew Barba in two rounds and lost to Don Petrin. Vincent Parrile kayoed Casimir in three rounds and was disqualified in two rounds with Marcel Moret. Dick Daniels kayoed Mickey Patrick in four rounds. Bob Moody whipped Pietro Corri. Abie Feldman trimmed Johnny Rousseau.

Among the light-heavyweights, Maxey Rosenbloom still reigns supreme. He whipped Al Stillman in two starts. Adolph Heuser defeated Harry Ebbets. Joe Knight defeated Battling Bozo and kayoed Eddie McCarthy in seven rounds. Bob Godwin kayoed Johnny Miles in six rounds and won from Russ Rowsey. Rowsey was stopped in nine rounds by Eric Lawson. George Nichols finished George Forrester in the second round. Al White won over Sam Portney.

In the middleweight ranks, Ben Jeby finished Paul Pirrone in six rounds. Pirrone disposed of Patsy Pollock in one heat. Gorilla Jones kayoed Sammy Slaughter in seven rounds and whipped

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

These are my ratings for the month ending February 24:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jack Sharkey	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Young Corbett
1—Max Schmeling	Adolph Heuser	Ben Jeby	Jackie Fields
2—Primo Carnera	Joe Knight	Gorilla Jones	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Max Baer	Bob Godwin	Kid Tunero	Billy Petrolle
4—Johnny Risko	John Henry Lewis	Vince Dundee	Baby Joe Gans
5—Tommy Loughran	Al Gainer	Dave Shade	Eddie Kid Wolfe
6—King Levinsky	Billy Jones	Sammy Slaughter	Teddy Yarosz
7—Stanley Poreda	Harry Ebbets	Frank Battaglia	Andy Callahan
8—Joe Sekyra	Lew Scozza	Johnny Indrisano	Paulie Walker
9—Tuffy Griffiths	George Manley	Young Terry	Jimmy Phillips
10—Pierre Charles	Norman Conrad	Marty Sampson	Bep Van Klaveren

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Barney Ross	Seaman Watson	Pete Sanstol	Midget Wolgast
2—Wesley Ramey	Freddy Miller	Newsboy Brown	Jackie Brown
3—Benny Bass	Baby Arizmendi	Baby Palmore	Ginger Foran
4—Sammy Fuller	Tommy Paul	Speedy Dado	Kid Mura
5—Eddie Cool	Varias Milling	Young Casanova	Babe Triscaro
6—Tracey Cox	Fidel La Barba	Young Tommy	Praxille Gyde
7—Young Peter Jackson	Lew Feldman	Joe Tieken	Mickey McGuire
8—Joe Ghnouly	Nel Tarleton	Mose Butch	Valentin Anglemann
9—Battling Shaw	Eddie Shea	Harry Fierro	Phil Tobias
10—Tony Falco	Johnny Pena	Little Pancho	Maurice Huguenin

starts in winning the verdict, were among the month's flashes.

Chief interest, of course, lay in the Carnera-Schaaf affair which ended in the thirteenth round. In other heavyweight bouts Tommy Loughran won over Walter Cobb. Johnny Risko banged out a victory over King Levinsky. Levinsky whipped Unknown Winston and kayoed K. O. Christner in five rounds. Tuffy Griffiths stopped Otto Von Porat in the eighth session.

Pierre Charles whipped Walter Neusel while the German scored over George Cook. Larry Gains won on a foul from Reggie Meen in four sessions. Paulino Uzcudun whipped Salvatore Ruggirello and kayoed Giacomo Bergomas in the first heat. Hans Birkie whipped Eddie Simms and Red Barry. Barry was also beaten by Les Kennedy.

Joe Sekyra stopped Isadoro Gastanaga in the fourth round, and whipped Jack Roper. Gastanaga kayoed Babe Hunt in three rounds. Tiger Jack Fox kayoed Humerto Arce in four rounds and lost to George Godfrey. Godfrey and Bearcat Wright were tossed from the ring in the sixth session. Tony Cancela drew with Maxie Pink, kayoed Pedro Lopez and lost to Charley Massare. Pink defeated Red Boyette and Tony De Stefano. Harold Mays kayoed Herman Heller and lost to Tony Galento.

Patsy Perroni disposed of Joe Doctor in three rounds. Arturo Godoy kayoed Rufino Alvarez in five rounds and Dewey Kimrey in six. Obie Walker finished Larry Crabtree in four rounds and Joe Doctor in two. Ray Impellitiere finished Charley Wepner in one round. Les Marriner whipped Babe Hunt. Fred Lenhart kayoed Tony Poloni in five

Rosy Kid Baker. Kid Tunero scored over Kid Nitram and Franta Nekolny. Johnny Indrisano whipped Lou Brouillard in his first showing in the middleweight ranks. Young Terry won over Jack Rosenberg and Jimmy Smith. Eddie Murdock whipped Battling Dozier, Leonard Bennett and kayoed Wildman Marcias in nine rounds. Marty Sampson disposed of Ray Tramblie in one round.

Frankie O'Brien scored over Tom Jones and kayoed Kid Leonard in seven rounds and Alabama Kid in eight. Billy Ketchell whipped Wally Sears and finished Billy Roederer in five rounds. Rudy Marshall won over Leo Larrivee and Joe Smallwood. Al Rossi won from Abie Bain. Frank Goosby defeated Joe Ruggazzoni and Paul Delaney. Eddie Flynn won over Buster Mallini. Tommy Freeman whipped Manuel Quintero.

The change of champions was the most important event in the welterweight division. Young Corbett will be a mighty difficult champion to defeat because of his style. Baby Joe Gans kayoed Ralph Landis in three rounds. Eddie Kid Wolfe triumphed over Teddy Yarosz and kayoed Dwight Fryer in three rounds. Paulie Walker whipped Tiger Joe Randall, Tommy Rios, and drew with Jimmy Phillips. Phillips also drew with Eddie Ran. Ran defeated Frankie Petrolle. Cerefino Garcia stopped Johnny Romero in eight rounds and Charley Conn in nine. Billy Townsend won over Tommy Bland. Manuel Quintero scored over Billy Holt. Victor Lotti defeated Frankie Petrolle. Rufus Miles whipped Gus Campbell.

Tony Canzoneri, lightweight ruler, stepped out of the class to dispose of Billy Townsend in one round and to defeat Pete Nebo. Nebo was also beaten by Wildcat O'Connor. Barney Ross whipped Tommy Grogan and kayoed Johnny Datto in two rounds. George Riley disposed of Datto in the third round. Grogan scored over Eddie Anderson. Wesley Ramey defeated Steve Haliako, Eddie Ran and Battling Shaw. Benny Bass kayoed Sid Lampe in two rounds and whipped Phil Zwick. Eddie Cool split two decisions with Harry Dublinsky. Dublinsky also defeated Lou Terry and was beaten by Tony Falco. Falco kayoed Santiago Zorilla in one round.

Johnny Jadick drew with Johnny Lucas and was beaten by Battling Shaw. Shaw was whipped by Joe Ghnouly. Tracey Cox defeated Joe Marcus. Marcus stopped Maxie Strub in eight rounds. Young Peter Jackson kayoed Abie Miller in five rounds. Cocoa Kid lost to Harry Carlton and whipped Louis Kid Kaplan. Billy Wallace scored over Jimmy Alvarado and Louis Severo. Cecil Payne drew with Don Kennedy, whipped Huerta Evans and kayoed Claude Varner.

Chino Alvarez disposed of Battling Gizzy in five sessions. Tiger Burns whipped Erwin Berlier. Frankie Klick stopped Tony Melore in six rounds. Prince Saunders drew with Mike Dundee. Al Wing Lee scored over Mickey Cohen. Petey Gulotta whipped Jack Rose and Pedro Nieves. Frankie Carlton won from Harry Alexanian. Frank Bojorski won over Marty McHale. Al Ciullo whipped Al Dunbar, Frankie Marchese and drew with Frankie Kid Bruno.

Among the featherweights, Seaman Watson heads the list with his victory over Fidel La Barba. Fidel scored over Mose Butch in a later bout. Baby Arizmendi whipped Speedy Dado. Varias Milling kayoed Paul Dazzo in one round and won over Dario Moreno. Dazzo whipped Ross Fields. Tommy Paul kayoed Willie Cubic in seven sessions. Eddie Shea disposed of Snooks Campbell in the seventh round. Johnny Pena drew with Jackie Sharkey. Petey Sarron and Charley Von Reeden went to a draw. Miki Gelb scored over Albert Ladou. Frankie Wallace whipped Johnny Mitchell. Abie Israel defeated Bobby Gray.

Al Brown, head of the bantams, won from Henry Poutrain. Baby Palmore kayoed Speedy Dado in one round. Baby Casanova disposed of Phil Tobias in four rounds. Young Tommy won over Joe Tieken. Little Pancho, having outgrown the flyweight class, will now be listed among the bantams. He whipped Bobby Leitham and lost to Harry Fierro. Mose Butch kayoed Joe Palazzola in two rounds and Matty Mathison in ten. Young Perez won from Emile Pladner. Nick Scalba whipped Joe Boggi, Antol Kocsis and kayoed Johnny Ladao in two rounds.

Midget Wolgast seems to be taking steps to make the flyweight division active. During the month he whipped Nick Montano, Billy Landers, kayoed Billy Passamento in seven rounds and drew with Jackie Wilson. Mura, a Frenchman, whipped Jackie Brown, European titleholder, in an overweight match. Frankie Genaro, making a comeback, whipped Jose Fino. Praxille Gyde whipped Maurice Huguenin. Ginger Foran defeated Mickey McGuire.

The eight leading prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Joey Zelano, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Bantamweight—George Leone, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Featherweight—Al Roth, New York City.
Lightweight—Danny Rosen, New York City.
Welterweight—Jackie Davis, Cleveland, Ohio.
Middleweight—Ron Richards, Australia.
Light-heavyweight—Sammy Schaffman, New York City.
Heavyweight—Tommy Baxter, Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN—A Gland Tonic—FREE

Science has now found a way of supplying the body with gland secretions which certain glands often fail to produce sufficiently and which are absolutely necessary for building health, strength and vitality. You can have *free proof.* Send for our wonderful GLAND TONIC—GOLDGLAN—and Try It 20 Days ABSOLUTELY FREE—NO OBLIGATION

This successful treatment has brought pep and strength to thousands of run-down, weak men and women. Should quickly do the same for *you!* NO LETTER NECESSARY. Just send this ad with your name and address and 10c for postage and packing. Complete treatment sent at once.

Medical Aid Bureau, 529 S. La Salle St., Chicago. Dept. GA- 443

THIN? Would you like to increase your weight ten, twenty, thirty pounds or more? Write for free information on How to Rapidly Put on Weight and How to Keep it.

Dr. E. L. Holt, 512 Haas Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

FEBRUARY will be remembered as one of the most tragic months that the boxing game has encountered in years. Five deaths of famed fistic men were recorded. The Grim Reaper handed the count to Ernie Schaaf, "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, Hymie Cantor, New York manager and former boxer, who was responsible for the development of Ruby Goldstein; Chuck Oldis, veteran fight announcer, and Adam Fischer, well-known referee of the New York National Guard Armory bouts.

The Carnera-Schaaf calamity captured the headlines for many days, and the newspapers overworked themselves in trying to detect flaws in the bout that culminated in a knockout for Carnera and, later, the demise of Schaaf. Then the reformers started a campaign for the repeal of boxing, which is a natural occurrence every time a fatality takes place.

It is natural to assume that the exponents of those anti-boxing crews are not sincere. Anything identified with the boxing game is an easy avenue for publicity ventures and those gentlemen always await such an opportunity. Thirteen deaths were recorded among both amateur and professional boxers during 1932, while more than three hundred and thirty were listed in the football field during the same length of time. Yet no protests were ever seriously made for the suppression of football. It's only boxing that's attacked.

Schaaf had spent six days in the hospital, suffering from the flu, two weeks before the Carnera match. It is believed that he did not have sufficient strength to concede a sixty-pound weight advantage to Carnera and come through successfully. The fact that Carnera was a greatly improved fighter was overlooked and, judging him by his fight against Schaaf, he could have whipped any heavyweight in the world that night.

Carnera was badly handled in the past, and he was accused of fighting too many setups. In the last six months, he has tackled all available opposition and his improvement was apparent to those who watched him closely. Although he lacks the hitting powers of a giant commensurate with his weight, he boxes exceptionally well for a big man and his defence is better than the average.

Schaaf collapsed after a terrific beating about the head. Most of Carnera's clublike blows were directed in back of Schaaf's head, where the base of the brain is located, and it was through that medium that Schaaf's senses were becoming dulled gradually. The last blow, a straight left jab, was evidently not watched closely. It was a long, powerful punch and contained every bit of power behind Carnera's shoulders. Schaaf's resistance was weak and the terrific thumping that he had taken for twelve rounds previously, was responsible for the collapse.

It remained for Schaaf to die before many skeptics were convinced that the fight was on the level.

Commissioner William Muldoon's edict that forbids Jack Sharkey from defending his title against Carnera, because of his size, sounds like a bit of farce comedy. If Sharkey is not able to defend his title against Carnera, then he shouldn't hold the title of heavyweight champion. Even allowing for Carnera's immense improvement, Carnera proved on previous occasions that he is far from invincible. He was beaten by Jim Maloney, Larry Gains, Young Stribling, and King Levinsky was good enough to earn the referee's verdict against Carnera in Chicago, though the two judges decided in favor of Carnera.

The truth hurts and one must sacrifice his pride if he wants to reveal the real information. That goes for many sports writers. The truth is that Carnera has improved beyond the comprehension of certain writers and they hate to concede the truth. Carnera is a powerful poison for any heavyweight to contend with and that includes Sharkey, Schmeling and Baer. The rest of them are jokes compared to what Carnera showed in the Schaaf fray.

Adolph Heuser and Harry Ebbets supplied the real fireworks in the ten-round semi-final to Carnera and Schaaf. Ebbets was floored in the first round and almost immediately dropped Heuser with the next punch. Harry was down again in the second round but gave a display of courage that was seldom equalled. He fought with a terrible rip over his eye during the last six rounds and was trading blow for blow with Heuser until the finish. Ebbets received a tremendous ovation at the finish.

Heuser proved himself to be a rugged, two-fisted customer, liable to whip anyone in the light-heavyweight ranks, including Maxey Rosenbloom. Marty Fox finished Lew Barba in the second round while Bob Moody looked good in winning from Pietro Corri. Lew Poster drew with Eddie Malcolm in the opening bout. The Garden was jammed to capacity and the receipts hit the $40,000 mark.

Earl Mastro spent several weeks in New York—Mastro is through with the ring and is touring with the "Follow Through" show and is content with his new environment—Charley Bennett and Bobby Dawson have doubled up as partners in the training of boxers—Bennett has already started raving about a new heavyweight prospect from Indianapolis, Tom Brunn—Ed Prante, heavyweight pride of the Philadelphia Marines, will be discharged from the service shortly and Jack Laken expects big things from his charge.

Jack Allen, manager of Billy Townsend, is expected to do some promoting in Toronto at the Maple Leaf Gardens—He is also nursing Allen Foster, young featherweight from Vancouver, and the kid has shown so much improvement that he looks ready to meet the best 126 pounders in the country—Sam Jordan, now running shows at the Music Hall in Cincinnati, used to manage Danny Dunn, present manager of Johnny Risko, 25 years ago—Tony Catalano, through his manager, Frankie Travis, claims the New England lightweight title, through victories over Paris Apice and a seven-round kayo over Pancho Villa—Tony Falco, since moving to New York under the management of George Engle, has advanced so much that Engle is confident that he has the next lightweight champion—Mose Butch, Pittsburgh bantam, is one of the new southpaws who was able to switch his style without suffering any ill effects. He gave Fidel La Barba a very close fight in his last start and expects to leave for the Coast with his manager, Jack London.

It remained for Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis welterweight, to break the winning streak of Teddy Yarosz, undefeated Pittsburgh welterweight—Yarosz had gone along for sixty-three fights without a defeat—He had beaten Wolfe and drew with him on two other occasions and the third meeting turned the tide for Wolfe—Al Cuillo, Brooklyn lightweight, has joined the armories and Murray Waxman, his nimble mentor, expects to see him crowned king before long—Cleveland drew a capacity crowd in their middleweight show at the Public Auditorium—Gorilla Jones turned in a great win when he kayoed Sammy Slaughter in seven rounds and Ben Jeby disposed of Paul Pirrone in the sixth when Eddie Mead refused to allow Pirrone to come out for the round.

Seaman Watson established himself solidly in the La Barba fight and when he returns from England, his match with Chocolate should attract plenty of customers—On the same program, Benny Bass disposed of Sid Lampe in two rounds—Al Roth kayoed Jerry Mazza in the sixth round—Nick Scalba whipped Antol Kocsis and George Riley drew with Ray Meyers—The show drew $13,000—King Levinsky flattened K. O. Christner in five rounds at the St. Nick's but was far from impressive—In his next start he turned in a good victory over Unknown Winston in Philly—On the same card, Maxie Pink drew with Tony Cancela, a stablemate of the King's—Hans Birkie gained an unpopular verdict over Red Barry on another of the St. Nick programs—Jimmy Johnston, Jr., is now making the matches and is trying to satisfy the patrons with young, local talent who have possibilities of developing into drawing cards.

Tony Canzoneri again showed signs of invincibility when he put Billy Townsend away in the first minute of their meeting at the Garden—It was an unexpected finish and the fans were somewhat disappointed but they did not know who was to blame so they showed their discontent by booing but at no one in particular—A terrific right-hand punch to the body and a finishing left hook climaxed the battle—Frankie Klick stopped Tony Malore in the final round of the six-round semi-final—Nick Pastore and Joe Rossi slugged through six rounds to a draw—Petey Gulotta whipped Jack Rose in a scorching battle while Miki Gelb outpointed Albert Landou and Augie Ruggiere triumphed over Frankie Nour—The show drew around $15,000—The only big match that could compete with the heavyweights among small fellows is that between Canzoneri and McLarnin and there is no telling just how high the gate would reach—With the twelve pounds in his favor, McLarnin would be no more than even money in the betting.

In the annual ratings of THE RING, there is always bound to be some deserving gladiator overlooked in the shuffle and for 1933 we plead guilty to overlooking Charley Retzlaff, Duluth heavyweight, Johnny Pena, New York featherweight, Bobby Fernandez, El Paso featherweight, and Tony Catalano, Providence lightweight, and possibly some others who belonged there—Retzlaff, who gave many fine performances last year, certainly rated among the first fifteen and Pena is also rated highly among the featherweights.

Furnished among the month's novelties was the passing of the welterweight title from the hands of Jackie Fields to Young Corbett. Fields has been handicapped during the past two years because of bad eyes and other ailments and the change figures to be an improvement upon the division. Corbett is a southpaw, and a formidable fighter besides. He is a solid puncher and has a crafty, enigmatic style that may baffle the McLarnin's and Petrolle's who will soon be in pursuit.

It is hoped that Corbett does not assume a safety-first attitude, and steps out against the most dangerous contender, which, more than anything will revive the division—Barney Ross added another victory to his lengthy list by conquering Tommy Grogan in decisive fashion and it won't be long before he steps in against Canzoneri for the world's lightweight title—Incidentally, Canzoneri engaged in a tune-up fight in Miami against Pete Nebo and came through with flying colors—The announced retirement of Louis Kid Kaplan from the ring takes away a fearless, plucky, two-fisted fighter who was a credit to the game, in every sense of the word.

Johnny Risko made another successful comeback into New York when he slammed out a well earned victory over King Levinsky in the closing boxing show for February at the Garden—It was the old-time, plunging Risko and he found a good companion in Levinsky to slug it out—Charley Massare scored over Tony Cancela in the eight-round semi-final, after a bitterly contested tussle—Abie Feldman redeemed himself against Johnny Rousseau by giving him a good trouncing in six rounds, scoring a knockdown in the fourth—Al White outpointed Sam Portney; Tom Walsh whipped George Pavlick and Jimmy Flinker defeated Barney Baker in the opening fray—Tuffy Griffiths scored a technical kayo over Otto Von Porat when the latter failed to come out for the eighth round—Isadoro Gastanaga kayoed Babe Hunt in three rounds; Joe Sekyra trimmed Jack Roper while Marty Sampson turned in a one-round knockout over Ray Tramblie.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

SOME of this and a little of that—Joe Humphreys, famous New York announcer, started in the fight game while a butcher . . . . Jimmy Clabby, Hammond, Ind., boxer, was welterweight champion in 1910 and 1911 . . . . Gil Boag was a boxing promoter before he signed to manage Gilda Gray, shimmy queen . . . . Jimmy Johnston, Madison Square Garden matchmaker, was the first to use the long distance telephone in closing a match, when he spent $30 for a three-minute talk with Willie Richie, who was in San Francisco, when he agreed to box Freddie Welsh at the old Garden.

Mrs. Lola Bourque and Jean Mackie have remodeled their luncheon concession at Trafton's gymnasium, 180 West Randolph Street . . . . A Hollywood, Cal., movie actress has been hired to hold up the cards, identifying the rounds at the bi-monthly shows promoted by Pep Kerwin at White City.

Sid Terris, former eastern lightweight, didn't receive a black eye in 163 bouts . . . . There is no audible count when a boxer is knocked down in the Olympic games. He must guess when 10 seconds have expired . . . . Pete Sanstol, Montreal, Can., bantamweight, has applied for the proper forms which will lead to United States citizenship . . . . Frankie O'Brien, Hartford, Conn., middleweight, doesn't drill on Sunday, being a devout believer in church and rest on the Sabbath Day . . . . Ike Dorgan shoots 95 for 18 holes of golf and Jack Kofoed, 86 . . . . Al Retzlaff, a Charley Retzlaff relation, is fighting out of Leonard, N. D. . . . . Paul Berlenbach, who lives at 21-55 27th Street, Astoria, N. Y., broke up a $100,000 trust fund following the loss of his $35,000 home.

Harvey Johnson, Chicago Stadium switchboard operator, was doing Frankie Harmon's publicity work for the shows at Washington Boulevard auditorium . . . . K. O. Christner, Akron, O., heavyweight, is reported to possess $96,000, the bulk of the money he has made as a ringster . . . . California's boxing commission is composed of a banker, a doctor and a minister, theoretically providing the game with expert knowledge of its three main elements—money, medicine and morals.

From here and there we learn that—the Richard Shikat-John Evko bout at the Rainbo Fronton, which was recognized as a contest and not an exhibition by the Illinois Athletic Commission, drew $1,914 . . . . Harry Weiss, manager of Sammy Levine, and matchmaker of the amateur cards at the 24th Ward Democratic club, which is headed by Moe Rosenberg, lives at 3919 Filmore Street . . . . R. A. Goudie, Illinois Boxing Commission fight judge, has been promoted from a sergeant of the Rogers Park police district to a lieutenant . . . . Tom (Seaman) Watson is the first English featherweight champion to box in this country since Jem Driscoll met Abe Attell twenty-three years ago.

Abe Lyman, noted orchestra maestro, has taught Jack Dempsey how to lead a band . . . . Ben Jeby's pa had hoped to make a painter of the New York middleweight champion . . . . Jack Britton, former welterweight titleholder, has obtained a license to referee in New York . . . . Jimmy Bronson says times are so tough a fighter is lucky if he isn't asked to loan his manager money.

Bob Moha, ex-middleweight, was fourteen years old when he boxed as a professional for the first time. He met Jack Robinson at Memphis, Tenn., in an eight-rounder for a guarantee of $350 over twenty years ago.

Here are some fistic chips—George Donoghue, member of the Central A. A. U. boxing committee, is on the South Park board . . . . Eddie Siegal has signed a five-year contract to manage Ed Wills, South Side light-heavyweight.

Packey McFarland, Illinois Athletic commission member, commutes to Chicago daily, making his headquarters at the National Democratic offices in Parlor L of the Sherman hotel . . . . Jack Dempsey and Leonard Sacks have severed business relations, but they still are the best of friends . . . . Mique Malloy, Chicago fight promoter, was in St. Louis, Mo., to promote a six-day bicycle race.

The Speedy Dado-Baby Arizmendi battle at Los Angeles, Cal., drew $8,000, the latest in their feud . . . . Baby Carnera, Des Moines, Ia., light-heavyweight, has placed himself under the management of Sam Buxbaum.

Frankie Harmon, son of the late Paddy Harmon, can be reached at Dearborn 7895 in the afternoons . . . . Gracie Allen, radio comedienne, is searching for her supposed-to-be lost brother among the boxers here.

Do you know that—Eddie Shea, South Side featherweight, went to Miami Beach, Fla., due to the illness of his wife, who needed a different climate? . . . . Jack Hurley, manager of Billy Petrolle and Charley Retzlaff, has thousands of dollars in a Chicago safe deposit vault? . . . . Chuck Logan, who trained Freddy Caserio and Nick Scialaba into Golden Gloves championships, had hopes to do the same with Tom Petros, light-heavyweight? . . . . Davey Day, West Side featherweight, hopes to follow in the footsteps of Barney Ross? . . . . William Bostleman, manager of Johnny Phagan and Ray Tramblie, is proprietor of the Bostleman Beverage Company at Western Avenue and Lake Street?

The setup for the international Golden Gloves matches at Soldiers' Field in July is to be used for the contemplated Tony Canzoneri-Barney Ross lightweight championship bout in August? . . . . One Hutchinson was Jack Dempsey's secretary in Chicago? . . . . And Sammy Spunt, brother of Danny Spunt, is doing nicely as a referee?

Patsy Rocco, former East Chicago middleweight, now an iron worker in the steel mills of Indiana, and Mrs. Rocco are celebrating the fourth birthday of their son. Rocco, who now weighs 170 pounds, was almost left a hopeless cripple after a truck crushed him against a wall a year and a half ago.

Eddie Siegal, former manager of King Levinsky, has offered Barney Abel 25 cents a pound for Cecil (Seal) Harris, 225-pound Negro boxer . . . . Billy Townsend, Vancouver, B. C. junior-welterweight, is a hard puncher, but his effectiveness suffers because of his wide open style . . . .

Kid Irish, Dave Mearns' featherweight challenger, proved while defeating Little Pal at Cicero Stadium last week that he can be as good or bad a fighter as he wishes. He demonstrated in the early part of the bout that if he continues his clowning he never will accomplish much.

Harry Schuman, brother of Solly Schuman, co-proprietor with Benny Reitman of the theater restaurant at Ogden and Hamlin Avenues, should feel proud of his accomplishment in a match with Solly Dukelsky, Monday. He redeemed himself, somewhat, for the unfortunate ending of his contest with Johnny Phagan.

HOT SHOTS—Sam Haas, Los Angeles, Cal., has signed to manage Jack Moran . . . . George Nichols, former light-heavyweight champion, is trainer for Kit Klein, winner of the women's races at the National speed skating championships at Oconomowoc, Wis. . . . . Jim Corbett, former heavyweight champion, was a great believer in the following rule: Make friends with your stomach. It's your best and a mighty necessary ally. When you get the punch you'll find that it comes from the stomach.

Dick Axman recently sold an Evening Story, "Show Goes On" to the Chicago *Daily News* for $8. He is collaborating with Gene Morgan in the novelization of a fight story . . . . Johnny Phagan and Kid Irish were instrumental in drawing 1,489 fans to a Cicero Stadium show. Receipts were $1,275.56 . . . . Frankie Sikora, former boxer, is a masseur at the Midwest Athletic club. He receives $1,800 a year.

Joey Sangor, ex-Milwaukee featherweight, gives his older brother, Lew, full credit for helping him make a success of boxing . . . . William Harold Durham, veteran boxing writer, now is living in Milwaukee . . . . Jim Jeffries gave Tom Sharkey his cauliflower ears.

JABS AND JOLTS—Sidney Strotz, co-receiver of Chicago Stadium, believes the big West Side building will be out of receivership by May . . . . Sammy Abruscato's new nickname is Tuxedo Sam . . . . Cepak and Harry Mueller, Illinois Athletic commission referee, often slept together in small railroad stations for hours at a time and then fought viciously.

Little Pal's right name is Mike Primich . . . . Earl Mastro, former Chicago featherweight, was in New York . . . . Harry Booker, national Catholic featherweight champion, is married and has had a blessed event . . . . Nine hundred and eighty-three paid $983 to attend a banquet in honor of Packey McFarland, former middleweight boxer, present Illinois Athletic commissioner, given by Joliet, Ill., citizens. Packey has been a citizen of Joliet for eighteen years. He paid $165,000 for a flat building at 61st Street and Bennett Avenue, Chicago.

Harry Gilmore was McFarland's manager until 1911, when Emil Thiry directed Packey's ring activities . . . . Charley Cutler, former wrestling champion, has gained 65 pounds since retiring as a wrestler, now weighing 270 . . . . Streator Billy Myers, the old Streator, Ill., Cyclone, is superintendent of Sportsmen's Park in Cicero. He now lives at 6127 St. Lawrence Avenue, Chicago.

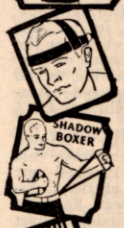
Freddy Miller, featherweight champion, is an orphan, his father dying a year ago and his mother going to her reward in 1924. Freddy, born Mueller at Cincinnati, O., twenty-one years ago, is married. He has a baby daughter, Patricia Ann, who is six months old. The champion bought a nine-room residence at 2496 Jefferson Avenue in Cincinnati after his dad died.

Freddy's younger brother, Lewis, aged nineteen, started a ring career two years ago. An automobile accident early last year retired him temporarily. Three sisters, two of whom are married, complete the Mueller family. Freddy is a conscientious fellow, always trying to improve on whatever he undertakes. His hobby is racing greyhounds, several of which he owns.

BUILD BIG HUSKY MUSCLES for ONLY $2.75

Send No Money!

Complete Gym Outfit!



You save over half on this big home Gym Outfit and amazing course of Physical Culture. Husky 10-Cable Exerciser adjustable to 200 lbs. resistance. Wall Apparatus for back and shoulder development. Hand Grip for husky wrists and Forearms Head Gear. Foot Harness, the Great Shadow Boxer. Novel Rowing parts, complete Course of Instructions "How to Box" "How to Get Strong," "For Men Only," "30-Day Training Schedule." All This—For Only $2.75. Act quickly before offer expires. Send your name and address. We'll ship everything out by return mail. Pay postman only $2.75 plus postal charges. Outside U. S. cash with order.

AJAX EXERCISE CO.
49 East 21st St.
Dept. D-12, New York, N.Y.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
108 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Now Ready — NEW BOOKS

The Ring Book Shop has added the following new books to its athletic library:

The Life and Methods of Primo Carnera. By Leon See. **Price 50 cents.**

My Methods. By Georges Carpentier. **Price $1.00**

Jiu Jitsu, and Other Methods of Self-Defense. Price 50 cents

Textbook of Jiu Jitsu. By S. K. Uyenishi. **Price $1.50**

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd Street New York City

A BIG BUY!
NOW only 20 cents—Only 200 left
While They Last
BOWERY LIFE by Chuck Connors
The story of New York's Chinatown, illustrated, written by one of her greatest celebrities.
Regular price, 50 cents. Special Now 20 cents.
THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd Street New York City
No C.O.D. orders.—No Dealers' Discounts on these.

Attention, Ring Readers

Through an arrangement with the Everlast Sports Goods Co., all readers of "The Ring" are entitled to a 15 per cent reduction on Everlast merchandise. This does not include books. **Send for The Ring-Everlast card to THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.** Add 10 cents for postage.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JACK PETERSON, the 21-year-old English heavyweight champion, successfully defended his title against Jack Pettifer, the 6-foot, 7½-inch tall King's Cross giant, by knocking the latter out in the twelfth round after a fierce fight.

No time was wasted on strategic moves and the whole fight was void of infighting. Peterson would have got the hiding of his life had he not taken the fight to his opponent. The fight saw the attempt to come back by the veteran promoter Jack Callaghan, but high prices for the seats were the reason for a poor house.

Ted Broadribb and his son-in-law, Don McCorkindale, looking very tanned, arrived home in time to see Walter Neusel, the blond German, outpoint George Cook, the Australian, in 12 fast stanzas, in the first show of the New Year at the Albert Hall. Neusel gave me the impression of boxing below his best form but he was content to jab off Cook's spasmodic attacks. It transpired afterwards that Neusel had injured his right hand.

Lauri Raiteri, the London-Italian, who is termed here as the English Mickey Walker, gave his best performance to date when he knocked out Leo Bandias, the Australian cruiser, at the Crystal Palace, in two sessions. This feat has not been done by anyone before and Bandias's past opponents include Jack Peterson and Eddie Phillips.

Harry Crossley, who went into retirement when he lost his cruiser weight championship to Jack Peterson last may, has been given another opportunity to regain his championship by the Board of Control. The title was declared vacant when Jack Peterson, the holder, decided to box in future as a heavyweight. Len Harvey is to meet Eddie Phillips and the winner is to meet Crossley. The eventual winner will be recognized as the champion.

Crossley owns a fish and chip shop and this was one of his reasons for retiring.

The former amateur cruiser champion of Canada, Ted Phillips, has been putting up some impressive performances here and Jack Bloomfield, former cruiser weight champion of England, has taken a big interest in him. All Phillips' fights have taken place at the Stadium Club, London, which looks like taking the place of the National Sporting Club.

Dick Corbett got the shock of his life when he went to Liverpool to meet Billy Gannon, a feather, and the decision went against him. Corbett, one of the best bantams in the country, has had a spell of bad luck lately, but when he gets back to his best form he'll make the best in the country go.

Not many fighters' sons make good but Jimmy Wilde's son looks like being an exception. Young David Wilde is still in the preliminary class and is now boxing in the welter division, but he is a growing lad and may finish up a good middle.

Jackie Brown, world's flyweight champ, was matched with Dave Crowley, the holder of the Southern Area bantam championship, at Manchester, but Brown went down ill a week before the fight and his former stable companion, Johnny King, the bantam champion of England, was brought in as a substitute to help the promoter out. However, the contest was doomed to be off, for the night of the fight King was rushed off to the hospital with influenza.

When Seaman Rowles won the Crystal Palace heavyweight competition, he did not impress me as being a class man but his subsequent wins over Tommy Tucker and Adolf Pott, a German, stamp him as a fighter above the average.

Leo Phillips, the young Birmingham lad who caused a sensation a couple of years ago at the Albert Hall, is slowly but surely showing his early promise. Boxing over two-minute rounds does not suit him but when he gets over threes, he's a regular terror. Recently he tanned an old and local rival in Len Tiger Smith over fifteen rounds and this win is very creditable.

Jack Casey did not cover himself with glory in his recent contest with Seaman Harvey at Plymouth. Casey did not live up to his name of the Sunderland Assassin. The bout was one of the poorest seen in the locality for years.

By knocking out Willie Hamilton, the Scottish welterweight champion, Moe Moss, the 19-year-old junior welter, has become the sensation of Scotland. The newspaper boys up there think that he is the best proposition we have in Great Britain.

Elky Clark, the former flyweight champion of England, who will be remembered in the States by his game fight against Fidel La Barba in 1927, is now a newspaper critic in Scotland. He thinks that Moss is going to make a name for himself.

The fight between Hamilton and Moss was one of the fiercest fights seen up north for years and Moss, after taking a hiding for four rounds, pulled out to administer the sleeping powder in the ninth round with a left to the solar plexus.

Jock McAvoy, the Rochdale challenger to Len Harvey's middleweight crowd, completely outclassed Glen Moody, the young brother of Frank Moody, at Manchester. The referee stopped the contest in the sixth.

We have a useful set of preliminary boys slowly rising to the front, among them being a good lad, Dave Finn, by name. This 17-year-old Jewish boy, bears a remarkable facial resemblance to Jack Kid Berg. He appears to have based his style upon the famous East Ender and is already known as the East End Express.

Now that his manager, Ted Broadribb, is back in England, Nel Tarleton, the former featherweight champion of England, is out with a challenge to any nine-stone boy in the world. Tarleton undoubtedly is one of the finest feathers England has had, and Ted Broadribb has stated that Nel is the best boxer he has ever managed. Truly a big compliment.

One of the most terrific battles that has taken place in England was the one between Douglas Parker, the Sunderland knockout specialist, and Dom Volante of Liverpool. These two boys stood there in the centre of the ring and swapped left hooks and right crosses without thinking of defence, and the big crowd at the Blackfriars Ring, London, sure had its money's worth in the six rounds that the contest lasted, before Referee Matt Wells stopped the bout when the game Volante was out on his feet.

The return contest between Parker and Volante took place at Belle Vue, Manchester, just two weeks later, and the fans were not disappointed as they put up the same show as they did in London, and ended when Manager Ted Broadribb tossed in the towel to save a game man from taking unnecessary punishment.

It seems that George Rose, the Bristol Welterweight, has seen his best days. After winning against Al Bowden of Plymouth at the Paddington Baths, he collapsed in the twelfth round and the referee stopped the contest when it was seen that Rose was in a dangerous condition.

Negotiations are in progress for a match between Jackie Kid Berg and Jack Hood.

Douglas Parker, crowned his recent performances by knocking out a particular tough featherweight in Benny Sharkey, with a left hook to the solar plexus. Sharkey had outpointed Lois Botes, the South African featherweight champion, the previous week.

Sal Ruggirello punched too hard for Gypsy Daniels and the latter was forced to retire in eleven rounds at Liverpool. The giant Italian has no ring technique but he can sure hit with that right.

On the same program, Jim Learoyd (Leeds), stopper of coming champions, once again did his stuff, by forcing the referee to intervene in his match with Jim Stewart, the hard-hitting local lightweight, owing to the latter sustaining a badly cut eye. Stewart has a great k.o. record and has the makings of a real class fighter.

George Harris, the oldest M.C. in Great Britain—he is seventy-three years of age and has spent fifty years introducing fighters—had a farewell benefit at the Blackfriars Ring, but I'm afraid that the bad times were responsible for poor support. Harris claimed to have introduced nearly every champion from John L. Sullivan to Jack Pettifer.

Stoker Reynolds, leading contender for the 147-pound title, had an easy job outpointing Huib Huizenaar, the champion of Holland, at Portsmouth.

Johnny Cuthbert, holder of the British 135-pound title, has resumed training now that he has recovered from a broken jaw. Johnny is one of the most popular champions we have ever had.

Steve McCall, a few years ago regarded as one of the best middles in the country, has gone to pieces. Recently he fought Bobby Shield for the Scottish heavyweight championship and lost on a disqualification.

Seaman Watson's performance in defeating Fidel La Barba pleased everybody over here and everybody is saying that they knew he was a good 'un. The truth is that he was just regarded as another good topliner and when he defeated Tarleton, people thought the former champion had had an off night and said Watson would never repeat his success.

British sportsmen were considerably pleased at the fine support THE RING gave to Seaman Watson In fact, THE RING stood up for the Seaman, while other papers were supporting the New York Boxing Commission in its decision to force Watson to fight at a club other than the Garden first. THE RING and its editor have always been a strong supporter to British boys and the British boxers and fight fans owe it to THE RING to give it their hearty support in return.

Tragedy marked the second fight of Edie Maguire, the South African middleweight champion, in his contest against Gustave Roth (Belgium) at Liverpool. The referee, Bob Smythe, collapsed at the end of the fifth round and died almost immediately after being carried to the manager's office. A hurried consultation followed and it was decided to rematch the men over nine rounds, the first five sessions being declared void, Roth being the winner on points.

Scotland is still in the fore with her boxers, as she has been for past years, and the local champs are still drawing big crowds. Jack Kilrain is a young Scot who hopes to surpass his famous namesake and become Scotland's next star fighter. Kilrain is a heavy puncher and has been winning consistently. He is being looked after by Scotland's leading manager-trainer, George Aitchinson, who also looks after Johnny McMillan, featherweight champion, and Willie Hamilton. McMillan is the lad who made good in the States a year ago.

CANADIAN TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL'S boxing scene shifted somewhat during the past month when Alex. Moore cancelled the last of his minor "new talent" cards at the International Sporting Club and announced that his next show would be a major event at the Forum.

Moore says he will stage shows at the Forum regularly every couple of weeks and the several good prospects uncovered in his small shows will be built up by a series of real tests. A few of these boys, notably Johnny Keller, Hal Stewart, Greggie Gregersen, Harry Gerson and Willie Carruthers, will likely prove big favorites with the fans.

Amateur boxing has got well underway and is in the midst of major title meets. The City Championships were billed for February 28 and March 1 and a large entry was expected, while the Provincial Championships, highlight of local amateur ring activities, are scheduled for the Y.M.H.A. on April 2, 3, 4. This year's crop of battlers is good and Montreal will maintain its high calibre of amateur boxers even though it is post-Olympic year. Provincial Supervisor Dennis White is in his element now with work piling up on all sides.

Al Foreman, British Empire welter and lightweight king, is signed for three more fights in Australia before leaving there. He is finding it hard to get opposition. His dynamic fists have them all scared. He may stop off at South Africa on the way back to England.

Harry Rappaport, popular Sherbrooke impresario, has a good welter in Oliver Duguay, a hard-hitting French-Canadian, who has been doing well around New England. Rappaport has several other good fighters in practically all divisions. He can be reached at 10a Queen Street, Sherbrooke, Que., Canada.

Steve Trojack, hard-hitting Winnipeg heavyweight, is attracting attention with his sterling work against pretty good opposition. He is the lad who manhandled George Manley so badly in Denver and there are plenty of other well-known victims on his list. His last victory was a decisive ten-rounder over Frankie Wine, that veteran campaigner from Montana, in the main bout of the last show at Winnipeg.

Teddy Hayes, scrappy featherweight stablemate of Trojack, whipped Vic Skelton in the eight-round semi-final. Cecil Lewsey, colored ex-amateur star, made his pro debut in spectacular style by flattening Bert Heatherington, of Transcona, in the first round. Frankie Kamecki and "King Witoski" engaged in a thrilling toe-to-toe slugfest. That bout apparently calls for a rematch. Dummy Rivett, Calgary, beat Kid Johnson in the four-round opener.

Jack Peppin, Trojack's manager, wants to know why the Canadian Commissions have not done anything about his challenges to Larry Gains, holder of the British Empire and Canadian heavyweight crowns, although he filed the challenges about a year ago. Peppin wants to know if he should really have to go to England to decide a Canuck title. In the writer's opinion, Peppin is right and Gains should either have to defend his title against Trojack here or forfeit it. Peppin is willing that the Canadian Federation set a date up to three months for Gains to meet Trojack, and if he doesn't comply, then Trojack is ready to prove his claims against anyone selected by the Federation.

Harry Levy writes to report that he has patched things up with Pete DeGrasse and will again pilot his French-Indian featherweight flash. Levy wants to bring him to Montreal and Alec Moore could do worse than bring that colorful battler back here again. Another popular performer ready to fight here again is Young Peter Jackson, Babe Denico's colored featherweight star. A rematch between DeGrasse and Jackson would be a match assuring plenty of fireworks. It looks like a good year for Montreal.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

KID TUNERO, the Cuban middleweight who has for the past few months cleaned up a bunch of tough men at the poundage in Spain, has shown that he is the goods, by defeating Marcel Thil, and afterwards Kid Nitram, on points. The victory over Thil was a very close one, so close that the sporting writing experts disagreed on the verdict.

Tunero, in his fight against Kid Nitram, won nine of the ten rounds contested. Although the bout from a point-scoring point of view was all in favor of the Cuban, Nitram, by the gameness he displayed made the bout a very interesting affair.

Jeff Dickson has the Cuban sewed up for several bouts in Europe, and there is little chance of his going to the United States for several months. Since his winning against Thil, Tunero, has had several offers to box in America, but the game is pretty good in Europe just at the present time, and he will slide along with Dickson, for at least the next few months.

A friend wrote in from Switzerland asking me what the French word for "shadow boxing" was. I informed him the same was "fantome" which means being up against nothing. But I wrote when our old pal Joe Beckett, when he was the British champion, knocked himself out while doing a bit of "fantome." I asked Joe how it happened and here is the tale:

Joe, who was always a better fellow than he was a fighter, while we were having a talk during the Stribling-Scott fight in London a couple of years ago, said:—"Sparrow, it was this way. I was doing a bit of shadow stuff and I got tired of hitting at nothing, so I says, Joe, punch yourself! I did with my right to the jaw. I went down like falling from a second-story window, and it was your uncle Joe for a full count."

Foreign boxers with managers will hereafter have to procure working cards before fighting in France or managing fighters. The expulsion of Kid Chocolate from the United States by the immigration authorities attracted the attention of the French authorities, and according to several French publications a number of American boxers with their managers who have overstayed their time in France will be given the gate.

Jeff Dickson is certainly coining money this season at his Palais des Sports and London promotions. Between boxing and hockey the Palais of Paris, has been playing to an average of about 60,000 admissions each week since the commencement of the season. Dickson is certainly one live wire, without any doubt the greatest athletic promoter the world has ever known.

The ten-round heavyweight fight which was held at Brussels between the European champion, Pierre Charles, and the German, Walter Neusel, which ended very close, going to Charles on points, was a well and hotly fought affair. It was the first time in the career of Neusel that he had met with defeat, and he felt a little downcast over the decision, which however was entirely a just one. After the bout Jeff Dickson, who was at the ringside, signed up Charles to fight Young Stribling in Paris.

Jack Johnson, whom many considered was the greatest scientific heavyweight since the days of the Corbett-Sullivan battle, declared after Corbett's death that the boxing world never had such a scientific heavyweight boxer as Jim Corbett. "His boxing to me was just like sweet music. His like as a clever exponent of boxing I doubt if we will ever see again," said old boy Jack.

There is talk of a meeting between Jack Hood and Kid Berg. If same materializes, it will probably be at one of Jeff Dickson's Royal Albert Hall, London, entertainments in March.

Bob Smythe, a well-known boxing referee of Liverpool, fell dead in the ring in his home town while he was refereeing a bout between Gustave Roth of Belgium and Eddie McGuire of South Africa. Bob was a fine fellow and his tragic death came as a hard blow to about all the population of Liverpool, and many of his old pals from outside the town.

Young Perez, the former world champion flyweight, defeated Spider Pladner, in a hard-fought catch-weight bout which was held in Tunis.

Walter Neusel is in the happy position of being able to pick his matches. Promoters from all over Europe are after the services of the clever young German heavyweight.

Ernest Guhring, the German heavyweight, defeated Delleau, a French heavyweight, in the fifth of a scheduled ten-round bout held as a supporter to the Tunero-Nitram contest at the Palais des Sports, and Axiotto, the Roumanian middleweight champion, defeated Al Berry in the fifth of a scheduled ten "threes." The Roumanian is one of the lightest-looking middleweights seen in Paris for some time.

At Lille, France, Praxille, Gyde, the European flyweight champion, defended his title successfully against Maurice Huguenin. The bout was a close one, but there was no doubt the champion had the edge, as per the result turned in by the officials.

I ran into the manager of Kid Francis recently, and he wondered why Dave Lumiansky, the manager of the world champion, Al Brown, will not permit him to fight his Kid. "The answer is," said the manager, "that Mr. Lumiansky after seeing the battle my Kid gave him last year, does not want to take any more chances, and he prefers to pick berries."

There is considerable mystery about Al Brown, at the present time. First we hear that he will shortly fight again, and then we hear that he will not.

Not only is Kid Francis anxious to get a crack at Al Brown at the bantamweight poundage, but Gene Huat, who returned from the United States a few days ago, is also knocking at the door to meet Al. Huat stands ready to put up a substantial side bet if he can arrange such a match. It is up to Dave Lumiansky to arrange a real match for Brown.

The ten-round boxing contest which was staged at the Salle Wagram between Maurice Griselle, champion of France, and Ernest Guhring of Germany, was one of the poorest heavyweight contests ever staged in Paris. Griselle was hog fat. He scaled seventeen pounds over the German. Griselle took only one round out of the ten scheduled, which was the first.

Walter Neusel, undefeated German heavyweight, who is rapidly rising to those pugilistic heights where only the elect are found, won a close point decision over twelve rounds tonight against George Cook, the 35-year-old Australian. The fight was held at the Royal Albert Hall before a large and enthusiastic throng. Cook, despite his age, came within an ace of administering the first defeat to the blond Teuton and, throughout the twelve rounds, used his strength and experience to buffet Neusel all over the ring. But he could not find the strength to flatten the German for the count.

Jackie Brown, flyweight champion of the world, making his first appearance since he won the title from Young Perez three months ago, lost the judges' decision at the Salle de la Mutualite to Mura, a French preliminary boy, after asserting his superiority in the early rounds and piling up a lead. Both fighters entered the ring above the flyweight limit, and the title was not at stake.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

EDDIE FRISCO, New York Italian welterweight, stopped off from Yucatan and won a ten-round decision over Ramon Molina.

Antonio Horas, Basque middleweight, won a hard-fought ten-rounder from Pedro Proenza of Cuba. A hot scrap it was, and a grand ovation was given both boys. Idelfonso Gonzalez, the "Pais" boy, scored a two-round K.O. over Kid Gonzales. Kid Calixto won a close decision over Crisco Perez in a ten-rounder, and Francisco Rodriguez won in six over Battling Nelson of Cuba.

Mario Kid Sanchez, by virtue of a twelve-round victory over Isidro Delgado, is the newly crowned bantamweight champion of the country. Sanchez fought like a champ from bell to bell. Antonio Hevia and Frank Ortiz drew in six rounds and Mario Valdes outboxed Kid Vallespin in another six-rounder.

Arthur Godoy, named by Frank Godwin of the Miami *Daily News* the "Chilean Chin Chiller," made good his nickname when he flattened Rufino Alvarez, the Spanish heavyweight. Godoy has been fighting down in Florida and Havana with much success, and his manager, Luis Bouey, seems to have a diamond in the rough.

Manolo Garcia, the big boy from the fish market, has won his five starts, scoring a knockout in his last bout over Kid Caballo in the third round. This is a young heavyweight who looks promising.

Ramon Molina, the fast rising soldier boy, scored a ten-rounder over Florentino Baeza of Chile. Baeza has gone back to Chile for a much needed rest.

Goyito Rico, the heavyweight champion of Cuba, won over Ted Sandwina in the eleventh round.

Kid Montana, crack featherweight, won in ten rounds over Mario Sanchez in an overweight match. Montana is planning an invasion to Panama.

Henry Santos, alias Baturrito, scored a ten-round win over Young Piedra, and then beat Humbert Casals in a six-rounder. Luis Fortun outpointed Mario Labrada in six, and Humbert Casals got a mighty close duke over Marzo Fernandez. Alejandro Cordo easily beat Jose Perez, alias Young Uzcudun, in a four-rounder.

Kid Calixto, hard-punching lightweight from Oriente, won over Marzo Fernandez in six steaming rounds. This Calixto has class. Marzo Fernandez shows he has the makings of a great fighter.

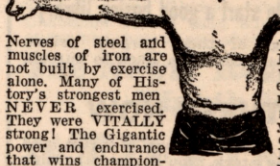
Estanizlao Loayza, Chilean battler, won in ten rounds over Relampago Saguero. The bout was a humdinger right from the start. Loayza is a good drawing card around this town.

Arena Cerveza Cristal is the name of the new fight stadium which is almost completed. It will seat close to ten thousand. Aramias del Pino, the matchmaker, is planning to show some real first-class performers. Fighters and managers who are interested, write to Mr. Aramis del Pino, Galiano 38 altos, Havana, Cuba.

THIN? WEAK? NERVOUS?

Make This Test To Increase Strength Amazingly!

FREE of COST Unless Strength and Weight Increase!



Nerves of steel and muscles of iron are not built by exercise alone. Many of History's strongest men NEVER exercised. They were VITALLY strong! The Gigantic power and endurance that wins championships and life's richest prizes — love, fame, health and happiness must always depend on rich, red blood which enables the vital organs to work smoothly and swiftly, especially when called upon for the winning punch.

Do This To See If Your Strength Has Doubled

Make your blood a POWERHOUSE of vital strength. Add enough iron daily to make up for the dangerous lack of iron in your blood. Just a few of Dr. Jayne's Tonic Iron Pills will help you amazingly. Try them for only 6 weeks. During this time your red blood corpuscles will have been completely renewed—new strength given to tired nerves and muscles—new power in every weak or tired organ.

FREE! of Cost if not pleased!

Here is the surest test for vital strength and endurance, regardless of sex or age. See how long you can hold your arms out today. Unless you can easily hold them straight out for at least 15 minutes you need iron in your blood very badly. Now, after taking only one bottle of Dr. Jayne's Tonic Pills make this test again! This simple test shows exactly how greatly your strength has increased because of the millions and millions of new red corpuscles added to your blood! Here's proof that anyone can see and feel. You don't have to guess; you will know! And furthermore, the small cost will be refunded in full if you are not fully pleased. Simply mail this coupon if you cannot get Dr. Jayne's Tonic Pills from your druggist.

Dr. Jayne's TONIC PILLS "Like Drops of New Rich Blood"

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, INC.,
2 Vine St., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. B-202

Please send me 1 package of Dr. Jayne's Tonic Pills for $1.00. If the very first bottle does not build up my pep, iron strength or firm flesh I am to get my money back on return of the empty bottle.

Name .....

Address .....

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING UNLESS IT GROWS YOUR HAIR

Eliminates Dandruff .. Stops Itching Scalp

Jack Slavin Before Treatments

You all know JACK SLAVIN, formerly Middleweight Champion Boxer of America and Australia. He is now 67 and has a good head of hair, but when he was 45 he was bald. See untouched photos at sides. When he was touring Asia the Sultan of Johore introduced him to a Hindu Prince who, in jest, attempted to pull the few straggling hairs that remained at his temples. Jack was angry, and to appease his anger the Prince handed him a formula, saying "Here, this will grow your d— hair." Imagine his delight when it DID. And now for 17 years he has operated a treatment parlor in San Francisco and used this formula and treatment successfully on thousands of heads on a money back guarantee. Learn how you too may receive these treatments, at a trifling cost and on a money back guarantee.

Jack Slavin After Treatments

Send NOW for FREE information, in plain sealed wrapper, without any obligation on your part. SLAVIN CO., Dept. A 163 209 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

All Sold —

"HOW TO SECOND A BOXER"

The complete edition has been sold and a new, revised edition will not be printed until next summer. In the meantime, we request our readers not to send for this book until we announce the new edition.

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd Street New York City

Your Last Chance
at These Prices

An opportunity to start a good boxing library

Take advantage of these bargain prices. Our third and last reduction. Back to our old prices next month.

GET THESE NOW

Most of these books are out of print and when we sell our stock, you'll never be able to get a copy of what you've missed.

"Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana," by Nat Fleischer. Special De Luxe Edition. On beautiful India paper—146 illustrations. Blue leather cover. Limited to 250 copies—each signed by the author and Jack Dempsey. Only forty copies left. Regular price, $12.00. While they last, our special price, $5.00.

"Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," by Nat Fleischer. Orange cloth bound. Regular $2.00 edition. Special price, $1.00. Add 25 cents extra for postage.

"Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring," by Nat Fleischer. Regular edition, $1.00. Special price, 75 cents.

"Two-Fisted Jeff," the life of James J. Jeffries. Written by Hugh Fullerton. Regular price, $3.00. Our price, while they last—only a few left at $1.50 each. 15 cents extra for postage.

"Bowery Life," by Chuck Connors. Illustrated. The story of New York's Chinatown written by one of its celebrities. Regular price, 50 cents. Our price, reduced price 15 cents.

"Prof. Attila's Five-Pound Dumb-Bell Drills." Regular price, 50 cents. Special reduced price, 15 cents.

"Bag Punching," by Harry Seeback. Regular price, 50 cents. Special reduced price, 15 cents.

"Young Griffo, the Will-o'-the-Wisp of the Squared Circle," by Nat Fleischer. Regular price, 75 cents. Special price, 25 cents.

"The Life of Jack Johnson, In and Out of The Ring," by Jack Johnson. Regular price, $2.00. Special price, $1.00.

"The Prize Ring," the story of Boxing by Bohun Lynch. Illustrated with many beautiful famous old English colored prints. Regular price, $30.00. Our special price, $5.00. This is the most beautiful boxing book on the market. Vellum cover, India paper, size 10 by 13 inches. A treat for any library. Add 25 cents for postage.

"Ruby Robert, The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons," by Robert H. Davis. Regular price, $1.00. Special price, 60 cents.

"The Life of Battling Nelson," by Battling Nelson. Regular price, $1.00. Our special price, 60 cents.

"Wrestling," by Frank Gotch. Regular price, 50 cents, and **"Scientific Wrestling,"** by George Bothner. Regular price, 75 cents—**Special reduced price for the two books now only 85 cents.**

Foreign orders must be accompanied by American currency or its equivalent in exchange. No C. O. D. orders filled.

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd St. New York City

No C. O. D. orders or dealers' discounts at these prices.

"Wise Guy"

Ever hear of him? No?

Well you've missed the greatest and best written story on the fight game published in the last decade.

"WISE GUY," by Marcus Griffin

is the story of James J. Johnston's forty years affiliation with fights and fighters.

It has a thrill in every page, a kick in every line, and tells more of the inside politics of boxing than has ever before been published. Johnston, you know, is the director of boxing at Madison Square Garden, New York.

You'll like the book as has every sports writer.

You'll enjoy it—because it tells of famous fights and how they were arranged.

Famous fighters and how they made their mark.

Famous managers and how they plied their trade.

Get it Now. Add it to Your Library.

Send $2.00 plus 10 cents for Postage, to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd St. New York City

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

THE one great fistic topic for the month was the death of Ernie Schaaf, incidental to his bout with Primo Carnera in New York. Schaaf's best period in the ring embraced the year 1931 and part of 1932, with the "Sea Tiger" in his very best form on the nights when he disposed of Jim Maloney—once in one round, and again in three. On these occasions Ernie looked and boxed like a sure coming champion. Later on, in his bout here with Jack Dorval, though Ernie was the winner, he did not look so good.

Schaaf's in-and-out way of performing has always been a mystery to Bostonians. First, he would put up a brilliant contest, and then, as in the case of his bout with Babe Hunt, September 2, 1930, which he lost, give a most mediocre performance. The contest referred to, fought before close to twenty thousand at Braves Field, gave boxing a wicked blow. Hunt, a mere flash in the pan, looked bad, and Schaaf worse.

Schaaf's fights were always accepted here as honest efforts. The contrast between them at times, however, was startling. Some credited the same to lack of training, which was not the case, while others regarded Ernie as merely a dreamer—inclined to be stupid and sleepy. It also was noticed on occasions that his left arm was not very good—that he could not seem to use it as he should. Though he could, and did at times, drive in jabs, straight blows and hooks with his left, it was remarked on by all that in his two bouts with Winston—a wide-open right-hand swinger, Schaaf did very little with his left. Now, it is all over and a brave heart and often misunderstood ringster has passed out.

The wave of hysteria occasioned by the fatality crashed over from New York to this city, and, on the very day of Schaaf's burial—February 17—a bill was introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature prohibiting all ring contests in this state wherein there existed a difference of more than fifteen pounds between the contestants. This bill applies alone to the heavyweight class, inasmuch as it is the only division of boxing in this state wherein catchweights are allowed. It is not thought that this bill, which in reality means little, will ever be enacted into a law.

Daniel J. Kelly of the State Athletic Commission is one of the few—brought into the limelight—who refused to duck his head or bend to the storm. When queried as to what his action might be in the event of the proposed Sharkey-Carnera mill, set for next June, being switched to Boston, he said, "Speaking unofficially, I will not oppose it. I view the New York affair entirely as an unfortunate and unhappy accident, with the size of the principals having very little to do with it. Mere bulk does not point to ring ability, or that a giant against a performer of class is particularly dangerous or formidable merely because of his size and weight.

"Sharkey defeated Carnera, and so did Maloney, and both gave away fully as much weight as did Schaaf. Both escaped any serious damage. The history of the ring is full of such cases, and, in many, the smaller, lighter man, has been returned the winner, and returned as such without having suffered great damage. If a reliable promoter desires to stage a Sharkey-Carnera fight in Boston, I know of no reason at this time why he should not be allowed to do so."

Promoter Eddie Mack of the Argonne A. A. continues to play in such hard luck as to cause considerable comment. He has had five shows in a row crash, due to the injury of a principal, also 11 straight, wherein bad weather killed off his attendance. While there is some friction between the several Boston wrestling promoters, to the extent that Promoter Charley Gordon has entered a suit against Promoters Paul Bowser and "Steve" McPherson to the amount of $50,000, in which the former charges conspiracy, the mat game continues along right merrily.

Since the last issue of THE RING, Henri DeGlane, generally recognized as the world's heavyweight champion, has lost his crown. In an encounter with Ed Don George of Java, N. Y., a former title-holder, at the Boston Garden, February 10, a flying tackle cracked DeGlane's collarbone on the right side. He was unable to continue and the award of the championship went to George. It will be several months before DeGlane again goes onto the mat. X-Ray photos showed the break to be a very bad one. George won the title from Gus Sonnenberg in 1931, and, in April of that year, lost it to Ed Lewis. In May, 1931, Lewis lost to DeGlane on a foul in a Montreal ring. The Frenchmen held the championship without an upset until his defeat by George.

Unless Champion Jack Sharkey makes some radical change in his plans, Boston will see him in action some time in September, his first ring appearance in his home city in months. This appearance, according to Johnny Buckley, his manager, will in nowise be affected by whatever the champion may or may not do the coming June.

In an effort to build up, also uncover talent, the Boston Garden staged its second "New Talent" tourney the night of February 3. A total of 11 bouts were boxed. In one of the double six-round features, Ad Zachow of Dover, one-time New England middleweight champion, lost to Tony Celli of Leominster, Mass., a unanimous decision. In the other feature six, Johnny Rossi, now of Worcester, a fine performing welter, defeated Juan Barcellos, variously introduced here as from Spain, Portugal and Brazil. A few weeks ago in their first encounter, Barcellos got over a right swing and dropped Rossi in the fifth round.

The bonus prize of $50, offered for the best bout, went to Charley Settino and Tommy Cunningham, both of Dorchester, who put up a terrific four-rounder wherein many knockdowns occurred. Al Silva, 141, booked as from Cambridge, but who has fought elsewhere about the country—a very fine performer of Portuguese blood—came through as usual in his four. Silva, with Rossi and Joey Kemp, the latter welter, were the outstanding performers.

As the result of the small inducement offered the "pures" to turn "pros," the amateur crop this year rates up with the best seen here for many, many moons. A lot of these really classy bays were given an airing at the Arena on February 6, by the Irish-American A. C., the lone organization to stage public bouts between the amateurs thus far this season. Twenty-nine contests went into the rings all very good performances. The winners of the finals in the five classes staged, follow: 118—Joe Ricci, Somerville; 135—Jimmy McCaron, Somerville; 147—James Nugent, Randolph; 160—Con Leary, Somerville; heavyweight—Walter Carley, Athol.

Al Mello of Lowell, one time N. E. welter champion, and a good one, after more than a year out of boxing, plans to return to the wars. He is to be given an early chance in the Boston Garden ring. Mello, who is twenty-six years old, recently returned from a long stay at Hot Springs, Ark.

Another Bostonian who is about to get going once more is Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, now a middleweight, who in his prime as a welter whipped four champions, but, because of overweight stipulations, never won a title. Indrisano, after being tied up for two years to a New York contract, is now a free agent.

Marty Killilea, one-time manager of Johnny Wilson and other boxers, is back in the fight game with a new protege. This chap is Joe Delmont of Roxbury, a youngster of twenty, who has been coming along very fast. Delmont earned his spurs in the amateurs, winning a championship, and, since turning "pro" has won 18 out of 19 starts. He fights in the 147-pound class.

Another effort is on to place wrestling under a commission—somewhat along the same lines as boxing. Naturally, the mat promoters are fighting back. The boxing men, however, contend that as the mat game is a closely competing sport, it should not be given free rein while they are handcuffed with various license fees, taxes, rules and regulations. The proposed wrestling measure calls for a 10 per cent state tax.

Tony Shucco of Boston, former New England light-heavy champion, was to have met Al Gainer, the Connecticut colored star, in the latter's home ring on February 14, but, at the last minute, illness put Gainer out of the running and the show was called off.

The foregoing paragraphs and incidental comment are, in a general way, an exact explanation of the present situation of the boxing game throughout New England, and the trouble is not entirely due to the depression, inasmuch as money is being spent for sport, but not the glove sport. Recently in Boston a fine fistic tourney drew but $1900 and 4000 customers. The same week, three mat tourneys, all a-top of each other, drew 33,000 cash customers and close to $50,000.

A Book That Belongs in Your Library

"The Prize Ring" by Bohun Lynch

The COLORED PRINTS in this magnificent, leather-bound book, with vellum cover, are worth five times the price we are asking for the book. Just before Christmas we were able to obtain from London fifty copies and these were sold like hot cakes. They went so quickly that we were unable to fill nineteen orders.

Based on that, we asked our British agent to look over the field and purchase any he could find. He has succeeded in getting for The Ring Book Shop, from one dealer, one case containing the last remaining copies of the ORIGINAL DE LUXE, LIMITED EDITION, EACH NUMBERED.

The colored plates, beautiful boxing scenes, the originals of which are worth their weight in gold, are all size 10 by 13 inches.

Yours while they last at the unheard-of price of

ONLY $5.00

You'll pay $30 for this book in England at any book stores that may have a copy. A treat for any library.

Get on the band wagon while the sale lasts. Send $5.00 and 50 cents extra for postage and insurance, to **The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd St., New York City and get this rare book for your library.**

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

MATT ADGIE, former "West Philadelphia Ice Man," who was a big drawing card in the Philadelphia rings some years ago, has turned promoter and will conduct shows at the Broadway. He called upon Benny Bass, former junior lightweight champion, for his first windup attraction. It was Bass's first appearance in his home town in almost a year.

The veteran Tommy Loughran pounded out a ten-round decision over Walter Cobb of New York in the windup at the Arena before a disappointing crowd. The former light heavyweight champion had a hard time getting started, while Cobb made it good and rough, but Tommy came through with a rally that turned the tide. The New Yorker outweighed Loughran by thirty-six pounds. Both fighters were pretty well mussed up at the final bell.

Ray Impellettiere, 270-pound Italian youth from Peekskill, N. Y., made his Philadelphia debut by knocking out Charley Wepner of Paterson in forty-two seconds. Wepner was outweighed 68 pounds.

Obie Dia Walker, squad colored fighter from Atlanta, flattened Joe Doktor of Buffalo in the second round at the Arena, with a well executed right cross to the jaw.

Eddie Haughton, of West Philadelphia, sparring partner of Tommy Loughran, looked impressive in his eight-round draw with Johnny Pilc of Newark at the Arena.

Unable to get enough ring work in Phillie, his home city, Dick Welsh, clever bantamweight, has been obliged to travel south and west and only recently got a few bouts in Florida, where he met with success.

Switching from the role of fighter to boxer, King Levinsky of Chicago turned in a ten-round decision against "Unknown" Winston, free-swinging Florida colored light-heavyweight in the windup at Convention Hall. Levinsky fought altogether different from the time he met Tommy Loughran in the same ring. In the fifth round, Levinsky dropped Winston three times, the first one with a wicked right to the point of the jaw, but the colored fighter showed a lot of gameness in always coming back for more and trying to win with one punch right up to the final bell.

Tony Cancela, of Chicago, in his second Philadelphia appearance, finished Pedro Lopez, of Mexico and New York, in the second round. Lopez was no match for Cancela, who is also a member of the Levinsky stable.

On the same bill at Convention Hall, Harold Mays of Bayonne, stopped Herman Heller, German heavyweight, in the fifth round and Tiger Henderson, of New Haven, pounded out an eight-round decision over Leo Duncan of Leiperville. Duncan conceded Henderson a lot of height and weight.

Jackie Willis, South Philadelphia colored flash, turned in another victory, when he beat Jimmy Stewart, also of South Phillie, in the eight-round windup at the Broadway A. C. Willis's jabs continually had Stewart guessing.

The veteran Vincent Forgione hammered out a six-round decision over Billy Angelo of Leiperville, at the Broadway, when the latter substituted for Jimmy Rhodes. Another seasoned battler, Johnny Pepe, caused a surprise by beating Billy Roederer of Louisville, Ky., in six.

Nick Venore, of South Philadelphia, knocked out Joe Parker of Oak Lane, in the first round at the Broadway, and Bobby Dechter was awarded a six-round decision over Benny Britt. This verdict failed to make a hit with the crowd.

Johnny Jadick, junior welterweight titleholder, ran into a surprise party at the Kensington Club (his own neighborhood) when Johnny Lucas, of Camden, was credited with a ten-round draw. Referee Tommy Reilly, who officiated in the first Dempsey-Tunney battle, and one of the judges, agreed on a draw, while another judge favored Jadick. Lucas weighed 142¼ and Jadick 136½. Jadick claims the junior welterweight title is actually costing him money and from now on he will take a crack at the lightweight division.

Pat Haley, veteran Kensington battler, who retires every now and then only to stage a real comeback, scored a technical knockout over Johnny Duca of Paulsboro, N. J., in the third round of their scheduled eight-round bout at the Cambria, Referee Reilly halting the bout after Duca sustained a deep cut over his right eye.

Spib Styer, of Lancaster, who has made a good record up-state, boxed a six-round draw with Frankie Little, colored lad from North Philadelphia at the Cambria. The bout made a hit with the Kensington fans. In the other bouts, Pete O'Hara of Southwark, outfought Mike Loughran, South Philadelphia, and Norman Rahn, of Mayfair, a former star in the amateur ranks, had the better of Frank Spina, Juniata.

Although Billy Ketchell of Millville, N. J., dropped Wally Sears, former coal region battler, fourteen times in the windup at the Cambria, the latter managed to stay the ten-round limit. Naturally the decision went to Ketchell.

Harry Smith is planning to leave the amateur middleweight ranks and step into the professional ring. He has a record for thirty-one knockouts in fifty-one starts. He will be managed by his dad, Al Smith, a South Jersey sportsman.

Philadelphians keenly regretted the untimely death of Ernie Schaaf, who appeared in the Quaker City several times against Tommy Loughran. His death was similar in many ways to that of Oliver Horn, former University of Pennsylvania boxing captain.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

MARTY GALLAGHER, Washington, D. C., heavyweight, returned to the good graces of Capital fans by his impressive victory over Les Kennedy in eight rounds at the Portner Arena in Alexandria, Va. Marty showed more fighting instinct than he has heretofore and the fans gave him a great ovation. Buck Taylor of Baltimore had the better of Billy Essinger of Washington in an eight-round semi-final.

Midget Wolgast, the flyweight boss, defeated Billy Landers in ten rounds at Portsmouth, Va. Roy Manley of Washington lost to Charlie Jacobs in the eight-round semi-final.

The Dundee A. C. with Joe Dundee at the helm, got off to a bang in Baltimore with the best show seen in the Monumental City in a long time. Lew Raymond nosed out Ray Bowen in the feature eight rounder. K. O. Burns of Baltimore outslugged Joey Raymond in eight and Jimmy Tramberia and Angelo Meola, a couple of Baltimore feathers, went at it like a pair of wild cats for eight heats with honors even. Tommy Horn beat Young Hogan in the four-round opener.

Frankie Genaro, the former flyweight king, toyed with Joe Fino at the Portner Arena in Alexandria, Va.

Charlie Jacobs bested Lew Lafferty of Philadelphia in ten rounds at Portsmouth, Va.

Eddie Burl, rough and ready Florida bantam, took the measure of Leroy Dougan in eight rounds at Portner's Arena. It was the first defeat for Dougan since coming this way. Roddy Davis got off the floor to take the nod over Bob Cosden in the six-round semi-final. Doug Sweatman, Washington bantam, took a terrific body beating from Buddy Grimes of Norfolk, Va., and quit with a broken rib after four rounds. Henry Irving and Sailor Brennan fought a savage six-round draw and Arthur Debeve surprised by holding Charlie Jacobs even for six rounds.

Charlie Gomer, Baltimore lightweight, scored a technical knockout over Sailor McKenna of Washington, D. C., in three rounds, when the Navy boy received a gash under his left eye. Sam Finazzo of Baltimore had an easy time with Walter Kirkwood of Washington, while Charlie Thompson of Baltimore put the lights out for Roma LoBona of Washington in five rounds. This show was staged in Baltimore by the Dundee A. C.

Pete Sarron, Southern bantam, made his initial appearance at the Portner Arena using Frankie DeAngelo, Washington bantam, for a punching bag. The bout being stopped by Referee Charlie Short in round seven. Nick Antonelli of Washington lost to Buck Taylor of Baltimore in six rounds. Young Van, promising middleweight, was too strong for the veteran Walter Kirkwood in another interesting six rounder. Billy Schwartz of Alexandria made his return to the ring with a one-round knockout over Soldier Bennett.

PICK-UPS—Arthur Kirsh, former matchmaker for the Roanoke A. C. of Roanoke, Va., is now making the matches for the Commonwealth A. C. Kirsh has had plenty experience. Red Busch, the Cumberland, Md., middleweight, is boxing good around Pittsburgh, Pa. Eddie Ross, for years attached to the Max Waxman outfit, is now making the matches for Joe Dundee's club in Baltimore. Portner's Arena in Alexandria, Va., is one of the best money spots in the country. It is supported mainly by Washington fight fans who can have no boxing at home. Twin City Arena, which operates at Laurel, Md., also depends on Washington patronage. C. E. "Fats" Cornell will again make the matches for the Twin City Arena when the summer season opens. He intends to bring in a nationally known heavyweight as an opponent for Reds Barry. Preliminary talent is lacking around Washington, the best boys being Leroy Dougan, Nick Antonelli, Roddy Davis, Bob Lowry and Ray Bowen. Baltimore has quite a few promising boys in Lew Raymond, Buck Taylor, Angelo Meolia, Izzy Rainer, Leroy Zinkham, Sam Finazzo, Jimmy Tramberia, K. O. Burns, Charlie Thompson, and Tommy Horn. Jimmy Irwin, trouping fight manager, is making Alexandria, Va., his headquarters and is getting plenty top spots for his boys at the Portner Arena there. Jimmy has Cowboy Phellps, Owen Phellps, Les Kennedy, Joe Fino and Pete Sarron at present.

READ THIS
Then Act

Here's what the greatest teacher of boxers in America, Spike Webb, the man who has developed more Olympic and Intercollegiate Champion boxers than any other instructor or trainer, has to say about

The Newly Revised Eighth Edition of

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

The Newly Revised Third Edition of

"How to Box"

AND

"HOW TO SECOND A BOXER"

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published:

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
Annapolis, Maryland
DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

January 16, 1933

Mr Nat Fleischer,
Editor The Ring,
New York City.

Dear Mr Fleischer,

I have just received 18 copies of your excellent books.

How to Box
Training for Boxers
How to second a Boxer

I feel certain these books are a valuable contribution to boxing as a sport. You are to be congratulated on their preparation. The foreword by that old dean of boxers Mr James J. Jorbett, is like the mark of Sterling on silver. I believe every young man interested in boxing should have a copy.

Very sincerely yours,
Spike Webb
Spike Webb

Every fighter, amateur, or professional and every trainer, manager and teacher should possess a copy of these three books. More than that—he should digest the contents until he has become thoroughly familiar with every chapter.

Spike Webb knows what's good for the boys.

He had charge of every Olympic boxing team in the last four Olympic Games and his boys at Annapolis have won more championships than any other institution.

What's good enough as a text book for Annapolis, should be good enough for you.

Get on the band wagon now.

Send for these three books.

Fill out the coupon below, check off what you want and mail to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 W. 42nd Street, New York City

Enclosed find $1.00 ($2.00), ($3.00), for which kindly send me, by return post, copies of
"Training for Boxing," with a foreword by Jack Dempsey.
"How to Box," with a foreword by James J. Corbett.
"How to Second a Boxer," with a foreword by William A. Brady.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

JERRY BARKER, Sports Editor of the Jersey *Observer*, is sponsoring a tournament on the same lines as that run by the *Daily News* in New York. Instead of the Golden Gloves, it will be known as the Jersey Observer Diamond Belt Tourney. There will be a diamond belt given to each winner of their respective classes. This tourney is for novices and sub-novices only, and will be run yearly the same as the Golden Gloves. Beginning with the next tourney there will be an open class also.

Young Zazzarino had all he could do to win an eight-round decision from Charley Paduaune at Lakewood.

Jack Corrigan, a good looking prospect in the heavy division, scored a two-round K.O. over Butch Reid at Newark.

Jimmy Phillips drew with Eddie Ran in a ten-rounder at Newark.

At Laurel Gardens, Newark, Young Terry defeated Jack Rosenberg in 10, Cowboy Phelps won from Roscoe Manning, 10. Kurt Martin lost to Izzy Mays, 4, and Bobby Magnolia won from Frankie Litt in 4.

Harry Carlton of Jersey City defeated Cocoa Kid in a fast ten-rounder at New Haven, Conn. In the ten-round semi-final Harry's kid brother Frank decisioned Harry Alexander.

Harold Mays of Bayonne, K.O.'d Herman Heller in five rounds at Philadelphia.

Howard Rogers of Jersey City defeated William Hodges of Baltimore in the 160-pound class, and Steve Dudas, who is managed by Freddie Huber, a former idol of local fandom, won the heavyweight class by a K.O. over B. Markrum of Pittsburgh in two rounds.

Al Ridgeway, great little battler, from Union City, has decided to hang up the gloves for good and has gone into business with Sam Zuccaro, Jr., in the ownership of the Belmont Bowling and Billiard Academy in the Capitol Theater Building, Bergenline Ave. and 48th St., Union City. Allie is happily married to a former school teacher and has a sixteen-months-old bouncing boy.

Pickles Heintz, who lives in Weehawken, is just back from Australia, where he took part in several bouts.

William Calcagni, better known as Toppy Cal, looks like the goods. Toppy is in the 126-pound class of the Golden Glove tournament and has scored three knockout victories in as many starts in the tourney.

Another good boy has come here from the coal regions of Pennsylvania. He is Tommy O'Leary, a featherweight, and has placed himself under the management of the writer.

Send your news for publication in THE RING to the writer at 205 41st St., Union City, N. J.

Jimmy Wilson, the Tomahawk, and James J. Braddock, train together at Guttenberg.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

TOPEKA, KANS.—Jack Charvez defeated Roy Jacks in a fast, hard-fought 10-round bout here. Fred Ott knocked out Ted Elliot in 3. Bus Hall beat Tommie Gibson in 8. Bobby Raymond beat Art Weston in 6 rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—K. C. Athletic Club amateur fight results: Everett Kirkhart beat Charles King. Claude Huff beat Johnny Ramarez. Herbie Knecht beat Fred Ramsey. Harry Knecht beat Frank Trest. Bobby Ames beat Jimmy Messick. Johnny Estrade beat Bud Meiers.

Okla. City, Okla.—Les Marriner defeated Babe Hunt in a 10-round main go. John Ford knocked out Jack Herber in 1. Chief Paris beat Frankie Graham in 6. Herman Woolridge knocked out Walter Lyman in 4. Tom Shook beat George Williams in 4 rounds.

St. Louis, Mo.—Maxie Rosenbloom outpointed Al Stillman in 12 rounds. Allen Matthews beat Ray "Showboat" McQuillan in 10. Harry Dublinsky beat Lou Terry in 10 rounds.

Enid, Okla.—Jack Kilbourne, middleweight of Enid, knocked out the fast and clever Jimmy Bean in the first round of a scheduled 10-round main event.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur fight results. Gene Driscoll beat Victor Crescencia. Chuck Reinhart beat Charles King. Bobby Ames knocked out Moss Mossberg in 3. Harry Knecht beat Pete Blanchard. Johnny Aldridge knocked out Kid Freeman in 2. Harry Tressler beat Howard Fumel. Pat Kissinger beat Bus Breese. Howard Bennett beat Joe Ordway.

Okla. City, Okla.—Glen Nute knocked out Jack Donaho in the second round of a scheduled 6 rounder. George Williams outpointed Bill Wheatley in 6 fast rounds.

Miami, Okla.—Chief Whitehore Keel knocked out Herb Carpenter in 5 rounds. Reddy Daniels shaded Buck Martin in 8 rounds. Lefty Masters beat Glen Elliott in 6 rounds. Billy Newton of Joplin, Mo., was the promoter.

Kansas City, Mo.—George Godfrey and Bearcat Wright, Negro heavies, were stopped in the sixth round. The referee declared the bout "no contest." Muggs Kerr knocked out Cliff Kelly in 3. Huston Ash beat Chuck Elberts in 6. Ray "Showboat" McQuillan knocked out Tiger Lawrence in 3. Johnny (Kid) Owens knocked out Leo Wells in 5.

LOOSE AND DRIFTING—Les Showers, the premier amateur boxing promoter of the middle-West, is the only one of several promoters who continues to promote three-day tournaments, and make a success of them. Showers had three big days in Tuscon, Ariz, then went to Phoenix. Jack Slattery has entered the promotion field in Wichita, staging one-night amateur shows. Arkansas City, Salina, with E. Aronis at the helm, is doing fine with one-night amateur shows, and Henry Coin at Hutchinson is going over big. Oxford and Chanute are building the game steadily. Pro boxing in Kansas City does not click, but the amateurs draw the crowds. An example for professionals to make a study of. Billy Newton of Joplin, Mo., will start promoting for the V. F. Wars in March and would like to hear from both boxers and wrestlers who would like to show there.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

BOXING in Trenton had its poorest season since the Hurley law went into effect. The Arena in Trenton has held but five boxing shows since early fall, and lost money on all five. The same promoters stage wrestling shows once a week and are making money. There is no doubt that wrestling is taking the play from boxing.

Sammy Perro, manager of Young Terry, has turned him over to Jack Kearns, and will be the Arena's new boxing promoter by the time this goes to press. If Perro, with the able assistance of John Ipp, who will continue as matchmaker and publicity head, steers clear of the petty grievances that are now prevailing between the promoters and managers, I'm sure that he will make a success of his new venture.

Paulie Walker is another Trenton boy who is making strides in out-of-town rings.

Johnny Oakey, another good drawing card, fights but four or five times a year. His trouble lies with his manager. There is very little harmony between them. Oakey is a fine prospect and if properly handled he could make plenty of money.

Johnny Brennan, one of the cleverest fighters that Trenton has ever turned out, is lying around idle.

Ralph Fulton, another Trenton boy of wind-up calibre, has to rely on work out of town. Fulton looks like a real comer. Another boy that has done very little fighting in Trenton is Billy Kearns. Kearns seems to have everything. He can box and hits like a mule. I predict in another year that Kearns will be boxing the best of them.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy, veteran welterweight, has plenty of good fights left in him. At present Murphy is under suspension.

The following all look like comers—Young Andy, Geo. Levy, Meyer Goss, Teddy Ivins, Walter Ratta, Carl Zulo, Mickey Brown, Geo. Sacco, Joe Camillo, Ray McGuire, Mooch Murphy and numerous lesser lights.

The following are my ratings for the best three fighters in their respective divisions:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Teddy Ivins, Larry Crabtree, Bobby Brown.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Joe Camillo, Joe Lombaro, Kid Buxton.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Young Terry, Johnny Oakey, Jackie Reilly.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Paulie Walker, Ralph Fulton, Tommy (Kid) Murphy.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Young Andy, Geo. Levy, Carl Zulo.

FEATHERWEIGHTS — Johnny Brennan, Meyer Goss, Young Walker.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Mooch Murphy, Johnny Cassidy, Harry Crosby.

There are no flyweights.

When Ed Strangler Lewis showed here with raised prices, the Arena had to put out the old (and when I say old, I mean old) S.R.O. signs. It was the biggest crowd that ever turned out for any event held at the Arena.

This writer honestly believes that boxing can be brought back here on a paying basis. There is plenty of material here in Trenton. Young Terry, Trenton middleweight, is one of the best drawing cards that Trenton ever had, but because of some differences with the promoter and Terry's manager, he has not shown in Trenton in almost a year. Terry continues with marked success in out-of-town rings. In his last two bouts, Terry beat Jack Rosenberg of New York. Both of these bouts were held in Newark before capacity houses.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

BARNEY ROSS, employing the left hook for which he is noted, stopped Johnny Datto at Motor Square Garden in 1:25 of the second round. It was Ross' first appearance in a local ring. Mose Butch kayoed Joe Polazzola in the semi-windup, second round. Eddie Zivic whipped Johnny Durso and Fritzie Zivic stopped George Schlee in the other bouts.

Motor Square Garden came through with several fine shows the past month. Attendances of late have shown a marked increase due to the appealing fights offered there.

Eddie Kid Wolfe beat Teddy Yarosz in a corking ten-rounder at the Garden. Yarosz had never been beaten in the pro game. This fight was his sixty-second bout as a professional.

Fidel La Barba made an appearance at a Garden show, meeting Mose Butch. Young Butch gave Fidel a great fight, but the Fiddler's thirteen years of fistic warfare just about decided matters.

Bill Dummer is the lone operator of the Moose Temple enterprise, as Promoter Jim McGirr sold out his interests after one or two shows there . . . . Jackie Wilson and the flyweight champ, Midget Wolgast, waltzed ten rounds to a draw in the Arena, although many, including Judge Phil Scello, ex-boxer, thought Wolgast deserved the victory . . . . Mose Butch stopped Matty Mathison at Youngstown, Ohio, in ten rounds . . . . Willard Brown bettered Charley Baxter at the Arena and battling Jimmy Thomas vanquished Jimmy Sayers . . . . Manuel Quintero edged out Billy Holt at the Moose Temple hall . . . . Lew Raymond is back at his matchmaking position at the Arena. Jim Buchanan quit after staging eight shows . . . . Frankie Goosby pounded out a ten-round victory over Paul Delaney, while in the semifinal George Riley, Detroit dusky lightweight, t.k.o.'d Johnny Datto in two heats . . . . Eddie Zivic, fighting an eight-round main bout at the Moose, kayoed Don Asto in three rounds. Fritzie Zivic technically kayoed Steve Senich in the semifinal . . . . These Zivic boys are sure-fire future headliners; watch them go . . . . Joe Rugizzoni, Detroit middleweight, was beaten at the Moose hall by Frankie Goosby . . . . Marty Gornick, fighting at 145 pounds, technically stopped Marty McHale in the semifinal bout on the Manuel Quintero-Billy Holt fight . . . . Watch Tony de Piero, Eddie Zivic, Fritzie Zivic, Marty Gornick and George Pirrung.

BOXING IN MEXICO
By CARLOS VERA

PHIL TOBIAS, clever flyweight, was kayoed in the fourth round of his bout with Rodolfo Casanova, latest Mexican sensation. Casanova is eighteen years old and recently knocked out Speedy Dado and whipped in Los Angeles, Young Tommy.

In one of the best fights of this month, Wesley Ramey defeated Battling Shaw.

Chico Cisneros retained his featherweight crown by winning over Jesus Najera in twelve rounds. Najera scored over Joe Conde. Conde kayoed Marcial Zabala in two heats.

Sabino Tirado, sensational bantamweight, whipped Phil Tobias, Gonzalo Rubio and Leonardo De la Cruz. Manny Candia lost a ten-round decision to Jesus Najera. David Velasco in his campaign in Yucatan beat Eloy Chavez and drew with Eddie Frisco.

Joe Glick, the veteran fighter, drew with Alfredo Gaona. Gaona easily beat Tommy Herman.

Casanova wants to fight Al Brown for his title. The match between Dado and Casanova packed in El Toreo more than 30,000 fans. Fray Nano, Mexico's boxing authority, is the teacher of Jesus Najera, promising featherweight.

Any fighter wishing to get in touch with the writer should write to Carlos Vera, Madero y Bolivar (Pasaje Borda-Dept. 224) Mexico, D. F.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

REFERRING to the K. O. Christner-Jack O'Dowd match at the Music Hall arena, which Bauman stopped in the seventh round and declared "no contest." I think it was a very unwise and hasty act on the part of Cincinnati's referee, and he lost a lot of distinction by doing so. Bauman, in the past, has halted several contests this fighter has witnessed and the latter is aware of the fact that any of the matches could have continued.

Christner, making his first showing in a Cincinnati ring, had taken about every round of the seven and easily had outscored O'Dowd. Bauman stated that the Akronite was not trying, but those who have watched Christner, know full well that he has shot his wad long ago and is now cashing in on his name.

A lightweight match, speedy in action, made the Christner-O'Dowd bout look bad and this was the fault of Sam Jordan, the matchmaker. The Cincinnati Boxing Commission can also come in for its share of the Bronx Cheer. Christner was deemed okay by the body and after the fight the board said he was "washed up." A commission is appointed to protect the public and it looks as though Al Bechtold and his aides fell down on the job.

In another heavyweight match at the Music Hall, Jack O'Dowd defeated Ted Graham, New Richmond, O., Negro star. When Graham was really ready for the big boys, his manager, Mike Griffen, chose to hold him back, stemming off the lesser fry around here, and now that Graham is on the downslide, he is trying to pry into the better class of heavyweights. The Graham of September, 1931, could have taken O'Dowd with ease but not the Graham of February, 1933. Two years can do a lot to a fighter.

Jess Freeman, Bethel, Kansas, lightweight who is handled by Mrs. Joe Anderson, wife of the former middleweight star, is coming along at a fast clip and it won't be long before Freeman will be demanding shots at some of the better-known lighties. Freeman pulled the big surprise at Covington, Ky., when he dished out a neat lacing to Manuel Castro of Mexico in a ten-round tilt. Castro, last summer stopped the Kansan, but the latter, preparing through a long grind on the comeback trail, is going at a speedy pace again.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots . . . . Fred Batsche, veteran manager, is laid up at his home . . . . Johnny Mack was knocked out again, this time by Tiger Jack Fox at Vincinnes, Ind . . . . Franky Sanzonea is the best prospect in Cincinnati but none of the few active promoters use him . . . . Maxie Koshover has hung up his gloves . . . ; Here was one fighter who would have "went," but the over rush act put him on the rocks . . . . Freddie Miller, rated world's featherweight champion by the N.B.A., is in Los Angeles, where he meets Baby Arizmendi on February 21 . . . . One man to bring the game back, Eddie Gerhardt, with no support of ones who should help . . . . Baby Stribling is now in Cincinnati making that city his home . . . . Johnny Brown, former great little bantam, convalescing in the hospital after a sudden attack of appendicitis. Here's to your speedy recovery, Johnny . . . . Simon Nebloski, Russian-Jew middleweight, managed by Brown, is coming along at a fast gait . . . . Danny Davis has the strings on Wilbur Chevalier . . . . Jack Jinkin might stage some fights in Hamilton in the near future . . . . as might Will Gray in Middletown . . . . see you next issue.

IN OKLAHOMA
By HOOKS GIBSON

BOXING has suddenly taken a new lease on life and is fast returning to the popularity it once enjoyed here. The Babe Hunt-LesMarriner bout was the spark needed to set the game going again. Record crowds turned out at the gymnasium to see the boys train and the promoters have been drawing near capacity gates at their shows.

Mr. C. W. (Bill) Gray, formerly of Cleveland, has received his promoter's license from the Oklahoma City boxing commission and is lining up the best talent in the Southwest for his future shows.

Babe Hunt and Les Marriner were the principals in one of the best heavyweight fights seen here in years, Marriner winning a close decision at the end of ten rounds. On the same card, Johnny Ford knocked out Jack Herber in one round. Chief Paris won from Frankie Graham in six rounds and Tommy Shook beat George Williams in four, promoted by Lou Cutler at Oklahoma City.

A great amateur show was promoted by G. M. Byerly and Buck McClain at Oklahoma City, between the Chilocco Indian school and a picked team of simon-pures from Oklahoma City, the Indians winning 7-2. The results were: Roger Worsham outpointed Gerald Asherbranner; Willard Sharpe knocked Paul Jacoby in second round; Troy Quinton outpointed John Curtis; Marvin Liddel knocked out Buck Harmon in one round; Jeffie Vann outpointed Bevo Parker; Don McMillen outpointed D. V. Liddel, Chilocco; Robert Victor knocked out Danny Britt in three rounds; Amos Tiger outpointed Johnny Johnson; Carl Jantz, knocked out Lee Mathews in one round; and Junior Munsell knocked out Mickey McGuire in one round.

Fighters wishing engagements in this locality should get in touch with the writer at the Elks' gymnasium, 225 W. 4th St., Oklahoma City.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

CLEVELAND friends of Ernie Schaaf, especially Ed Bang of the *News*, was shocked at the death of big Ernie, who was very well liked here. He boxed here on two occasions, his first being with Johnny Risko on the Cleveland *News* Fund charity show, and his second appearance with Frankie Simms on last year's Christmas Fund benefit show.

Paul Sheeks is still running shows at Akron every Saturday at his Firestone Park A.C. He gives the fans good fights and is drawing well.

Bill Watson, of Zanesville, has a corking pair of fighters in Johnny Romans and Mutt Shartz. Both boys are real crowd pleasers.

Walter Taylor has opened up another new club right on Euclid Ave., called the Coliseum. He promoted one big wrestling match featuring Joe Savaldi—the pride of Notre Dame—and will go in every other week with boxing.

Patsy Pirroni, under the management of Eddie Mead, who has whipped Joe Sekyra and Tom Heeney, looks like the next candidate to fill Johnny Risko's shoes. This youth has been fighting in a sensational manner and has all the earmarks of a coming champion. He has a fighting heart, plenty of speed, and can punch with either hand.

Tommy McGinty will take over Babe Triscaro when his contract with Ollie Downs expires in March. Tommy expects to steer this kid to a title. He is, without a doubt, the most colorful fighter in Cleveland.

Roy Mitchell, of St. Louis, who will shortly make his home here, won another fight at St. Louis, giving Jackie Purvis a thrashing at the Coliseum.

Rosy Rosales, the Indian light-heavyweight, has been in the gymnasium every day for the last four weeks, preparing himself for a number of fights which his manager Frankie McGinty is lining up for him.

Eddie Mead is back from Florida and is out to keep his boys busy.

Ed Bang pulled off another slam-bang show at the Public Auditorium which featured Gorilla Jones and Sammy Slaughter, billed for the American middleweight title.

Paul Dazzo, Chicago, was given the decision over Ross Fields, Cleveland, in a slam-bang six-rounder. Jack Pallett was the victim of a first-round knockout in what appeared to be one of his easiest fights. He was walloping his opponent, Phil Cohen of N. Y. and piling up points, when the referee shouted "break" in a clinch. Pallet obeyed, but Phil took advantage of the break and landed a kayo.

Jimmy Vaughn beat Press Johnson; Carman Barth defeated Victor Bizjak and Sammy O'Dell won over Jackie Davis. A capacity crowd witnessed the bouts.

Frankie Simms, Cleveland, knocked out John Gordon, Seattle, 1 round, at Coshocton, Ohio.

Al Hamilton, Cincinnati, defeated Johnny Romans, Zanesville, O., 10 rounds, at Newark, O.

Porter Root has taken over Micky Dugan. He also has several other good boys working out every day at his gym at 2007 West 25th St., Cleveland.

Lee Sheppard is getting plenty of fights and still working out daily at Joe Tuma's gymnasium.

The Grotto boxing card, featured by Marty McHale and Roger Shea, drew 13,000 people and turned thousands away.

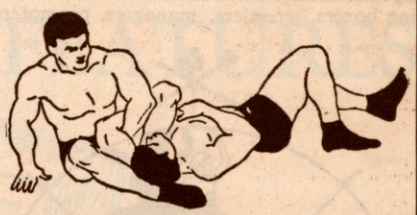
W. W. Tracy is the new boxing promoter at Youngstown, and is opening his show with Marty McHale.

Jack Porter, of Dayton, tells me that his Tony Usas is anxious to box any of the good middleweights around the state. Usas has been a consistent winner around Dayton.

Johnny Papke has 35 entries in the Plain Dealer Golden Gloves tournament which starts next month. They have entries all over the state.

Another Great Sports Book!

"MODERN WRESTLING, its Holds and Methods"



Seventy illustrations like the above, showing all important Holds, in addition to 70 photographs.

The Most Complete, up-to-the-minute, most thorough book on wrestling ever published.

A training, Muscle Building, Wrestling and History book, all Combined into one.

"Modern Wrestling"

By Jack Curley

Internationally Famous Promoter,

and

Nat Fleischer

Editor and Publisher of THE RING

A book that not only tells you how to do your preliminary training, your gymnasium workout, how to develop the muscles most used in wrestling, how and what and when to eat, and how to wrestle, but explains in detail:

The Various Holds Most Commonly Used.

How to Counter and How to Block.

How to gain a hold on your opponent.

Describes the most famous holds used by the Most Famous wrestlers of all time, and in addition, with the aid of seventy full-page photographs of present day and old time stars, shows pictorially how the holds are obtained.

A book that every wrestler should have.

A book that every high school, prep school and college boy should study.

Get your copy today by sending $1.00 in cash or money order to

THE RING BOOK SHOP

11 West 42nd Street, New York City

FILL OUT THIS ORDER

Enclosed find $1.00 for a copy of "Modern Wrestling, Its Holds and Methods," the world's greatest book on the mat sport.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

POSITIVELY NO C. O. D. ORDERS MAILED

Babe Triscaro is wanted at Zanesville, Toledo, and Philadelphia. He has been offered a match by one of the local promoters with Midget Wolgast.

Georgie Annarino, Newark, Ohio, bantam, looks like one of the best little finds in the bantamweight ranks. In his last start, he whipped Willie Davies.

Tony Usas defeated Bobby Vailes at the Dayton Gym A.C., in the feature ten-rounder.

Charley Maxwell is going to promote for the Lima Eagles at Lima, Ohio.

Eddie Lord is running a gas station back home in Naugatuck, Conn., and training on the side for any coming bouts.

THE PLACE WHERE ALL SPORTSMEN GO

ON BOXING AND WRESTLING NIGHTS, GO WHERE THE CROWD GOES

The Sportsmen's Rendezvous

Special arrangements made for accommodating boxers, wrestlers, managers, promoters.

In NEW YORK

it's the

FORREST HOTEL

WEST FORTY-NINTH STREET

(Just off Broadway)

Telephone, Chickering 4—7070

$2.50 Single | $3.50 Double

Suites for parties of two or more

$6.00 and up

Club Breakfast 25c up. Luncheon 65c. DeLuxe Dinner $1.00

All meals served in room without extra charge

JAMES A. FLOOD, Manager

NOT THE LARGEST HOTEL IN TIMES SQUARE, BUT ONE OF THE FINEST

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

THERE was quite a bit of activity in the professional ranks during February, but the most important fights were in the Golden Gloves tournament. Many fine prospects were brought out. A tournament was sponsored by the Detroit *Free Press* and shows were held in Saginaw, Flint, Kalamazoo and Detroit. Grand Rapids also had a tournament.

There were two shows at the Detroit Olympia during the month. Scotty Monteith put on one featuring Eddie Ran, who is fast becoming a Detroit favorite, and Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids lightweight. Ran came within an ace of knocking Ramey out when he put him down for a count of nine in the seventh round with a right hook. Ramey got up, however, and from then on Ran didn't have a chance.

In the ten-round semi-final, Varias Milling, tough Filipino featherweight, defeated Dario Mareno, Kalamazoo ace, in a great fight. Billy Marrone, Detroit former amateur star, won from Chet O'Kelly of Akron, Ohio, but was extended to the limit. Henry Gowatch drew with Orval Drouillard of Windsor in a four-rounder. Jackie Sherman outpointed Mickey Misko of Saginaw and Sam Bernstein of Detroit stopped Robert Simms, Detroit negro, in the first.

In the other show at the Olympia put on by Dwight Mitchie, Billy Wallace, veteran Cleveland lightweight, outpointed Jimmy Alvarado. Alvarado was willing and made a close fight of it, but Wallace knew too much for him. In the other half of a double windup Tracey Cox, hard-punching junior welter from Indianapolis, beat Joy Marcus of Pittsburgh.

Johnny Mitchell, Detroit's best featherweight, technically knocked out Don Bernard in the seventh round. Ernie Maurer and Frankie Donnelly renewed their feud in a six-rounder, with Maurer winning. Stanley Sabin of Detroit outpointed Chet O'Kelly in a four-rounder.

Frankie Misko, of Saginaw, upset the dope when he defeated Morrie Sherman in ten rounds at the Saginaw Auditorium. Sherman took the fight on short notice and was out of condition, as he weighed in at 160, thirteen pounds more than his regular weight. Johnny Vorce, colored light-heavy from Detroit, whipped Freddy Heinz of Saginaw in the ten-round semi-final. Misko shaded Johnny Nardoni of Detroit in the six-round main preliminary.

Eddie Koppy knocked out Tommy Rosenberg of South Bend in the sixth of a scheduled ten-rounder at Adrian. Harry Fine beat Eddie Isaacs of Toledo and K. O. Redman defeated Gene Thompson of South Bend in six-rounders.

Jackie Sherman, Detroit welter, who has beaten Mike Misko, Carl Adams and Ted Marenda, is still fighting four-rounders. The fans are beginning to sour on Sherman as he should take on more serious opposition.

Scotty Monteith, Detroit's veteran matchmaker, put on a beef trust tournament at the Arena Gardens. The tournament was won by Alex Borshuck, Detroiter, when he kayoed two opponents and outpointed Bert Paxton in the finals. Johnny Miler, former Olympic fighter, won two fights but did not continue because of a broken thumb.

At Flint, Roger Bernard won by a knockout over Santiago Zorilla. Zorilla floored Bernard for nine, but Bernard got up and put him down for nine. Zorilla got up but went down again without being hit, so Bernard was given the fight. Johnny Mitchell and Frankie Wallace, of Cleveland, renewed their feud in another ten-rounder. Wallace won as he did in a previous encounter.

Ross Coulton's Arena Gardens gymnasium at Woodward and Hendrie is fast becoming one of the leading gyms in Detroit. Some of the best-known fighters that train there are Chuck Woods, Jimmy Alvarado, Earl Filbin, Ernie Maurer, Red Casson, Eddie Koppy, and Harry Fine.

Ratings of Michigan boxers are as follows:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Jack O'Dowd, Johnny Miler, Alex Borshuck, Buddy McArthur, and Flash Rizer.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Martin Levandowski, Johnny Vorce, K. O. Redman, Bert Paxton, and Leon Jasinski.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Marty Simmons, Freddy Heinz, Max O'Conner, Frankie Misko, and Alex Heinz.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Jack December, Morrie Sherman, Pete Petroskey, Rube Edmans and Harry Fine.

JUNIOR-WELTERWEIGHTS—Orrie Mosher, Chuck Woods, Stanley Krannenberg, Eddie Koppy, and Billy Marrone.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Wesley Ramey, Jimmy Alvarado, Al Henderson, Gideo Gowatch and Mickey Morris.

JUNIOR-LIGHTWEIGHTS—Roger Bernard, Wilbur Chevalier, George Riley, Holman Williams, and Heinie Schmid.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Johnny Mitchell, Dario Mareno, Joe Pallazolla, Henry Gowatch, and Tony Tassi.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Ernie Maurer, Bobby Thomas, Red Casson, PeeWee Gale, Jackie Light.

FLYWEIGHTS—Frankie Donnelly, Sammy Goldman, Franklin Young, Johnny Thomas and Mickey Hians.

Marty Simmons successfully defended his state middleweight title when he took a ten-round decision from Max O'Conner, colored Detroit scrapper. Frankie Misko won on a foul from K. O. Redman and Johnny Nardoni beat Butch Otto of Saginaw.

Jack December stopped Johnny Decantis in six rounds at Mt. Clemens.

Address all communications to the writer as follows, Mickey McIntire, Route 3, Snover, Mich. Don't forget to send in your notes the fifteenth of each month. Jimmy Brady, Scotty Strachan, and Archie Sillman take notice.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

BOXING in the State of Nebraska lost one of its strongest supporters when Fred John ("Mickey") Kane, well-known Omaha boxing promoter, passed away after an illness of six weeks.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Sherald Kennard, Fargo and Caddy Casey, Davenport, Ia., drew in six fast rounds. Ray Cossette beat Johnny Moran in 4. Al Retzlaff beat Young Jimmy Slattery in 4.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Eddie Denson scored a K.O. over Ray Calvert in 4; Bat Sherlock and Young Trimble drew in 4; Jerry Meyers beat Bob Hamilton in 4.

Mason City, Ia.—In a card of three-rounders, Les Jones beat Dick Spears; Kid Weitzle lost to Robert Kimble; Kid Thompson scored a K. O. over Jimmy Brown in 3; Don Ream beat Leo White; Ken Sewar beat Art Reisdorf; Sam Bradsburg and Maurice Osborne drew.

Des Moines, Ia.—Harold Hoxwood knocked out George Dixon in 3; Tommy Corbett beat Henry Falegano in 6; Artie Martin knocked out Jack Trottershaw in 2; Jess Ackerman beat Louis Levy in 4; Vale Falegano beat Tony Legreco in 4; Steve Cronin beat Jack Carnell in 4.

Aberdeen, So. Dak.—Larry Udell beat Honey Boy Conroy in 8; Kid Rippato, Sioux City, lightweight, drew with Mickey O'Day in 6; Louie Liedtke beat Vern Glodry.

Wrestling around the Tall Corn State took a turn for the better with a number of good bouts staged. Some of the high lights were as follows:

Marshalltown, Iowa.—Young Strangler Lewis defeated Richard Burke two falls out of three; Bruce Noland took a one-fall match from Griz Gray, and Ernie Thompson threw Mule Van Sickle.

Des Moines, Ia.—Earl Wampler threw Bruce Noland two out of three falls; "Bib" Adams drew with Rollie Anderson in a 30-minute time limit match; Tag Tageson threw Allen Huizler, and Arnold Smith drew with Butch Jones in a 15-minute time limit.

Marshalltown, Ia.—George Kogur and Bob Stone wrestled to a draw in a one-hour time limit match, each one a fall. Young Strangler Lewis threw Pat Corrigan and a few minutes later wrestled to a 33-minute draw with Richard Burke. Al Pettish and Ernie Barker drew, and Frank Backley and Irish Kennedy also drew.

Mason City, Ia.—In a fast boxing card staged here, Freddie Tompkins boxed a six-round draw with Don Hampton; Ray Schneck beat Frankie Spargo, Sioux Falls Ace, in 6; Kid Lehr defeated Babe Barnes in a slam-bang sixer.

Boxers and wrestlers from all parts of the country have landed in this section during the past month. Frank Buresh, wrestler, Hot Springs, Ark. Young Strangler Lewis, wrestler, Los Angeles, Cal. "Iowa" Shima, Tokio, Japan, wrestler. Bobby Sampson, wrestler, Los Angeles, Cal. Eddie Booze, wrestler, Seattle, Wash. Jerry Meyers, boxer, Philadelphia, Pa. George Dixon, boxer, Kansas City, Mo. Johnny Moran, Detroit, Mich., boxer.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Jimmy Thompson, local lightweight, met defeat at the hands of Al Rogers in a four-rounder at St. Paul, Minn. Thompson at one time was a good-looking prospect . . . . With the state-wide boxing bill in Minnesota going over, there will be plenty of shows in the smaller towns around the state . . . . Danny Desmond, local Sports Editor on the *Journal*, was married to Miss Gail Mathews during the past month . . . . Wish to thank my many out-of-town correspondents for sending me their news of interest. My address is 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa . . . .